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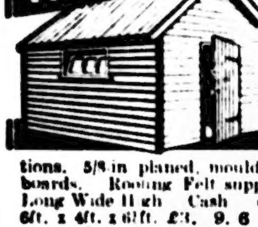

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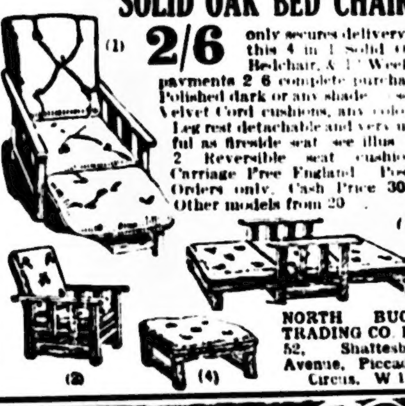

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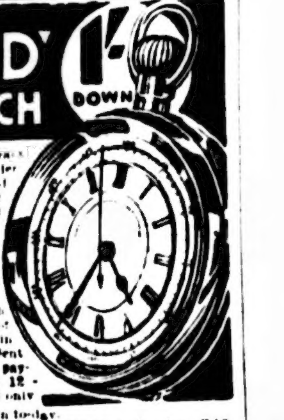

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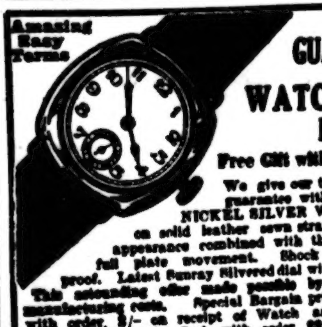

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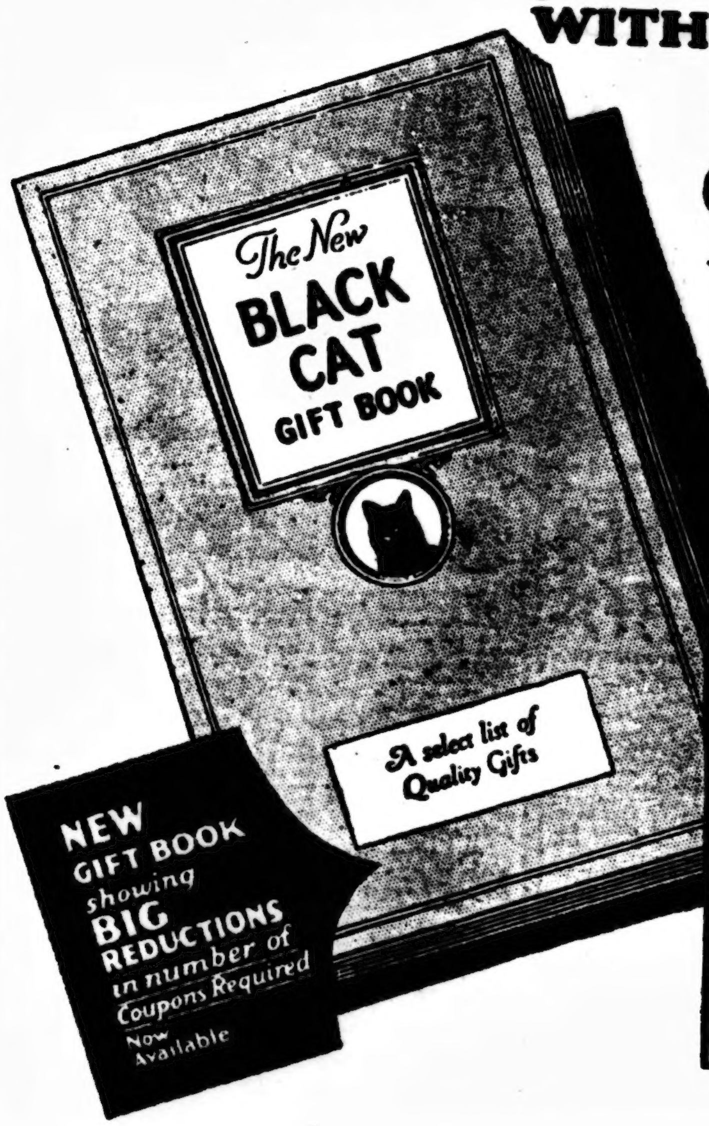

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

The Big Five Under Big Ben?

When These Brokers Go Broke

Empire-wide Radio—Musso's Wedding Wangle

OF the five Bills that will take priority of reference in the King's Speech to be read by His Majesty next Tuesday two will be the Land Settlement Bill and the Agricul- ral Marketing Bill.

* * *

The remaining three will deal with e raising of the school-leaving age, th provision for maintenance, the storation of the legal status of trade ions, and the setting-up of a Con- mers' Council to protect the house- fe against profiteering.

* * *

The rest of the coming session's pro- amme will depend upon the amount Parliamentary time necessary to e effect to the decisions of the Im- rial Conference and the Round ble India Conference.

nemployment deadlock

The inter-Party conference on un- ployment is meeting with squalls.

The Government wants to find a thod of making the insurance fund vent without reducing benefits. her members of the committee think at benefits must descend.

One of the latter's arguments which ll probably be used in their report that the cost of living has come wn since the benefits were fixed.

* * *

To this the Government will retort at the rates of benefit were only a mpromise, and were much lower an those sought originally.

And with this division of opinion it probable that the next Bill will be stop-gap one instead of a compre- nsive measure of legislation.

he people pay

Two firms of brokers, both members the Stock Exchange, have failed. nd there are fears in the City of her collapses.

We make no apology for again re- rting to the question of the Stock change responsibility to investors.

* * *

It boasts that the only safe way to y shares is through its members, yet provides no guarantee fund to pro- t the interests of clients if a mem- r fails.

This is absurd. Other great institu- ns, such as Lloyd's, have strong arantee funds.

* * *

Such a scheme for the Stock Ex- nge was put forward some time ago, t it has apparently been shelved by e Committee, which has frequently oved itself more adept at shelving oposals than initiating reforms.

rst step backward

The removal of Mr. Thomas from e Executive Committee of the bour Party will yet prove a source weakness to the Government.

Mr. Thomas' prestige in the National ion of Railwaymen is in no way minished. That union has been the ndation-stone of the trade-union movement in Britain, and its cash contributions to the Party funds in recent years exceed £16,000.

A man they'll miss

As a show-piece Sir Oswald Mosley may be an acquisition, but any weakening of Mr. Thomas' stabilising influence will have results very detrimental to a united front..

Forward march!

One of the big chocolate and cocoa firms is setting an example in self-reliance and enterprise that is like a breath of fresh air through the gloom of the "depression" gospellers.

It has gone in with a will for fruit-canning, which, under the guidance of the Ministry of Agriculture, looks like becoming a prosperous British industry.

The result is that the firm has been able to find employment for employees who would otherwise have been rendered superfluous through rationalisation and improved machinery.

Poisoned politics

Do not be deceived by personal attacks on the integrity of leading trade-union officials which are likely to materialise during the next few weeks.

They are merely part and parcel of a slander campaign which the Moscow Reds have ordered their British nit-wits to wage with all their puny power.

"It is necessary to utilise every pretext for compromising reforming trade-union officials and disrupting the unions" is a passage from the instructions of the Red International of Labour Unions, Moscow.

Empire harmony

Scare rumours about splits in the Imperial Conference need not be taken too seriously. The delegates are all sensible men who realise that half a loaf is better than no bread.

* * *

At the same time, the Dominions' representatives are astute. They know how to employ dramatic effects for bargaining purposes.

But because they do not jump at the Government's offer straight away is no indication that ultimate harmony is uncertain.

It may be accepted that the Conference will conclude a trade agreement that will benefit all sections of the Empire without involving food-taxes in Britain.

Bulging bureaucracy

The text of the Agricultural Marketing Bill proposes to allow producers of milk, potatoes, hops, wool, cereals, cheese and livestock to regulate the marketing of their products by self-selected boards.

Each scheme will have a Consumers' Committee to watch and consider consumers' complaints.

For the purpose of financing the boards and administering the schemes it is proposed that there shall be an English fund of £500,000 and a Scottish fund of £125,000.

* * *

Out of these amounts it is proposed that the cost of officials for administration shall not exceed £20,000 per annum!

What about a council for protecting taxpayers?

Denmark uneasy

Denmark is taking an uneasy interest in the Imperial Conference in London.

That country's remarkable prosperity owes a great deal to the enormous free market for her butter, eggs and bacon in this country.

New Zealand and Australia are anxious to capture that market, and their Prime Ministers at the Conference are making strenuous efforts in that direction.

And Denmark doesn't like the look of things.

We said so

Just a year ago we gave our readers exclusive news of Mussolini's plans to marry Princess Giovanna of Italy to King Boris of Bulgaria.

The Duce had the young couple on his side. But the Pope and the Bulgarian Constitution were against him.

Now the Pope has given his agreement and the Bulgarian Constitution is to be amended to allow a Catholic to assume the throne.

The Duce was on her side

This is a big feather in Musso's cap! There are highly important political considerations behind the marriage.

'Plane facts

Although there is a strong likelihood of the Government withdrawing from future airship work, no change of policy is anticipated towards the aircraft industry.

The contracts of the Government are supporting about 70 per cent. of British aircraft firms at present. But their output is not entirely for military purposes. Some 20 per cent., in fact, goes to civil aviation.

* * *

The "Aerial A.B.C." is out, by the way, and a brief glance at it reveals the prosperous condition of the airway business.

From Croydon each day twenty-two trips are advertised to leave for the Continent. Of the machines, nineteen carry passengers, the remaining three transport freight.

Road traffic is certainly not the only competitor of the sorely-tried railway.

New ocean greyhound

After considerable hesitation on the part of the French line, the contract for the super *Ile de France* has been signed and certain parts of her machinery will be made in this country.

The tonnage of the new vessel will be approximately 60,000, and her speed, developed from engines of 120,000 horse-power, must be twenty-eight knots to conform with the terms of the contract, with delivery in 1933.

Empire and ether

One probable outcome of the Imperial Conference will be the adoption of a scheme for Empire broadcasting, the idea being to set up in this country a high-power broadcasting-station which will send out daily programmes to British Dominions and Colonies.

The B.B.C. has offered to provide such a service, which ought to have existed long ago, for the moderate sum of £22,000.

Money could not be better spent than in bringing the scattered peoples of the Empire into intimate daily contact with the Motherland.

The Sphinx whispers

Recently we urged the Bank of England to declare its policy regarding industrial rationalisation, to promote which that mystery organisation, the Bankers' Industrial Development Company, was set up.

Officially, the Sphinx of Threadneedle Street remains silent, but semi-official whispers indicate that the main purpose of the company is to help, not industrialists, but financiers.

It does not propose to advise industrial leaders how to reorganise, but to advise big financial houses where it is safe to invest.

If this is actually the true position, industry has the right to know direct from the lips of Mr. Montagu Normar

Big port effort

The article which appeared some months ago in JOHN BULL supporting port improvement schemes throughout Britain has had an echo.

New channels are to be cut, docks built, approaches, quays, warehouses, machinery and railway-sidings are to be modernised.

Small ports which have fallen into decay are to be reopened and given a new lease of life. Expenditure involving many millions will be made.

Some £6,000,000 is to be spent at Southampton, £3,000,000 at Cardiff, a similar sum on the Mersey Docks, £500,000 at Dundee, £1,340,000 at Swansea, Barry, and Port Talbot.

The contract for the new dock at Grimsby involves the sum of £1,340,000 At Bristol the docks and approaches are to be modernised.

"IF YOU SEE IT—"

Continued

£500,000 counted out

When the national census is taken in the spring temporary work will be found for something like 25,000 unemployed.

Special auxiliary offices, mechanically equipped for calculating purposes, will be acquired in London, and an army of between three and four thousand clerks will be needed to complete the returns.

The total cost of obtaining all this information about ourselves will be nearly £500,000.

Rank bad taste

Somebody at the Bedford Assembly, Ashburnham Rooms, Bedford, has been sending out a dastardly leaflet asking how many of the occupants of the *R101* were "prepared to meet their God."

Since the thing has been broadcast, it has doubtless got into the hands of relatives of those who perished in the airship disaster, and has caused them great pain.

Will that please the Bedford Assembly?

Uncle's all right

"Uncle" is a happy man. The higher-grade pawnbrokers have had a record year. One of the biggest men in the business declares that he has never known such a turnover.

Large quantities of jewels and works of art have been pledged in order to raise ready money, and in many cases it is known that the pledges will never be redeemed.

It is a pathetic sidelight on the tax-crushed element of the community.

The widow's mite

Even those who are opposed to the "dole" must agree that, while it exists, it should operate fairly.

The husband of Mrs. Webber, of 5, Capel Street, Newport, died before the passing of the Widows' Pensions Act.

She exists on 10s. from a small newsround and 19s. weekly from her son, plus such earnings as her daughter can obtain.

The daughter recently became unemployed. She was offered three weeks' domestic work at Swansea, and would have had to pay the return fare of £1 11s. 2d. out of her wages of 10s. a week.

Very rightly she wouldn't go. So her "dole" has been stopped. Leave of appeal to the Umpire was refused.

Is this justice?

A bull every time

Our Football Expert has done it again.

The success of his prophecies last week was the talk of Soccer fans. In his two-star selections he hit the bull's-eye five times out of five, and his five one-star predictions were also all correct.

More amazing still, he gave six winners out of six in his valued prophecy in code in the *Daily Herald* and the *Sporting Life*.

This, we think, is football prophecy with a kick in it! This week's predictions are on page 32.

Service to slavery

Pity the poor ex-Serviceman who may be employed as a temporary clerk in the Kew branch of the Ministry of Labour's Finance Department.

He is paid 52s. a week; he may be sacked at a week's notice; he must render a weekly return of work done; he is allowed only three-quarters of an hour for lunch.

He is under the thumb of a "permanent." On Mondays and Thursdays he works an extra hour while the "permanents" enjoy themselves.

Incidentally, there is no resident medical officer, though the staff numbers over 3,000.

What about the Ministry of Health factory regulations? Is it too much to expect one Ministry's edicts to apply to another Ministry?

Railwaymen rattled

Railwaymen are growing more than ever discontented over many of the dismissals now taking place.

Some, they claim, are far from justified and are being made merely as a tactical manœuvre to deter the unions from making claims for wage increases when the "truce" expires shortly.

One thing is certainly very obvious. Other of the dismissals will to some extent impair the ability of the railways to meet their rivals on a competitive basis, and are thus a very false form of economy.

Democracy

Two Walsall men, Edward Peach and Thomas Pearce, were hungry, and went poaching. Not high-class poaching, mark you, but merely rabbits, which nobody misses.

Nevertheless, since they were caught they were each fined £5 or twenty-one days.

They stated that they were married men with families, and could not pay. So the Bench knew it meant jail.

We are glad that England is kept safe for rabbits to burrow in.

Girls who won't go

The employment exchanges are again attempting to force unemployed girl shop-assistants from the towns to take up work in Army canteens at distant camps.

The Shop-Assistants' Union is lodging appeals in cases where a girl's unemployment pay is stopped when she rejects such undesirable offers. It also deputes a member of its staff to argue her case before the Umpire.

Recently the union won the case of a girl who was offered work "in various camps in Scotland." And shortly afterwards she was able to capture a job in her own line and in her own home-town.

Mr. J. R. Leslie is their vigilant secretary

Paradise for exiles

It is pleasing to note the splendid provision made under the New Zealand Sheepowners' Fund for the training of the sons and other dependents of British seamen as sheep farmers.

They receive eight months' initial training on a fine farm-station, and then are apprenticed for three years or until the age of twenty, whichever is earlier. The salary on indenture begins at something like 20s. with board.

Fine! But couldn't the Minister of Agriculture do as much for our boys on the idle English acres that are ours?

Sack them!

Some of the workers' representatives who are supposed to sit with the Courts of Referees deciding appeal claims for unemployment insurance have been neglecting their duty.

Many of them have been so conspicuous by their absence that Miss Bondfield has established a committee to ensure that the interests of the workless shall be better protected in the future.

We would not be surprised if the don't-care representatives are reported to their organisations, so that more attentive ones can be appointed.

This is exactly what we should do. The down-and-almost-out is the last person in the country to-day who should be the victim of this sort of sleepy sickness.

Canned cow

The Government decree of years ago that the words "Unfit for Babies" must adorn each tin of imported skimmed milk appears not to have had the desired effect.

Total imports of the product have increased by 128 per cent. during the past eight years. Returns for this year indicate that the tremendous total of 100,000 tons will be imported.

Imported skimmed milk has been declared pernicious as a food for infants, but there is strong evidence of the fact that they are its largest consumers.

The Health Minister must act

Here is a matter calling for the immediate attention of the Ministry of Health. Mrs. Keynes, president of the National Council of Women, might see that it is not forgotten.

Why?

The Rev S. Gordon Wilson, Mayor of Canterbury, is not always of the same mind with regard to culprits with a fine war record.

Three months ago, John Warwick, who gained the D.C.M. and was recommended for the V.C., was sentenced to two months' hard labour for stealing articles valued at £20 from his employers, the East Kent Road Car Company. Of that we don't complain.

But the other day this same Mayor had before him Edgar Joseph Goode, who admitted having embezzled £300 from the same firm.

Was he sent to prison for six months? No. In view of his exemplary conduct in the Army, and since, he was *bound over*. Why this monstrous difference?

Cheek and charladies

If the Ministry of Health fails to act promptly in the following case we shall have something more to say.

An American film corporation with offices in the West End applied to the Ministry for a charwoman. And scores of unemployed women were sent from various employment exchanges to be interviewed.

Each applicant was asked to su to an unnecessary and humilia medical examination, and many of applicants refused.

They were then informed that s would be taken to have their un ployment benefit stopped in co quence of their refusing work.

It was Sergt. Kennedy

We commented recently on the that the £4,000-a-week film "st Maurice Chevalier, was taught English language by a sergeant in Durham Light Infantry whom he countered when a prisoner of wa Germany.

We wondered what had happene the sergeant.

A reader has kindly enlightened The then sergeant is Mr Donald K nedy, headmaster of Wi[illegible]ham C cil School, Blaydon-on-T

It is good to know that those rom tic lessons behind the barbed have resulted in a sincere and las friendship between world-renow "star" and modest schoolmaster.

Justice

In a recent issue we challenged Ministry of Pensions to produce quate reasons for withholding arre of pension, covering a period of t and a half years, which had pr were due to Mr. F. J. Edwards Stroud, who had lost his arm in act

We have now been informed "the case has been further conside in the light of all the evidence av able," and that the arrears have b paid.

Was it not thus considered bef Must we drum justice into the mi of either incompetent or muddl officials?

But for JOHN BULL, Mr Edwa would have been completely robbed his rights.

A word for Willies

The agility and dexterity of errand-boy on his cycle is much mired, but not all employers give th little knights on wheels the sympat tic consideration they deserve.

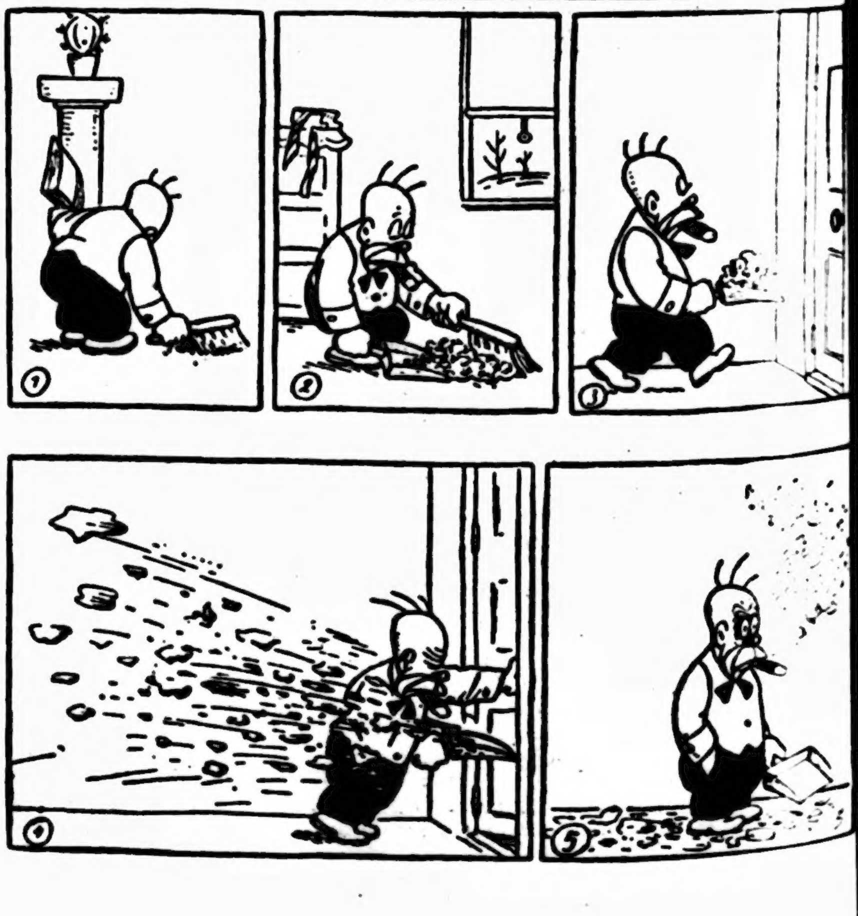
There have been several instan where heavy loads have forced l carriers on the handle-bars to collap with the result that the riders h been endangered.

• • •

The lesson should be obvio Bicycles that have been specially co structed with a view to carrying hea and bulky loads are easily obtainab

But far too many young lives risked daily by the use of ordin machines which have been clums converted.

ADAMSON'S— —Big Blow



The writer is one of the many brilliant Liberals who have joined the Labour Party within recent years—

—His independent mind and progressive views are well displayed in this striking article.

A GOOD DOUBLE TO BACK

by Col. the Rt. Hon. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, D.S.O., M.P.

TUCKED away behind the doors of Downing Street, the leaders of the Parties of the Left have been reviewing "the whole field of domestic and imperial politics."

The trend of national affairs, and perhaps the mutual dread of an election, brought the leaders together. It was a tardy meeting. The drift of events might have indicated sooner its wisdom.

There need be no mistake about it. The essentials which bind all honest and advanced politicians together are at stake. Democracy, unlucky, misrepresented, shattered on the Continent, has its back to the wall. Free Trade, even freedom, was never in so much danger, monopoly never so triumphant.

A powerful tide of disappointment —inevitable, perhaps—runs against the Government. A well-planned, extravagantly financed campaign in favour of tariffs and monopolies is making way.

The country, discouraged almost to the verge of despair, is in the mood to listen to any "remedy" rather than bear the heavy brunt of its present burden without respite.

In such circumstances, it will be unwise at least for Labour and Liberal candidates to go on wrecking each other's chances on the mistaken grounds of differences in policy which do not exist.

The time has come for those who want to help to form a powerful Radical block, rich in brains and strong in its antipathy to graft, such a block as alone can pull the country through.

Every frank and thinking man knows that the mass of Labour and Liberal voters in the country would enthusiastically welcome a union of the forces that believe in democracy and hate Fascism.

Labour has much to gain from it. A Radical infusion would stimulate every Government department, for the fault of Labour is being too conservative, too wedded to bureaucracy, too nervous about freedom.

I should welcome Liberalism in the Colonial Office, Nonconformity in the Education Office, and Land Values men in the Treasury to help a somewhat lonely Snowden.

Costly flirtation

ANY attempt to crush Liberalism out of existence—the fond dream of those members of the Labour Party who are not sound on Free Trade—will be paid for by many years of Tory Government and capitalist rationalisation.

There are 8,000,000 Labour voters in the country and 5,000,000 Liberal. The Party will need these at the next election, and need them pretty badly.

What has Liberalism to gain from the union? Everything it ought to desire—except the unsound finance it flirts with to-day. The Liberals have to save their soul and perhaps ours also.

Liberalism is a creed no country can afford to lose. A strong Liberalism would have saved Russia and Italy from the evils of dictatorship.

The Liberal spirit will gain, and possibly even the Party might benefit, though about the leaders one would not care to dogmatise.

Many sincere people in the Labour Party will possibly regard all this with dismay.

Although the mass of the electorate, which does not attach great importance to Party, would greet the union of the great democratic forces of the State with relief and even with hope, there are certainly many—even the best political workers—who would honestly believe it to be a betrayal of all that they have worked for.

These are my friends, it is with them I sympathise: Liberal M.P.s and statesmen were and are—well, what we thought them. But, here is the deadly truth—Labour statesmen and M.P.s are just about the same now that they are in power.

"Governments exist to keep things as they are with the least possible trouble to the governors," and the cynic who said that is still thinking the same to-day.

"I need hardly tell you, gentlemen," said the Labour Cabinet Minister to his permanent officials, "who it is that governs this country, whatever Party is in power."

So those of my generation who fought—and still fight—for the economic freedom of the workers, hope for very little now.

They will strut

BUT I fear much. I fear the enemy triumphant everywhere else in Europe. With Mussolini and Pilsudzki even the bureaucracy may be changed. At least our present rulers are not corrupt.

As to the Opposition, the Conservative Party, it is not unduly speculative to assume that the swing of the electoral pendulum will benefit them in the next election.

Indications may be drawn from each by-election pointing that way. People are apt to forget their old disappointments.

Yet Conservatism will do no better in 1931 than it did in 1924. A die-hard right wing will blossom and see to that.

But the Conservative Party and the monopolist and landlord interests behind it see hope of a return to power through the discouragement of their adversaries, and the people of this country must know what to expect from that eventuality.

Protection masquerading under some alias or other will be with us in a night, while Labour and Liberal candidates are still reckoning their lost deposits.

Purring—claws to-morrow

APART from its red-hot gospel of Protection, which must fail here and more quickly than it is failing elsewhere as a panacea for industrial depression, the Tories have disclosed nothing that would have the slightest improving effect on the business and commerce of this country.

Behind it bankers and land monopolists stand purring satisfaction with things as they are.

Events would deal harshly with Tory aspirations if a Radical-Labour union took the field. In the industrial centres where Liberal deposits are lost, the drift to the Protectionist doctrine of desperation would be counterbalanced by the united Liberal and Labour poll.

In the counties, ancient strongholds of the landed interests and those who would reduce still further the wages of the labourer, Conservatives would no longer be returned through Labour intervention.

These forlorn remnants, with the luckless Liberal residue in the Midlands, would gladly welcome the united front for the benefit of the Parties they both represent.

There remain a number of seats in mining and industrial areas where the fight is a straight issue between Liberal and Labour. In such cases by all means fight it out. The enemy will not gain.

And, it may be asked, what is the common basis of agreement that would fuse the Parties as one? Land, Peace, Disarmament, a Colonial Policy just to the natives.

I aver that we could win on a change in the Party system—

A tax on land values to be used for national development;

The harnessing of electric power, the construction of new plant, the provision of up-to-date machinery in the mines, facilities at the ports;

Afforestation and the cultivation of the soil by free men, the democratising of industry;

The preservation of Free Trade, with its complement of free land, a free breakfast-table.

Suicide invitation

THESE tasks would occupy the Radical union for three Parliaments or more. Then government would be stable again. It would be lifted from the shifts and excuses of minority power and made safe against the dangerous forces of Tory and capitalist reaction.

Trade and industry would benefit because confidence would be regained. Unemployment would decline as land became cheap and more accessible. The needs of the country would come before those of the Party or class.

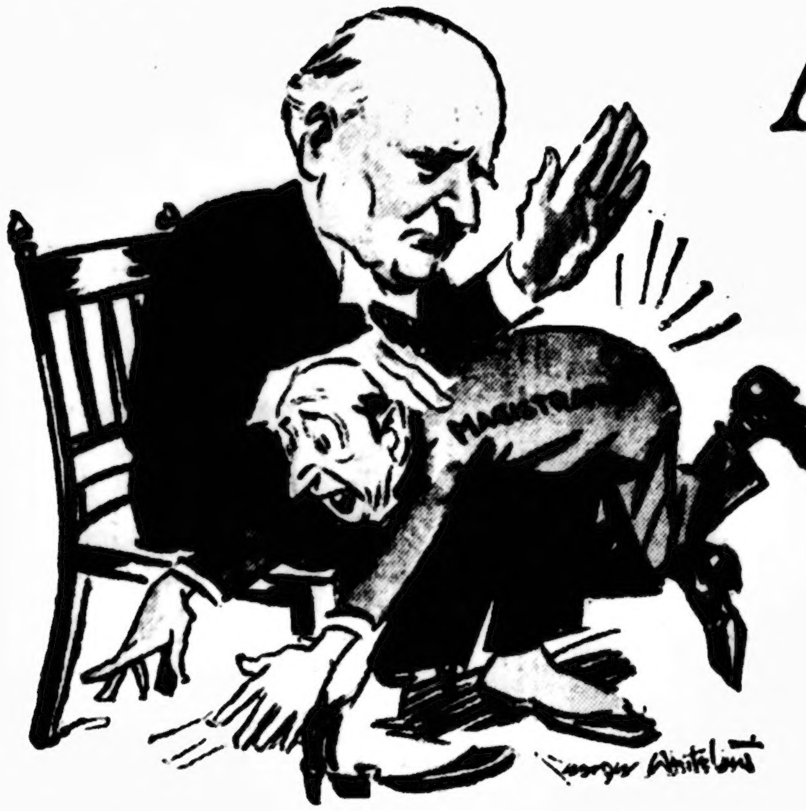
Our national recovery would be assured from the first day of office of a Government meaning business on these lines.

If the leaders of the Radical Parties wish to remain true interpreters of the will of the vast majority of their supporters they will come together. Otherwise the despair of their fellow-countrymen will drive them to seek a remedy elsewhere.

That will not be pleasant for any, save the enemies of the people.

Candid Communication

A SMACK for the BENCH!



Rt. Hon. Lord MERRIVALE,
Royal Courts of Justice, London

MY LORD,—I agree with you that the justices who are so ready to grant a separation-order and break up the home inflict grave injury upon society.

Therefore, I trust that you will support me in my scheme for the institution of Domestic Courts, where, freed from the atmosphere of crime, and with the mind of the Bench devoted to a particular problem, there will be the time and the proper temper for considering marital differences.

Every day some of our stipendiary magistrates succeed by their wise counsel and good humour in healing quarrels between husband and wife.

But they have too little time to do all they would. And the atmosphere of a criminal court is against them.

And some of the amateur magistrates down country deserve to be, metaphorically, birched for careless and prejudiced administration in the way of separations.

We need Domestic Courts—and, my lord, *better housing*. Far fewer couples would desire to separate if they had real homes of their own.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLARKE HALL,
Old Street Police Court, London

YOUR WORSHIP,—Your commonsense is what we want in dealing with the question of the habitual criminal.

Mr. Clynes wants us to believe that the criminal is a case for the doctor.

You know better. You say that crime is becoming more and more a skilled occupation.

And you imply, what is the fact, that the criminal—be he a burglar or a shady financier—is a normal person with a disregard for the rights of property.

If prison were less pleasant there would be fewer habituals, and if property were more morally distributed, there would be fewer immoralists.

JOHN BULL.

Sir FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L.,
University College, London

DEAR PROFESSOR,—It is hard luck that, having spent a lifetime digging up the history of the East, you find no space in British museums for your relics.

But my heart is not perceptibly moved. For, sir, there are thousands of British fathers who, having spent a lifetime creating the history of this country in the shape of a family, cannot find, not a museum, but a home to house, not relics, but living creatures.

JOHN BULL.

The BISHOP OF LONDON,
Fulham Palace, London, S.W.

MY LORD BISHOP,—The thanks of the mining community are due to you for your thoughtful reminder of the recognition due to heroes in civil life who give their lives for their country.

As you say, magnificent tribute was rightly paid to the men of *R101*, but you doubt whether the general public thought enough of the fourteen men who, the same week, lost their lives in a coal-mine while at their work.

I have no doubt about it: the public does not fully realise the daily devotion to duty of heroes of the pit.

JOHN BULL.

Miss EDITH HOWSE,
Union of Post Office Workers

DEAR MADAM,—There is something in your point of view that the marriage bar in the Civil Service gives more chance of promotion to women.

But you must see that there is another side to the question. Is it not a waste of public money that women should be trained for the public service, and, when they have become efficient, compelled to resign?

If you urge that the proper place for a wife is the home, may you not provoke the retort that in that case it would be better to have no women in the service, and so provide better chances of promotion for their husbands and fiances?

JOHN BULL.

Skeletons' Housing Problem—Bigamy Spies to Spurn

Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Recorder, Old Bailey, London

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—You are quite right. The police should tear up anonymous letters alleging bigamy.

In some cases bigamy is a vile crime, in others it is a technical offence. And the anonymous informer always deals with the almost innocent variety.

Many happy homes have been broken up because the police have paid attention to these skulking spies.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. F. N. KAY MENZIES,
Medical Officer, L.C.C.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am sure that you must regard the facts revealed by your latest annual report as gravely alarming.

The London birth-rate for 1929 was the lowest ever recorded. We seem well on our way to race-suicide.

And the cause is so obvious—bad housing.

Most normal young married couples desire a family. But how is that possible in two or three rooms?

Unless the housing problem is tackled seriously, the best elements in the British race will go on their way towards extinction.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Finance Committee, Winchester T.C.

DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN,—I am anxious to know more about the case of the councillor whose rates were three years in arrear, who was allowed preferential consideration, and who was allowed still to continue to sit upon the council.

Since a poorer resident of Winchester had received severer treatment, although he was only six months in arrear, I think that the whole business requires clearing up.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. BERNARD FOKKE,
The Old Forge, Mickleham, Surrey

DEAR MRS. FOKKE,—It was a pl thing to take a shot-gun and your husband to beat off the mo bandits who attacked your restau

The fight with guns and bludg and the fierce struggle between husband and the bandits on the r ning-board of the car was a thri business.

You are a brave couple. Bernard will be as proud of you you are of him.

JOHN BU

Mr. G. E. SIMPSON,
***Washington Avenue,* Manor Park, E**

SIR,—You have earned the conte of every decent person. First desert a wife and four children; t you go through a form of marr with an innocent and unsuspec girl.

And now, to crown all, ha escaped prison by pleading neu thenia, you have the impudence claim in a court of law the eng ment and wedding rings you gave the girl you had deceiv

It is no use crying for sham That wouldn't touch you. You something sharper to penetrate y tough hide.

JOHN BU

STRAIGHT from the Shoul

PROFESSOR WINIFRED CULLIS shall be positively ashamed of wo if they go back to the long skirt."

But we men will not [illegible] *in devotion.*

• • •

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD: "The p son who goes through life taking advice from others is not much go

Yet J. R. M. is always giving us g advice and urging us to take it.

• • •

H. C. A. BINGLEY: "The faci with which foreigners pour into country is amazing."

Terribly true. The barrier is a fe And unemployment figures soar.

Not from the B.B.C.—Master Randolph Churchill, lecturing in U.S.A., presents—

NITWITTICISMS at Nineteen

MUCH of Winston you've heard,
But I give you my word
Winston Churchill, in years yet to be,
Will put forward a claim
To the Temple of Fame
On the ground that he's father to Me!

For no baby I've yet
Ever heard of or met
Can compete with me in my esteem!
As a cub yet unlicked,
And infrequently kicked,
Of political triumphs I'd dream.

Now I'm having my day
In New York, U.S.A.,
As the prodigy son of my dad;
Ev'ry infantile squeal
Makes my auditors feel
That I'm quite a remarkable lad.

To my lectures they come,
Where I beat the big drum
And release thoughts profound from my head;
Till my nurse comes to state
That it's now rather late
And it's time that I toddled to bed!

As an infant prodigy, I have put in the shade Mr. Beverley Sniggles, who wrote his autobiography shortly after emerging from swaddling-clothes; for I was formulating plans for governing

the British Empire when my less gifted schoolfellows were playing with puff-puffs.

It is only now, however, at the mature age of nineteen, that I have reached the puff-puff stage, the "puffs" being supplied by the lecturing organisation which is trying to foist me on the simple citizens of Milwaukee and Wyoming as a representative British political thinker.

Some sample Great Thoughts which I have already disgorged are that the present British Government is "the silliest, sloppiest crowd of sentimentalists that ever in all history sat the Treasury Bench," and that Soci rule is "ruining England."

As a patriotic infant, I consider it be my duty to tell foreigners what hopeless lot of bunglers they are and say everything possible to discredit th in the eyes of those who pay to h me lisp.

And if anybody suggests that I do know what I am lisping about—tha am, in fact, babbling through one my father's most comical hats—I h ready several crushing replies wh always earned guffaws at the Univer debating society.

Though critics describe all my lect
as "bosh."
I'll make the folk laugh when I talk
Oshkosh!
And wit at which bright undergradu
grinned
Should go very well up at Mich
(Ind.).

And how dear old ladies will struggle
kiss
My sweet, chubby features at Jeffe
(Wis.)!
And Babbits at Boston will chortle
shout
When I tell of how England is do
and near out.

Already some papers have voiced th
surprise
At my "boldness." But why shou
not criticise
My land and my betters, in view of
fact
That I feel I am really too big to
smacked?

A SEARCHLIGHT on the CABINET

"Mr. Henderson's stature has not diminished—it has grown"

by

A. G. GARDINER

PARLIAMENT reassembles next Tuesday in circumstances of extraordinary anxiety. The causes of that anxiety are present in all our minds.

The meeting of Parliament elf will be overshadowed by the ndian Conference, perhaps the most omentous gathering that has ever sembled in this city—certainly the ost momentous so far as the strucre of the British Empire is conrned.

Its repercussions upon the Parliaentary situation cannot fail to be isturbing in the highest degree.

Not less anxious are the domestic oblems that have to be faced.

Since the House rose the condition the trade of the country has grown ore gloomy, and the burden of unployment has increased alarmingly.

Coupled with these facts, the Imrial Conference has challenged the cal policy of this country—and has ade that challenge the dominant ue of politics and an appeal to the ectorate imminent.

Apart from all these weighty matters, ere is the catastrophe to the *R101*, hich raises questions that in normal mes would alone be able to bring Governments to the ground.

The bitter drop

No Prime Minister, in short, was ever onfronted with a more desperate tuation than that with which Mr. amsay MacDonald has to deal, and his rplexities are aggravated, not only by e internal discord in his Party, but the programme which he has prered for the coming session.

The main item of that programme the amendment of the Trade Distes Act, which is certain to arouse e most embittered opposition at a me when the mind of Parliament ould be focused on the vast and gent matters that involve not only e well-being of the country, but the ture and even the existence of the mpire.

"A front seat for him": Mr. E. F. Wise

"Will do his worst": Sir Oswald Mosley

"A singular appointment": Lord Amulree

"He is unnecessarily provocative": Mr. Snowden

If Mr. MacDonald is riding for a fall—if, that is, he is engaged in a strategic Party move—it cannot be denied that he has chosen his ground astutely.

He may well have come to the conclusion that there is no way out of the *impasse* he is in but an election, and that an election fought on the refusal of the House to wipe out the Trade Disputes Act would suit his book better than anything else.

Quell the mutiny

It would, in the first place, obscure the failure of the Government to deal with unemployment, and give his Party a grievance that would make it forget graver matters and mobilise it in full force behind his leadership.

And, in the second place, it would enable him to smother for the present the mutinous movements in his Party.

Mr. MacDonald would be less, or more, than human if he did not welcome any opportunity of consolidating his position, for his present case is humiliating enough for a proud man.

He is not only in the unenviable position of being the head of a minority Government, but the minority that ironically follows him is broken up into factions, not the least formidable of which is in open mutiny against his leadership.

He only keeps his uneasy seat in the saddle in virtue of two facts. The first is that he still has the backing of the trade unions which command the votes and the money.

And the amendment of the Trade Disputes Act is the necessary price he pays for the retention of that support.

The other asset he possesses is his personality.

With all his defects, Mr. MacDonald is still the most spectacular figure in the Labour movement, and the best Parliamentarian the Party has thrown up.

His much-vaunted oratory is really poor, pedestrian stuff. In public his handsome presence and resonant voice enable it to pass muster, but on the wireless the poverty of the thought and the unctuous phrasing are lamentably apparent.

His manner is dour and often ungracious. But he has high qualities of character, a real public conscience, great industry, and exceptional Parliamentary gifts.

The calibre of his colleagues is not such as to offer any serious challenge to his supremacy. Most of them have palpably wilted away under the responsibilities of office.

Mr. Thomas' hail-fellow-well-met geniality is discovered to have little substance behind it, and Mr. Clynes' pleasant gift of reasonable and persuasive speech makes him an amiable figure, but little more.

Mr. Alexander and Mr. Morrison have shown themselves capable administrators, and Mr. Lansbury has supplied a certain comic relief.

But, with two exceptions, the Ministry is quite without distinction, and the singular appointment of Lord Amulree, a lawyer of seventy, who is not a member of the Labour Party, has never sat in the House of Commons, and has no knowledge of aviation or of office, to the critical post of Air Minister, adds nothing to its strength or to the public confidence in its efficiency.

The two exceptions to the drabness of the Government are, of course, Mr. Snowden and Mr. Henderson.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a man of great natural powers, of incorruptible probity and intensity of conviction. But—as a Parliamentarian he leaves much to be desired.

He is unnecessarily provocative, and his lack of tact and *savoir faire* often loses him the sympathies of the House when his actions and intentions deserve them.

His stock fell heavily last summer owing to the asperities of his manner under the calculated attacks of Mr. Churchill, who has found his vulnerable spot and knows how to goad him into indiscretion.

Nor, as a set-off to this weakness, can he claim to be popular with his Party.

He has broken almost defiantly with the I.L.P. and the left wing, and is caviare to the trade unionists.

All this is unfortunate, for he is the only man in the Party with a conscience in regard to public finance and a sincere horror of the wastrelism into which public affairs have degenerated.

If there is a rival to Mr. MacDonald, it is Mr. Henderson. He is, in my judgment, by far the most successful Minister the Government has produced.

A wise tongue

His stature has not diminished under responsibility; it has grown with each new demand made on it. There is the quality of statesmanship in all he does.

He has illimitable good sense, is free from all vanity and affectation, knows when to speak and when to remain silent, has an acute sense of the values of men, and not only talks sensibly, but acts wisely.

If I had the nomination of a Prime Minister from any and all of the Parties, he would be my first choice, and the more difficult the situation that had to be faced the more confident that choice would be.

Mr. MacDonald has not made the task that lies before him the less difficult by his refusal to throw any bait to the mutineers behind him.

A more flexible politician would have made an attempt to break up the intransigent element in his Party by roping in some of the ambitious young men who are its leaders; but he has grimly left them to do their worst.

They will certainly do it in the coming session if opportunity offers, for, apart from any disagreements on policy, they know that their prospect of advance to the front bench is over the body of the Prime Minister.

And Mr. Maxton, Sir Oswald Mosley, Mr. Wise and the rest have no intention of spending their days on back benches.

The front seats are good enough for them, and since Mr. MacDonald bars the way, he must look out for trouble on the lower deck.

HIS BEST PACKAGE—£600

THERE is a story of dogged perseverance that won through to success behind JOHN BULL'S £600 Crossword Competition No. 83.

The winner is just a boy of twenty, Mr. John Cleere, who lives at 25, Upper Brook Street, Chorlton, Manchester.

Less than twelve months ago he left his home town in Tipperary to try his luck in England. Since, he has worked as a labourer in a packing warehouse at Knott Mill Station.

"Four months ago," he told us in his rich Irish brogue, "I did not know what crosswords meant, but when I saw JOHN BULL Crosswords I decided to have a shot at them.

"I have not a single mistake in my winning effort, but I might tell you that I have put in some hard work studying to get the hang of crosswords.

"During the last three weeks I have spent every night except one on crosswords. I was determined to overcome my handicap of a poor education and start level with all other JOHN BULL competitors.

"I do not know what I shall do with the money yet. I have never dreamt of having such a sum as £600; but it will be banked, and I shall carry on just as usual at my present work.

"Of course, when I have had time to look round a bit and convince myself that it is all really true and not a dream. I may change my plans."

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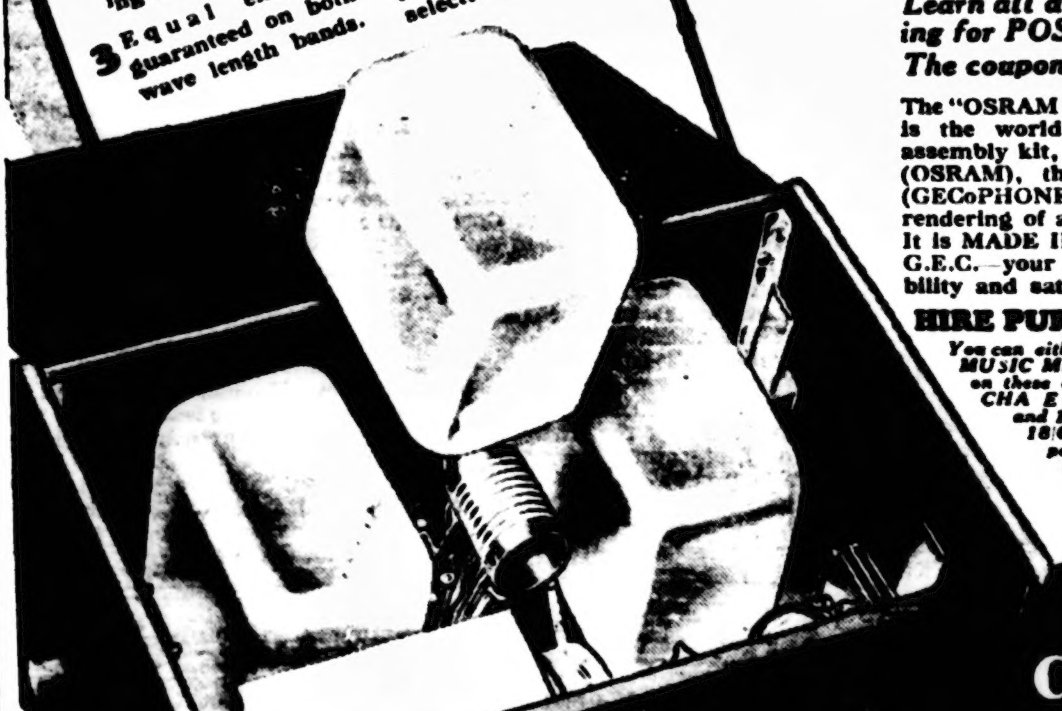

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Another SHAMEFUL PRIVATE SCHOOL

ALMOST every day some crank or weird enthusiast sets himself up as a teacher of the young and establishes a "school" where he can prac- his theories some unfor- nate children se parents re been in- ed to send m there.

But the queerest hool we have r heard of is used in an old anor called ereham Hall, in rfolk.

It is run by a n named Theo- e J. Faithfull, o describes self on his terature as, ong other ngs, a veterin- y surgeon and a ajor in the oyal Army terinary Corps.

We look in vain any evidence his teaching aining and lity, but we find, cording to his erature, that he is the author of veral pamphlets on sexual subjects.

Major Faithfull has theories, how- er, on education, and those theories ve led to several complaints reaching Bull from parents whose chil- en have been in his school.

The most recent concerns a reader ose daughter of fourteen was sent Wereham Hall on a recommenda- n. She was a highly-strung girl, o had recently passed through a vere illness.

Rough and unready

She was escorted to the school by re- ives, who were not impressed by its neral air of desolation and neglect.

The bedroom she had to share with er pupils contained four beds of a gh type with army blankets. The lls were colour-washed, and there s no fireplace or lighting except oil- ps.

They were not too reconciled to leav- g the girl in such a gloomy place, but entually did so.

Two days later the girl's mother re- ved a letter from her imploring her bring her home at once.

"We strongly urge the Minister," Sir Charles Trevelyan

A male relative was despatched to Wereham Hall to bring the girl home.

On his arrival the principal remarked that it seemed very foolish to go to the expense of bringing the girl there and taking her home again so soon.

The young man persisted, however, and when in the little girl's room remarked that it seemed that much was lacking in the way of sleeping arrangements.

The reply was: "We have no staff to do the work here: the children have to do it themselves. They have to wash their own clothes if they want clean ones."

And this of children some of whom are of very tender age.

But, apart from the utter discomfort and sparsity of the living arrangements, the point which decided the girl's demand to be taken home was the manner in which the principal conducted his first interview with her.

This took the form of a sexual lecture, illustrated from diagrams in an anatomical work.

Later he said she must have a bath, and added, "I am going to have a bath, too; you can come in and watch me."

This strange item in the school curriculum is apparently one of the main planks in the principal's teachings, to judge by the frequent reference to it in his writings.

When the girl returned home she told a remarkable story of what she had seen and heard—things that cannot possibly be described here.

There are perhaps a dozen pupils in the school, both girls and boys, ranging from five to seventeen, and Major Faithfull pins a lot of faith on the educative powers of what he calls the "open bathroom."

To quote from one of his pamphlets: "Mixing with children their own age gives immense mental satisfaction, but the occasional mixing with adults is also beneficial. . . ."

Children removed

The truth is that the whole of the major's teaching seems riddled with sex from the beginning to the end.

We have seen the statements of parents dating back over periods of two and three years who have discovered this and have taken their children away in consequence.

To guests at the school and JOHN BULL representatives Major Faithfull has freely admitted that, in his opinion, sex should play a large part in his curriculum.

Psycho-analysis is another fad of this strange schoolmaster. This new science is generally admitted to be dangerous and untrustworthy even when applied by qualified mental specialists to adult persons.

Yet Major Faithfull declares that he often uses its technique on children of tender years.

We wonder whether parents who have sent or are contemplating sending children to his school are fully aware of and are reconciled to the implication of these teachings.

For all we know, Major Faithfull may be a most accomplished veterinary surgeon, but we fail to see how a knowledge, say, of the physical conditions of an ailing cow can confer the power to embark on revolutionary experiments on the child mind.

"Major Faithfull has theories which have led to complaints"

JOHN BULL, long before any other journal, urged the need for the registration and regular inspection of private schools.

Is it conceivable that any public authority would permit an experiment of this nature to proceed without the most careful supervision by duly appointed experts?

The answer is emphatically "No."

We strongly urge the Minister of Education to press on with a measure which will bring all such schools—for there are many others—under direct supervision.

VERY COLD CONSOLATION

TO purchasers of two 1s. packets of its "beauty shampoos" the Silkasheen Company, of Green Lane, Derby, has been offering a range of attractive free gifts.

Canteens of stainless cutlery, ladies' superior gold-filled wristlet-watches, pearl necklaces, pure silk stockings, and a score of consolation prizes have been held out as bait, and from information before us it is clear that applications have been numerous.

Within recent weeks the company's offer has been taken up by people in Darlington, Middlesbrough, Garston, Cardiff, Northampton and Halifax.

Complaints have reached us from these and other towns.

Experiences have been mixed. One reader complains that far from receiving a "guinea solid pearl set," as described in the company's circulars, she received a string of green beads "which can be bought for 6d."

But even she has fared more fortunately than some applicants who have had their letters returned to them by the postal authorities as "Undeliverable."

* * *

Enquiries which we have made on the spot show that the Silkasheen Company was simply the trading name for a Mr. James Attenboro, whose headquarters consisted of an empty back-room, with a piece of cardboard tacked to the door, bearing the pencilled inscription, "Silkasheen."

The fact that the postal authorities are no longer able to locate Mr. Attenboro tells its own story.

If any readers can throw light upon his present whereabouts we shall be pleased to hear from them.

A Legal Bluff for Babies

WE have received a number of letters from indignant parents regarding an unusual competition scheme at is being conducted by the British ue Company, Ltd., of Dominion use, Bartholomew Close, London, C.

After due enquiry, we can only say t we more than share their indig- tion, for it would be difficult to agine a more preposterous scheme.

Briefly, the company offers £20,000 in zes in connection with a competition advertise its products.

The first stage consists in solving a ture puzzle, which is so absurdly ple that few adults would trouble to mplete it.

Children, on the other hand, would p at the opportunity for obtaining e prizes.

And while they would find no difficulty in performing the task presented to them, we doubt whether they would fully appreciate the terms and conditions.

For, having completed the simple puzzle, they are required to sell twenty-five packages of "Blueine" on behalf of the company.

A child of ten, who lives in Gosport, sent in her preliminary solution unknown to her parents, who were naturally surprised when a "thirty-day consignment" of "Blueine" was sent for their little girl to sell.

They promptly returned the parcel, but heard nothing more until some months later, when their child was the recipient of a fearsome blue document, purporting to emanate from the "Legal Department" of the British Blue Company, Ltd.

"We have this day been instructed by the British Blue Co., Ltd., to bring legal proceedings against you for the purpose of collecting payment for a consignment of 'Blueine,'" was its awe-inspiring message.

"Recourse to the courts, as you must know, will cause you unnecessary inconvenience."

To an adult, of course, such a document would occasion a smile, but when they are addressed to children it is a different matter.

As we have indicated, complaints from parents are widespread, and already letters have reached us from Hampshire, Lancashire, Middlesex, Kent, and Shetland.

There is nothing British about this method of trading, and we advise this company to mend its methods of popularising its products.

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MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3

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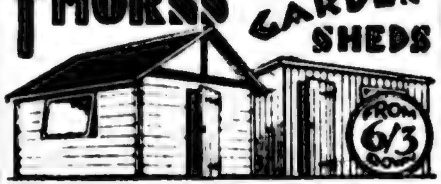

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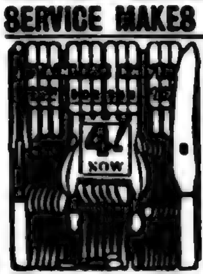

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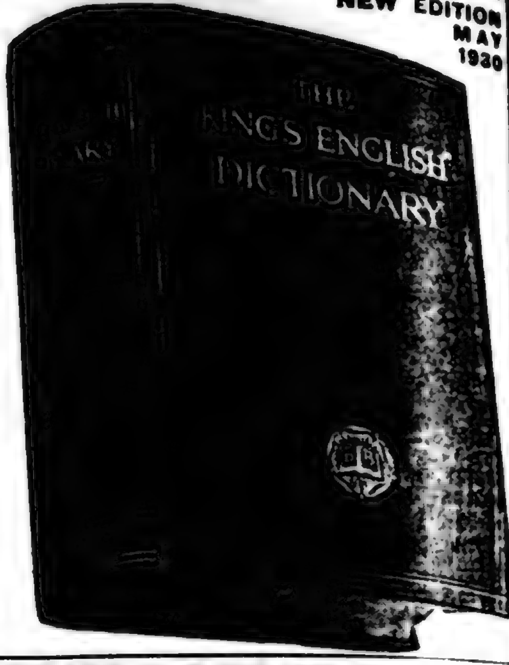

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Twenty Years' Blissful Happiness.

Mrs. E. Phelps, of Brixton, S.W.9, writes:—"I would just like to say a word or two for your wonderful relief, Carter's Little Liver Pills, for indigestion. I have been taking them for twenty years and I have found nothing better to improve a run-down condition, and as a general tonic and daily regulator they are unequalled. I feel quite happy to recommend them to anyone who is not enjoying the best of health." Try them for sick headache, biliousness, liverishness and constipation! Take genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. In 1/3 and 3/- bottles. Of all Chemists.

A NICE FUR

lends charm and distinction to the wearer. Our Fur Department offers lovely Furs at lowest prices on Easy Terms. Only small payment required with order, and monthly payments afterwards if satisfied. Write for Catalogue of all favourite varieties at a Guinea to Five Guineas upwards. Full Approval. 30 years character for straightforward trading.

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Bald Men Grow Hai

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new [illegible] growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald [illegible] nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of [illegible]" is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare [illegible] are now covered with a nice growth of hair," [illegible] Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the [illegible] T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a [illegible] healthy growth of hair where I have been bald [illegible] 10 years." Mr. B. Scott reports even [illegible] only three weeks' use of Kotalko bald patches of twelve years' standing were covered [illegible] hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may [illegible] a testing box of Kotalko by sending [illegible] to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (55.BS), London W.1.

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OUR FREE OFFER

If you are suffering the tortures of Piles, [illegible] at once for the Magic Pile Cure, which for a limited period is being offered FREE OF CHARGE. The curative, healing action of this remedy on the inflamed and swollen parts is felt with the first soothing application. [illegible] is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the [illegible] system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. We invite you to try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day to Magic Laboratories, M.N.23, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C., and a complete trial outfit will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

£650 awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 84.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors [illegible] £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £300 will be d

Mrs. Quarmby, 130, Lincoln Street, Wakefield.
Mr. W. Painter, 5, Fourth Avenue, Clipstone Camp, Mansfield, Notts.

Solutions containing one error each were received from the following 20 competitors who share [illegible] £50, each receiving £2 10s. 0d.:—

Ashby, Mrs. L., 1, Joshua Lane, Middleton Junction; Catterall, Miss M. E., 50, Parker Str
Clark, Mrs. M., 128, Princess Road, Seaham Harbour; Clarke, A. C., "Grovend," Oxford Rd.
Cutler, W., 35, Wern Tce., Port Tennant, Swansea; Day, Mrs. J., 658, Ormskirk Rd., Pembert
Forwood, Mrs. E., Ringwood Rd., Ferndown, Dorset; Gibson, C., 1435, Dumbarton Rd., Gla
Harrison, Edith, "Fern Royd," Witham Rd., Woodhall Spa; Jones, L., 4, Mellodew St., Moorsid
Marsden, Mrs., 15, Hudson St., Accrington; Maygothling, C., 106, Astwood Rd., Worce
H., 83, Florence St., Bradford; Ord, Mrs. E., 2, Chillingham Rd., South Heaton, Newcast
Pugh, Mrs. M., Florence Rd., Clay Cross, Chesterfield; Rogers, S. F., 186, Putney Bridge R
Salt, R. O., 50, Breck Hill Rd., Mapperley, Nottingham; Tarrant, E., 83, Cobbold Rd., W
Elizabeth, 43, Towerhill Rd., Glasgow, W.3; Webster, A., Ravenhurst, Newby, Scarborou

Another £600 X-word appears on p. 36. Try Your Skill Now

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Great City Sensation

Plain Words to an M.P. Chairman

Sir Berkeley Vincent, K.B.E., C.B., soon retired. Behind him, Mr. J. R. Remer, M.P.

ONE of my readers, knowing the interest I always take in probing company fiascos, has asked me to analyse the affairs of the Automatic Records Player, Ltd.

The company certainly seems in a very parlous state, and I note that a meeting of shareholders has been called for Monday next, October 27.

So the comments I now propose to make will appear in time to enable investors to ask some plain questions regarding the disquieting, scandalous manner in which their interests have been handled.

The company was formed in March, 1929, with an authorised capital of £120,000, made up in 1,200,000 two-shilling shares, to exploit a novel invention called the "automatic records player."

I have no doubt that, if all that is claimed for this invention is true, it would, if efficiently handled, become a profitable device for which a big demand might reasonably be expected.

Foolproof

The board of directors looked impressive enough, including as it did Mr. John Rumney Remer, M.P., and Brigadier-General Sir Berkeley Vincent, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G. The chairman was Sir Logie Elphinstone, Bart.

The automatic records player, the prospectus declared, was a foolproof article of simple design that could be attached to any gramophone.

It would mechanically change ten gramophone records consecutively without any attention, and, having only one major moving part, could be applied by a child with perfect ease.

A slight alteration in manufacture would, it was stated, enable the device to cope with twenty records at a time in the same manner.

Moreover, the article was durable and would outlast the life of any gramophone.

Finally, the directors explained, the cost of production was small. Being made entirely of pressed metal, any metal-stamping works could produce it and factory expenditure would thus be unnecessary.

Marketed at 35s. in a state that enabled any owner to affix it without difficulty, it represented a splendid channel of profit for shareholders.

Swallowed up

It was "conservatively estimated" that, after deducting overhead expenses, manufacturing costs and charges, the first year's trading would provide a net profit of at least £50,000 —"sufficient to pay a dividend of 40 per cent."

Production was to be started "immediately," and first deliveries would be made to the trade "within a few weeks."

That was eighteen months ago.

How have these lofty estimates and promises been fulfilled?

No actual trading was done during the first year, and the many thousands of pounds subscribed by expectant investors have been swallowed up in a manner which requires the fullest investigation.

The company's affairs are at present viewed so unfavourably by the Stock Exchange Committee that it has taken the drastic step of suspending permission for further dealings in the shares.

The first audited balance-sheet, now before me, makes very dismal reading. There is, alas! no mention of the "conservatively estimated" profits of £50,000.

On the contrary, there is the sorry fact that all the capital has gone; that a loss of £5,500 has been incurred; and that there are numerous creditors whose substantial bills have yet to be paid.

It seems that £60,000, in cash and shares, went to certain people for the patent rights of the automatic player.

Yet the auditors, Messrs. Philip Mordant, Jarvis and Co., report that, even after access to all the books and records of the company, they are unable to express any opinion as to the value of these "rights."

Certain share transactions are frowned upon by the auditors, who state that the entries in the books in this connection have not been properly made.

Correct details have not been produced for their inspection, and the general position relating thereto is unsatisfactory.

Further, shares taken by certain directors in lieu of remuneration were wrongly issued, and throughout their investigations the auditors were met with many difficulties that could not be overcome.

What a catalogue of woe for the disillusioned shareholders! Capital gone and no profits, unpaid debts, inner mismanagement, and, to crown all, dissatisfied auditors.

The most glaring disclosure of all is that the company's banking account had to be put in the names of Mr. Remer and another director.

Four of the five original directors have now resigned, amongst them Sir Logie Elphinstone, Bt., who, by the way, seems to be somewhat unfortunate in his company directorates.

Mr. John Rumney Remer, M.P., however, has not resigned, and appears to be endeavouring to straighten out the tangled affairs of this disastrous concern.

Ask these questions—

But, as he has been a director throughout, and is now the company's chairman, it is interesting to consider the various views he has expressed to shareholders.

In citing the history of the disaster, I may be forgiven for suggesting one or two points which should be raised by shareholders at next Monday's meeting.

Mr. Remer contends that at the inception of the company there were people connected with it whose only object seemed to be to profit themselves rather than make profits for the company.

Who are they? The shareholders have a right to know.

Regarding the auditors' severe comments, Mr Remer says that most of the matters in question took place before he was elected chairman.

Tell us who

A mass of papers, he says, relating to some of the criticised share transactions were only disclosed to him for the first time recently, and, as a result of delving into them, he has discovered that documents bearing the company's name have been printed by persons in no way connected with the company.

To this he adds the truly astounding statement that letters have been written and important documents issued without the directors' approval or knowledge.

In view of the "serious nature of these discoveries," legal action is being considered, but meanwhile some further light should surely be thrown upon this very grave issue at next Monday's meeting.

While Mr. Remer assumes the responsibility for the remarkable step of having the company's banking account in the name of the directors, he has so far refused to say any more than that he deemed it advisable that the money should be kept in that way, and that it was done "entirely to protect the banking account."

To protect it from whom? There surely must have been some very grave grounds for so dramatic a decision. What were they?

Then there is the important question of shares being taken up by certain directors in lieu of remuneration.

Mr. Remer says that this was done because Sir Logie Elphinstone (the late chairman) said he had obtained a legal opinion in the matter. He himself returned the shares on finding subsequently that the opinion was wrong.

Into the open

So far, Sir Logie Elphinstone has not followed his example, and shareholders ought to be told what steps are being taken.

I observe that the issuing-house in the flotation of this company was Fordham's Trust, which defaulted in regard to its underwriting contract and is now in compulsory liquidation.

Fordham's Trust has already been criticised in these pages in connection with other company flotations.

It is now a creditor of the Automatic Records Player, Ltd., to the extent of over £9,000.

How, since it defaulted in its underwriting account, is this figure arrived at?

Is it surprising, then, that £20,000 was swallowed up in preliminary expenses?

There is one sentence from Mr. Remer's statement that I cannot, in conclusion, help quoting in full. It is so self-explanatory.

"The auditors," he says, "state they are not satisfied. I say quite frankly to you that neither am I as chairman, but I think we have locked the door against any further irregularities."

As a director throughout, and chairman now, Mr. Remer should let the shareholders know what these irregularities were.

There is the sorry tale. With a new board of directors and fresh capital Mr. Remer hopes to retrieve the position.

But before further investors are sought all the points I have here raised must be openly thrashed out.

WORLD IMPORTANT HEALTH DISCOVERY

"BELTONA"

BRAND LOTION

Heralds the Dawn of a New Day for Sufferers from

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA & GOUT

Or Disabled by Lumbago, Neuritis or Similar Disorder

READERS INVITED TO BENEFIT AT ONCE

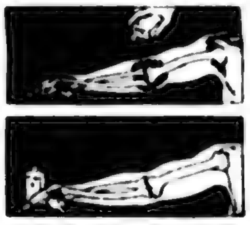
Special arrangements have been made for "John Bull" READERS to try FOR 1/- ONLY This Wonderful New Remedy by sending the Form Below.

Mr. E. Belton, the discoverer of BELTONA Lotion, the remarkable New Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, etc.

AMONG the remarkable discoveries of recent years, very few are likely to be remembered with greater gratitude in thousands upon thousands of homes than "Beltona" Lotion, the amazing lotion which has begun a new era in the Treatment of Arthritis and all Rheumatic and inflammatory conditions.

Discovered by Mr. E. Belton, of Hoddesdon, Herts., it has already been through the ordeal of an exhaustive trial in many exceptionally severe cases of Arthritis and other painful and disabling disorders of the joints, muscles, and nerves. And it has come out of that ordeal triumphantly.

Joints locked for years by Arthritic accumulations have been freed. Men and women who have resigned themselves to being rheumatic cripples for life can walk unaided. Swollen and distorted hands, feet and limbs have returned to their normal size and shape.



SINKS DEEPER AND DEEPER WITH EACH APPLICATION.

The explanation of this extraordinary success in cases so hopeless that doctors and hospitals have given them up as incurable is to be found in the astonishing penetrative powers of "Beltona" Lotion. It soaks into the tissues almost as easily as ink into blotting paper, sinking deeper and deeper with each application, until it reaches the deepest-lying seat of pain and inflammation.

PAIN QUICKLY SOOTHED AND INFLAMMATION SUBDUED.

Directly the lotion is applied it commences to soothe the pain and subdue the inflammation, and in from 10 to 15 minutes relief is obtained even in the severest cases of Arthritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, and all Inflammatory conditions. Then as every application sinks deeper into the tissues, it reaches, breaks down, and washes away the obstinate uric acid accumulations, fibrous thickenings, pulpy matter, etc., which are setting up the inflammation and causing pain, swelling, distortion, and locking of the joints.

Miss Agnes Bonniwell and Nurse Mobbs.

THE MOST REMARKABLE RECOVERY EVER KNOWN.

BEDRIDDEN FOR FIVE YEARS, NOW ABLE TO WALK.

25, Falmouth Chambers,
Falmouth Road, S.E.
March 8th, 1930.

Dear Sir,—Words cannot express how very indebted I feel to you for your wonderful discovery of "Beltona" Lotion. Five years ago I was taken ill, and as time went on I lay a helpless and bedridden wreck. I had to be fed with a spoon, also a feeding cup, and my doctor said nothing could be done for me. I had to return home a hopeless case, only to be recommended for an incurable home. But to-day I am a living testimonial for "Beltona" Lotion alone. My friends are amazed at my progress, many others also are a witness, my hands were closed, drawn and distorted, and my knees were locked. I can now write this letter and any correspondence freely; the most miraculous of all I can now rise from my bed after five years, and I am starting to walk. I urge any poor sufferer to give "Beltona" Lotion a trial, for after such a painful ordeal I feel there is really something to live for. You can use this letter for the benefit of others (if you will), for I used everything, but to no avail. If any sufferer also would care to write me personally I should be only too pleased to let them know what "Beltona" has done for me. Yours very gratefully.

(Signed) AGNES BONNIWELL.

ANOTHER SPLENDID "BELTONA" TRIUMPH.

BATH CHAIR DISCARDED.

29, Highfield Street, Fratton,
Portsmouth, Hants.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you of the great benefit I have found in using "Beltona" Lotion. I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatoid Arthritis for two years and six months, and had it practically in every joint. At times I was in great pain and could not sit or stand any time, and had to be taken out in a Bath Chair. I have tried several remedies, but with no lasting results. I was almost beginning to give up all hope when I saw your advert. of "Beltona" Lotion and I decided to give it a trial, and I am more than thankful to say I am now able to walk out without the aid of a stick, and I shall always recommend "Beltona" Lotion to anyone suffering from the same complaint. You are at liberty to use my letter, also my name, hoping it will benefit other sufferers.—Yours truly, Miss M. BOUCHER.

7,000 LETTERS HEAP PRAISE ON 'BELTONA' LOTION

The Remedy that is restoring to use Hands, Feet and Limbs Disabled for Years.

The letters which are reproduced here have been compared with the originals by a Justice of the Peace and certified as genuine copies of patients' own reports.

TRIAL BOTTLE GIVES INSTANT RELIEF.

I was suffering great pain in my left foot when I saw "Beltona" Lotion advertised, and a friend of mine persuaded me to write, I remember me sending for a trial bottle. Before I had used that small quantity I began to get relief. I then went to the chemist and got a 3s. bottle; but before this was used my foot was quite normal and a pleasure to walk. It is now about four months since and I have never had a symptom of pain.

(Signed)
J. H. DAWS.

Mr. J. H. Daws, whose letter appears above.

"JOHN BULL" READER UNABLE TO WORK FOR SIXTEEN MONTHS. NOW CURED BY 'BELTONA.'

Miss G. Martin whose letter appears here

64, Saville Street,
Radford Road, Nottingham.

Dear Sir,—I had a bad attack of Influenza in 1929, and had to give up work. It left Rheumatism in the right leg, which grad my right side. My leg and arm were swolle rest anywhere for pain. My doctor orde again. I could not get up and down sta put my bed in a downstairs room for me this for sixteen months. After trying every could, I went into a Hydro Hospital for treatment, and felt relief for the time be as I got back home it returned as bad as ev did not know what to do, as she had tried ev recommended. People said I looked like

On Thursday morning, being reader we saw your advertisement, and sent for a then continued with the treatment, and Beltona Lotion enough for what it has can now do a day's work with anyone again in April, 1930, after being off fro

(Signed) Miss

Witness: J. L. Snowden, Insurance Ag
Witness: A. E. Nox, 28 years Insurance

Prof. A. E. Shakesby, using BELTONA in his Manipulative Surgery.

FAMOUS BONESETTER USES "BELTONA" WITH WONDERFUL RESULTS.

Portland House, 9, Dorset Square, N.W.1.

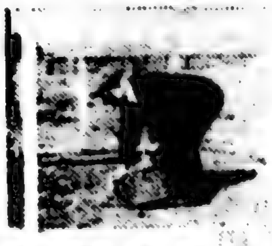
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in recommending your lotion, "Beltona." I have used it for years on many of my patients who have suffered chiefly from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Bunions, Sprains, or Strains and Stiff Joints, etc., and with skilful massage and finger manipulation wonderful results, and in many cases cures have been obtained. Therefore, I cannot speak too highly of "Beltona" and its wonderful healing properties, and my desire is to recommend it to all those who, like myself, try to alleviate pain.

(Signed) A. E. SHAKESBY, Manipulative Bonesetter.

CLERGYMAN'S SPLENDID TRIBUTE TO "BELTONA" LOTION

The Rev. H. P. Napier-Clavering writes:

I have not needed to use "Beltona" for some time now, but I find it invaluable parishioners. It rescued me from very sever ago.



Mr. Smithson at work in his garden after using "Beltona" Lotion. Mr. Smithson's letter appears below.

COULD SCARCELY WALK AND COULD NOT MOVE ARMS NOW ABLE TO WORK IN GARDEN.

I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, and had to give up my daily duties. I could scarcely walk, and was quite unable to dress myself, and could not use my arms.

I had medical attention for five months, but was in agony day and night.

I sent for a small bottle of "Beltona" Lotion, and after one or two applications obtained relief.

You will see by the enclosed photo I am now able to work in my garden.

J. H. SMITHSON.

TAKEN TO HOSPITAL IN AMBULANCE, NOW WALKS UNAIDED. THANKS TO 'BELTONA' LOTION.

I had suffered for three years; tried practically everything without any benefit. I was under the doctor for a long time, then attended hospital as an out-patient, and had to be taken there in ambulance. My husband persuaded me to try "Beltona" Lotion. I did so, and I must say with truly marvellous results.

(Signed) N. ROBERTS.

(See photograph above.)

In order to give sufferers an opportunity of testing this wonderful lotion, BELTONA, LTD., have set aside 20,000 Trial Bottles and any reader can obtain one of these special Trial Bottles by completing and forwarding at once the form below, together with P.O. or stamps for 1/-.

Beltona Brand Lotion is obtainable practically at all chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, Needham's, Squires, etc. Price 3/- and 5/- (Double Size) per bottle. Should your chemist not stock it, you can obtain it by sending P.O. for 3/- or 5/- (postage paid) to BELTONA, LTD., High Street, Hoddesdon, Herts.

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Please send me Generous Trial Bottle of Beltona Lotion and the Free Book.

NAME..
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss) PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Address..

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I send P.O. Stamps for 1/- to cover postage, packing, etc. JOHN BULL.

NOTE.—No proprietary right is claimed in this preparation apart from the registered Trade Mark "Beltona."

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ARMY of YOUTH SCANDAL

—and a "General" We'd Cashier

His records of the fervent "General" are illuminating: Col. F. J. Lemon, Chief Constable of Nottinghamshire

AN altruistic person has just arisen in the person of General John C. Smyth, Y.A., of Chester Street, Nottingham, with an uplifting ssage for the whole world.

The mystic letters "Y.A." which he pends to his name signify "Youth my," an organisation of which he is founder.

It embraces something of the ideals both the Salvation Army and the y Scout movement, but in most reects it is absolutely unique.

General Smyth's agents are busily gaged all over the country, spreading s new message, while advertisements ve appeared in religious magazines d provincial newspapers, calling hemently for members and support.

Although the membership fee is mparatively small, the public are ing urged to help the movement by ving voluntary subscriptions of as ch as they can afford.

The uplift touch

Greater aims or objects could rcely be imagined.

In one of General Smyth's messages the "young manhood of England," sued from the Youth Army headarters, Chapel Bar Chambers, Notgham, H.R.H. the Duke of York is ported to have said:

"I hope the movement will forward ideals with success."

The ideals are certainly praiseorthy.

General Smyth talks of cementing ung manhood throughout the world to one great brotherhood; of fosterg national and international comdeship; of offering uplifting instrucn, protection, guidance, encouragent and leadership.

He aims, through his organisation, suggest careers for members; to lp in the selection of schools; to give itable introductions to lads arriving strange towns; to assist youth in king up with the Church; to render ee legal aid, and to place service fore self.

Simply bait

But this does not exhaust the Youth my's programme of good intentions. It hopes "to redeem young life from e downward tendency"; to "take up threads of young life where they ve been broken and to encourage uth to make fresh starts, where cessary, in the re-establishing of aracter, principle and honour."

Charity, leavened with religion, can ways be counted upon to attract widespread attention, and that General Smyth's movement has been making considerable headway on this basis seems clear from the fact that the Charity Organisation Society is already inundated with enquiries from would-be subscribers.

We have, therefore, deemed it advisable, in the public interest, to examine the constitution of the Youth Army to ascertain how far its uplifting ideals are likely to be realised.

Our discoveries have been illuminating.

In the first place, we find that, despite the zealous activities of General John C. Smyth and his numerous agents, the Nottingham headquarters of the movement are far from being as pretentious as one might expect in an organisation boasting world-wide membership.

Actually, the Youth Army is of recent birth, and its "headquarters" consist of a single room, at which, until recently, only a small boy was to be found in charge.

Hard to meet

Viewed from without, though, the premises are more imposing, for an inscription, emblazoned across four windows, reads:

"Youth Army—Sunday School Supplies—Wholesale and Retail—Protestant Literature."

But even the small boy is not in evidence now, and for some days the office has been kept mostly locked, while the following notice has been pinned to the door:

"Please leave letters and communications in letter-box.—J. C. SMYTH."

The explanation of this elusiveness can soon be given.

Did the Duke say "I hope—"?

Many people who have supplied General Smyth with goods, and who have unpaid bills, are seeking in vain for payment, and he has thought fit to make himself scarce.

Amongst the various people enquiring for him is a sheriff from the local county court with an unsatisfied judgment.

Biblical works sold by this fervent "General" have, we find, been in some cases obtained by misrepresentation.

At least two newspapers, through which he has endeavoured to find supporters, have not been paid for advertisements, and certain societies are unable to obtain payment for goods received on credit.

General Smyth, Y.A., is not, as some might imagine from his literature, a recognised religious leader, though he is, in fact, a clergyman's son. His father went to the Colonies and there died.

He has been a source of great trouble for years on account of his wayward tendencies, which have even led him to pass dishonoured cheques and otherwise defraud people who have been deceived by his piety.

His astounding hypocrisy is evidenced by the fact that he launched his present movement a month or two ago immediately after his release from Strangeways Jail, Manchester, where he had served a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment.

On August 29, 1929, he was charged in his own name of John Calvin Smyth at the Nottingham Guildhall with a number of offences.

• • •

He was at that time president of a similar organisation, which he called "The Empire Youth Movement," and which he had founded barely a year before.

He advertised for "partners" and "employees" and, upon the promise of lucrative employment, induced several people to part with substantial sums of money which, in many cases, was pocketed by himself.

The investors found little to do, and some, after receiving salaries for only a few weeks, were presented with cheques that came back dishonoured.

Some of his victims were youths who parted with money in order to get berths.

Spell in jail

It was this charge, coupled with several others of obtaining credit by false pretences and fraud, which earned him his spell in jail.

Two other ventures run by Smyth, from offices in Carrington Street, Nottingham, called the "Midland Salescraft Company" and the "Salescraft Publicity Specialists," were both subjected to complaint by people who advanced Smyth money.

Such, then, is the "General" of the "Youth Army" who is now inviting financial support to "redeem young life from the downward tendency."

HURRIED AWAY TO DEATH

JOHN FRANCIS SMITH, a sixty-year-old patient in Shoreham Infirmary, was deemed to be unstable, so the doctors decided that he would be better off in Hellingly Mental Institution.

A certificate was accordingly prepared and placed before Mr. Douglas Frederick Sundius Smith, J.P., of Portslade, for signature.

According to law, Mr. Smith should have examined the papers *and the patient*, to satisfy himself that the decision was a just one.

But he signed the certificate without troubling to see the man he was thus committing to a mental institution.

When the time came for his actual removal, the poor patient was far too weak to venture any protest.

In fact, when the ambulance deposited him at the mental institution he was on the verge of collapse, and he died two days later.

The superintendent of the Hellingly institution is of opinion that the man should not have been sent on such a journey in his condition.

This view has been shared by the jury at the subsequent inquest, who found that "Death was accelerated by the man's removal in the ambulance."

It also added riders to the effect that the magistrate failed in his duty in not seeing the patient when signing the order, and that Dr. George F. L. Mitcheson, of the Shoreham Infirmary, should have seen the patient on the day he was removed.

The coroner, for his part, remarked that the whole thing "appeared to have been wrong and unlawful" from the beginning.

He added that it was unfortunate that the medical certificate had not been based on more accurate knowledge of the patient's physical condition.

But is the matter to be allowed to end there? Is there to be no official action?

We would point out that, but for the unfortunate victim's death, these facts might never have come out.

It is terrible to think that a helpless man may be consigned to a mental institution in this manner.

This case should be made the subject of a searching official enquiry to ensure that such an abuse of our lunacy laws can never be repeated.

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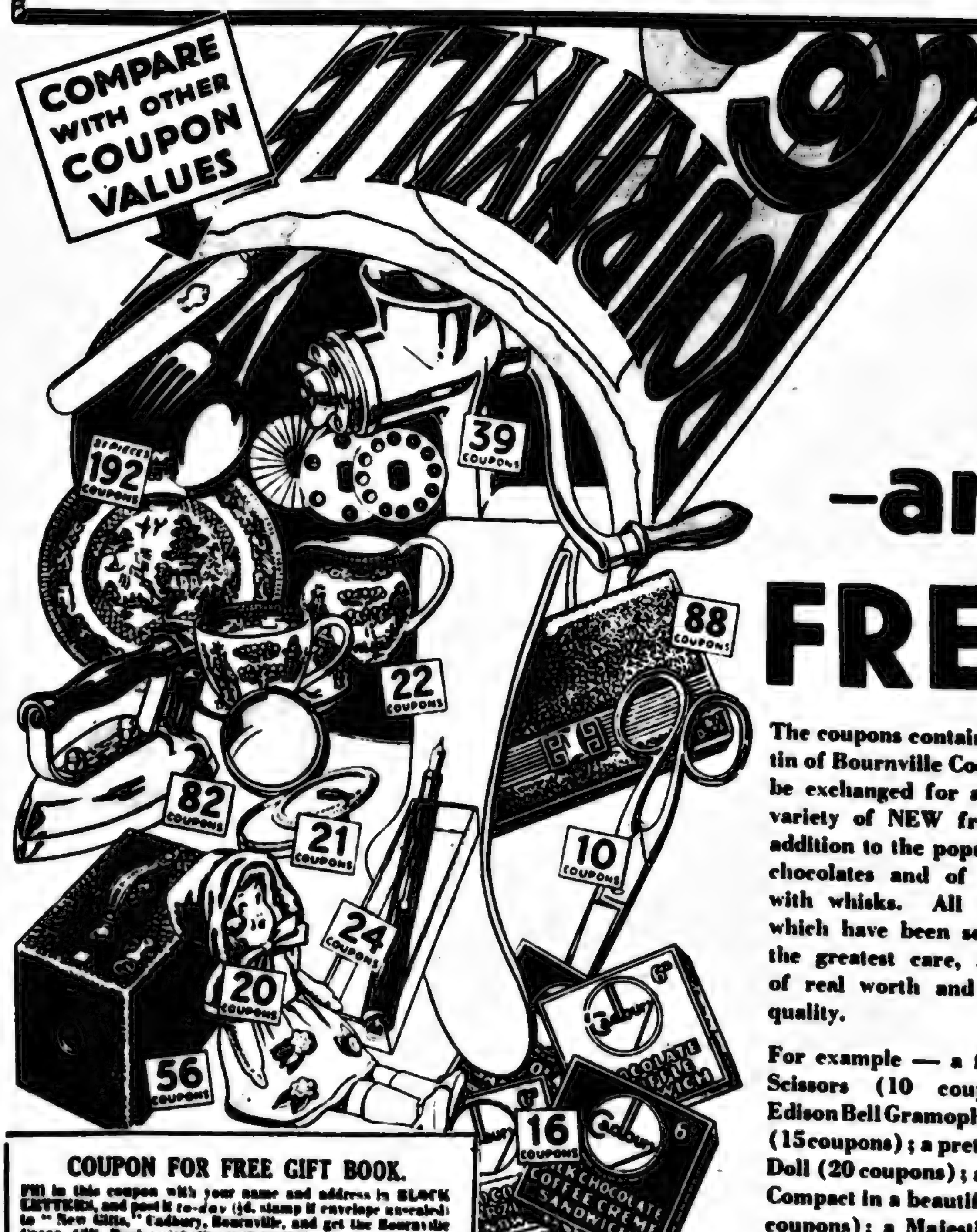
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The coupons contained in every tin of Bournville Cocoa can now be exchanged for a wonderful variety of NEW free gifts, in addition to the popular gifts of chocolates and of cocoa jugs with whisks. All these gifts, which have been selected with the greatest care, are articles of real worth and recognised quality.

For example — a fine pair of Scissors (10 coupons); an Edison Bell Gramophone Record (15 coupons); a prettily-dressed Doll (20 coupons); an Atkinson Compact in a beautiful case (21 coupons); a Majestic Fountain Pen (24 coupons); Artificial or Real Silk Stockings (22 or 50 coupons); a Kodak-made Camera (56 Coupons); an Electric Iron (82 coupons); a genuine Wedgwood Tea Set (192 coupons); best quality stainless Table Knives, Electro-plated Forks and Spoons, and scores of other gifts.

Though you now pay less for Bournville Cocoa and get such fine free gifts into the bargain, you have Cadbury's guarantee that there is no change whatsoever in the high quality of this famous cocoa with the chocolaty flavour.

Post the coupon to-day for full list of gifts.

COUPON FOR FREE GIFT BOOK.

Fill in this coupon with your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS, and post it to-day (½d. stamp if envelope unsealed) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, and get the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book *with Free Coupon.*

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This offer applies to the United Kingdom only, and not to the Irish Free State.

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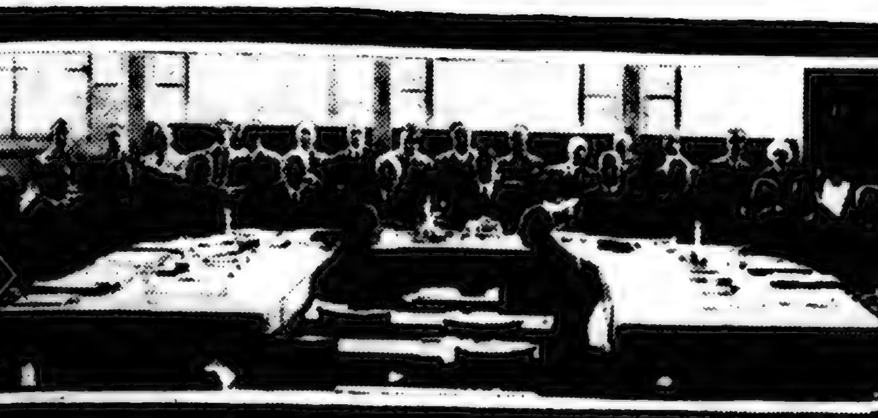

At Geneva—"Let us have a Medical League of Nations"

Sir Donald Macalister, President of the General Medical Council

DOCTORS who CAN'T CATCH A COLD!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WE are frequently told that this is an age of miracles. Again and again we are invited to look at the marvels that surround us and to admire the stu-ndous progress the world is making. Maybe it is so. In certain directions is so quite indisputably, notably in e terrific advances that are daily ing made to ensure the wholesale de-ruction of life should another war me upon us.

The high priests of frightfulness ve never had their equal in the his-ry of the world.

But how far can we be really said to ve progressed while men and women nd children are still dying like flies om apparently simple diseases that edicine seems unable to cure?

Medicine, mind you—not surgery.

I grant you that the technique of the ife and the scalpel has advanced of te years to dizzy heights. The art of ring up the human body has almost ached its pinnacle.

The construction of well-nigh new odies from torn and mangled wrecks not beyond the reach of modern urgery.

But medicine—well, medicine cuts ther a poor figure in comparison.

Rheumatic scourge

The deaths from heart affections ve increased by hundreds per cent. ring the last few years. Consump-on still continues to claim its yriads of victims, despite all the re-urces of medicine.

Rheumatism one of the most deadly seases, despite the light-hearted way ost people regard it, cripples and ays its legions despite all the doctors n do.

Motherhood continues to be the rld's most dangerous profession. dicine or no medicine, it exacts its ll of four mothers out of every thou-nd—and this terrible proportion is owly but persistently increasing.

Infantile mortality is going up. Last ar it was 74 per thousand, against 70 r thousand three years ago.

The fact that the Ministry of Health tributes this increase to influenza is itself very significant—for this ourge is world-wide, and medicine pears to stand helpless before it.

The last influenza epidemic cost this untry not less than £100,000,000 in man lives and impaired usefulness.

Yet what do we know of the cause d cure of influenza more than we ew twenty years ago?

The Radium Commission states that dium is not yet established as a cure r cancer—and other bodies aver just whole-heartedly that it is. Where e we?

It is rather a pessimistic look-out, t it?

And yet it is common knowledge that over the world doctors are working d studying, bacteriologists are slaving away in laboratories, and scientists are risking health and often life itself to solve some of these baffling mysteries.

Why is it that more is not done?

Chiefly, I think, because most of the work is done in a hole-and-corner way, done by men who are working for wages less than those of a municipal dustman, and because their results are subject to all manner of red-tape, professional jealousy and windy bletherings.

Men worth their weight in gold to any nation are to-day chasing clues that will lead them to disappointment because they do not know that other men followed the same path and abandoned it years ago.

Doctors in London are too often in ignorance of what doctors in Rome are doing, just as those in Rome do not know what is being done in New York.

The remedy for all this is sticking out and has been sticking out for years.

It is the establishment of an International General Medical Headquarters at Geneva, which, if it were efficiently tackled by the League of Nations, would be infinitely more valuable to humanity than its present task of deciding just how and in what proportion the big nations shall be invited to pay for the wars of the smaller ones.

At present it is nobody's business to co-ordinate and disseminate the results of medical research.

It should be; and the responsibility should rest on the League of Nations, for this is an international matter of the highest importance in which cost does not and should not be allowed to count.

There should be at Geneva the finest body of pathologists and bacteriologists the world can supply, adequately housed and equipped with all the resources of science to aid them in their work.

Pass it on!

They should be paid salaries commensurate with the importance of their work, and the results of their work should be in the hands of the humblest doctors in every country within a few days of their obtaining.

For what we are suffering from to-day is not so much lack of knowledge as sheer ignorance—if you follow the distinction

Ask any Harley Street specialist how many people are killed every year by the use of digitalis or strychnine, prescribed through wrong diagnosis, and prepare to be mightily startled if he will only tell you the truth.

Yet there are many new ways of treating heart disease—but what does the average doctor know of them? What can he know of them if nobody tells him?

And, after all, business is business. The specialist is not going to give away his secrets to the general practitioner if he can help it.

Or take radiology—the same sorry story can be told. Professional insularity bars the way to universal knowledge.

Do we still know whether allopathy or homœopathy is the better way?

Is there or is there not any adequate reason for supposing that the expert herbalists are quacks—or profoundly wise in the cure of illness and disease?

It is a serious matter, for while professional jealousy and suspicion and national insularity bar the way, the people suffer and die from what in too many cases are easily preventable ills, if only the knowledge the world has in its possession was at the free disposal of all whose business it is to treat the sick.

That is why the proposal for the speedy establishment of a Medical League of Nations should receive the serious attention of all the Governments which send representatives to that astonishing cackle-shop at Geneva.

Surely the health of the whole world is at least as important as the rights and wrongs of the civil war in China? Or as urgent as the question of whether Monte Carlo is entitled to a seat on the Council of the League.

Nothing matters more

The ordinary man might be pardoned, in his ignorance of high politics, for thinking that, on the whole, nothing mattered quite as much.

A Medical League of Nations, properly staffed and properly run, might change the face of the world in a few years.

Free co-operation between the medical associations of the various countries, international protection and legislation against medical charlatanism, and proper classification and dissemination of the *results* of all research work might within a generation bring the Golden Age to earth.

If it cost a million pounds a year, what would it matter? If it cost twenty, thirty, fifty millions a year—still what would it matter?

Until the world is rid of the terrors of disease nothing much is of great avail.

Medicine is drifting too rapidly into a specialised science whose chief aim is to enable the specialist to charge high fees before he will part with his knowledge. Yet abounding health is the common birthright of humanity.

Let us have a Medical League of Nations to see that humanity is not cheated out of its heritage.

The Human Machine

What Price You?

THE easiest person in the world to deceive is—yourself. The man who never deceives himself is a rarity. He is also well on the way to achieving something worth while.

Men are rarely as clever as they imagine themselves to be; nor are they as stupid as they often pretend.

That others can nearly always weigh us up better than we can ourselves is really nothing to be proud of; it is an open confession that we cannot be honest with ourselves.

Mostly the trouble is that we are too easily contented with our achievements. We set our aims and our ideals too low. We climb the foothills and complacently congratulate ourselves on having scaled the mountain. And if anyone helps us in this self-deceit, how we preen ourselves and purr with artificial conceit!

No great man was ever satisfied with anything he did. His ideal is perfection and he will never be satisfied with anything less. Aiming at perfection, he has no time to waste in self-congratulation. There is always something else to be done.

It is not in the achievement, but in the achieving, that we grow to the full stature of spiritual manhood. And a man's character is determined by whether he regards success as a narcotic or a spur.

Announcing

Kolster-Brandes' 'Masterpiece

THE WORLD'S FINEST 2-VALVE SET-BRITISH MADE

Complete with 2 Fotos Valves —Beautiful built-in Speaker— Handsome Bakelite Case. Full instructions with every set.

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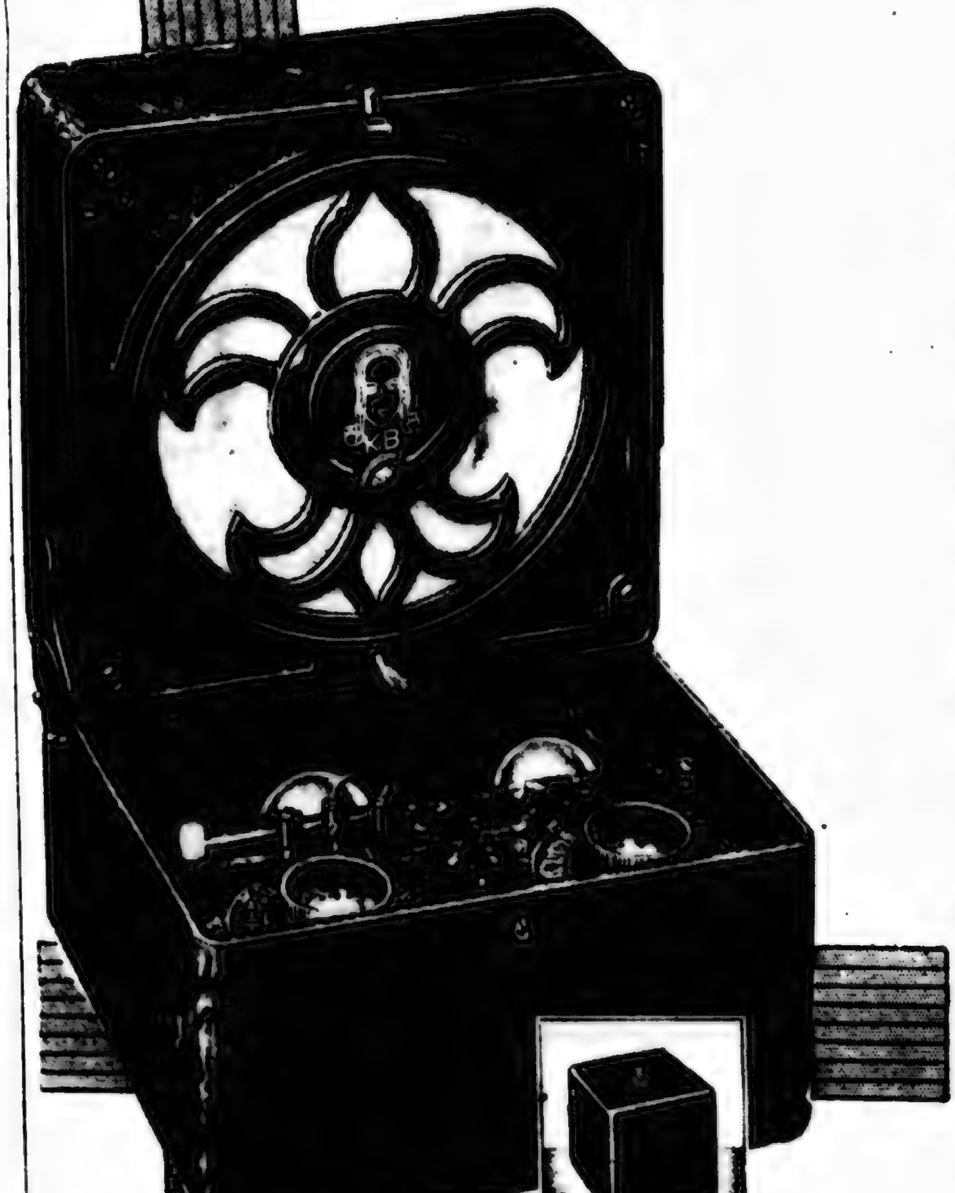

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The Kolster-Brandes "Masterpiece" 2-valve Set is also given free in exchange for 286 coupons from B.D V. pipe tobacco—a perfect blend of the World's finest tobaccos.

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K. I

Huge Income-Tax Leakage

FOREIGN manufacturers and merchants are fooling us to the top of our trustful bent over millions of taxation. We buy, we smile, and we pay again.

Numerous firms with headquarters abroad, which are already producing in Britain or preparing to do so, count first of all upon being able to deceive the British Inland Revenue.

The form of deception being practised certainly cannot at present be challenged legally. It is being done in nearly every branch of business which embraces foreign imports.

An eminent law lord, Lord Sumner, has pointed out that the highest authorities have always recognised that the subject is entitled so to arrange his affairs as not to attract taxes enforced by the Crown so far as he can do so within the law.

And the Lord President of the Scottish Court of Session has confirmed this with the statement:

"The Inland Revenue is not slow to take every advantage which is open to it under the taxing statutes for the purpose of depleting the taxpayer's pocket; and the taxpayer is in a like manner entitled to be astute to prevent, so far as he honestly can, the depletion of his means by the Revenue."

So we pay!

THE ordinary taxpayer of this country deserves this solace and encouragement.

In the case of foreign manufacturers entering Britain, however, there must be a totally new legal conception.

Their particular form of astuteness in arranging to escape taxation in this country must be effectively checked. Until this is done, we would prefer that they should stay away.

Our Inland Revenue is being deprived of a vast sum every year by foreign firms or their agents operating here. Every shilling of which they virtually cheat the Exchequer has, of course, to be found by the British taxpayer.

To illustrate the manner in which it is done, let us examine what can happen in the film industry.

A foreign film corporation forms a small subsidiary company with a purely nominal capital in this country to sell and distribute its products among British kinema-houses.

The head office of the corporation abroad can gauge accurately what revenue will be obtained from renting a film in Britain.

Take the figure at £50,000.

It invoices the film, therefore, to the subsidiary here for £45,000, and, for taxation purposes, the subsidiary shows a profit of £5,000, less expenses.

Now, if an independent British company had gone into the open market to buy that film it would have paid only its real wholesale value of £20,000.

The British company would, therefore, be taxed upon a profit of £30,000. So, because of fictitious—but legitimate—invoicing, the Inland Revenue has been deprived *on one only* film of a taxable value of £25,000.

It is true that the parent company overseas will have to pay taxation on the total profit there. But the income-tax rate in America and elsewhere is infinitesimal compared with that of Great Britain.

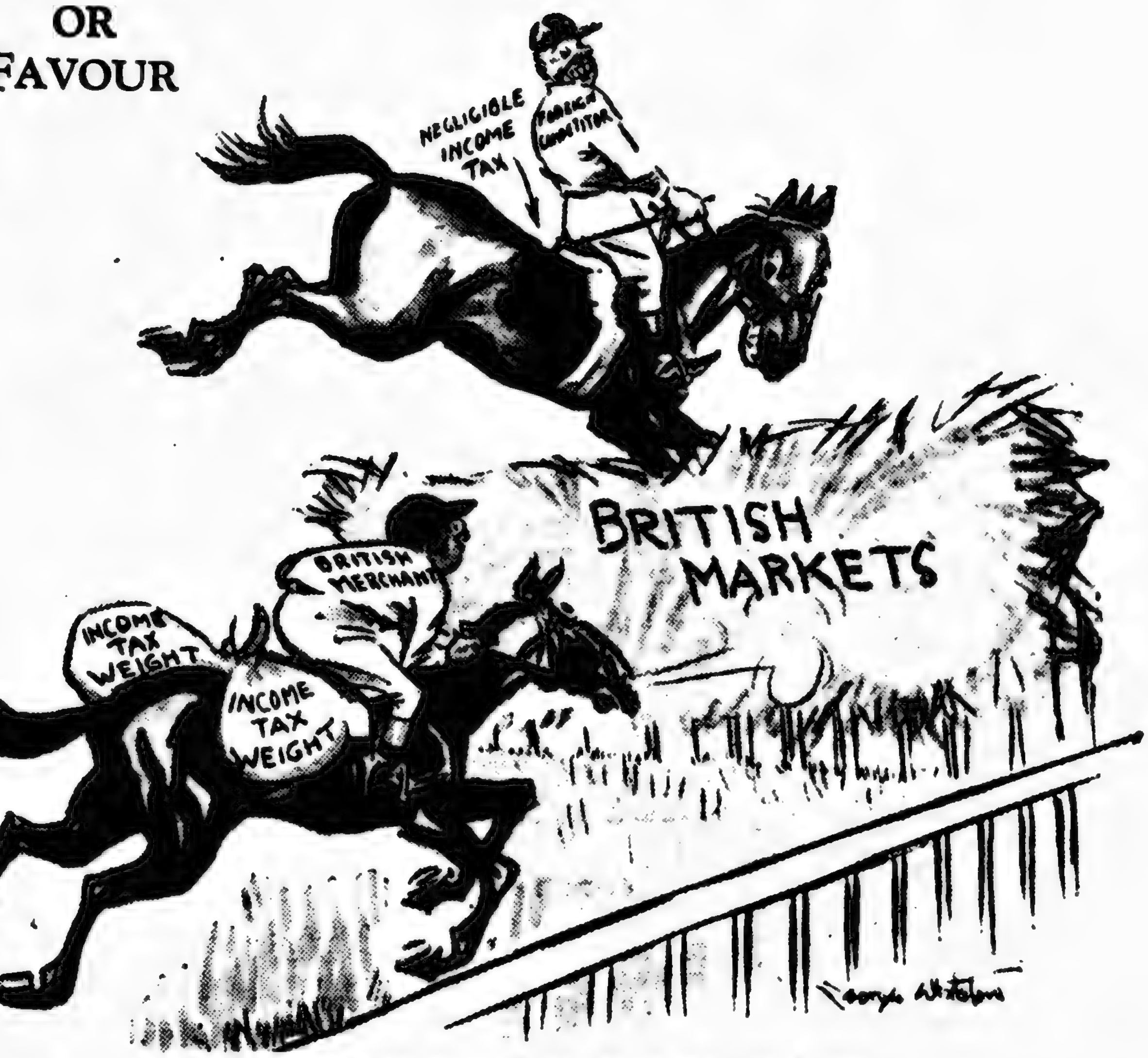
Lashings of expenses

SEE how far they go in astuteness. The foreign corporation manages things so that even the false £5,000 profit is reduced as far as possible for taxation purposes.

A director or group of directors will accompany the film to Britain and proceed to live lavishly at a London luxury hotel.

The cost of liner suites and hotels is charged up against the British subsidiary, so that, in practice, some foreign film-magnates, whose work here could have been done by an intelligent clerk, have had a magnificent free holiday paid for them by the British taxpayers.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR



"Laughing at us" as he takes the fence

Oil is another commodity by means of which foreign producers play fast and loose with our taxation regulations. Up and down the country these exporters have established small subsidiary companies to supply petrol to garage proprietors at, say, 1s. 3d. per gallon.

The real profit is concealed and is, therefore, not available for taxation here, because the petrol will be invoiced to the British subsidiaries at 1s. 2d. per gallon.

Even stage-plays

AS with films and oil, so it is with scores of other industries. Among them are agricultural machinery, cash registers, typewriting machines, calculating machines, musical instruments, watches and clocks, carpet-sweepers, and automatic machines, the aggregate real profits on which in this country are immense.

Even in the case of stage-plays, the foreigner has found methods by which to circumvent our Revenue authorities.

Until two years ago royalties on plays and musical comedies were paid without deduction of tax.

It was then the practice of foreign owners of plays to be produced in this country to charge an entirely nominal price for the rights and a very substantial sum in respect of royalties.

Since the Chancellor of the Exchequer decided, however, that royalties should be taxed at the source at the full rate, the foreign play-vendors have reversed their selling methods.

Instead of charging £1,000 for the rights and possibly requiring 5 per cent. of the theatre takings as royalties, they dispose of the rights for, perhaps, £20,000—paid in America or elsewhere and not taxable here—and seek only negligible and nominal royalties.

Numerous other openings have been found by foreigners in business here to drive the carriage-and-four through our taxing statutes.

They can do so, for instance, even when manufacturing an article almost wholly in this country. If it is, say, a motor-car, they need only obtain from abroad one unfinished part with an actual value of possibly £20, which is not subject to import duty.

For the supply of this part, the headquarters of the company overseas can legitimately render an invoice to its subsidiary for £100.

The cost of the finished motor-car would, therefore, appear in the subsidiary's books as £80 more than the true amount. This would represent so much less profit and so much less taxation.

There is only one method by which these forms of hoodwinking our Exchequer can be defeated

Welcome, brother, if—

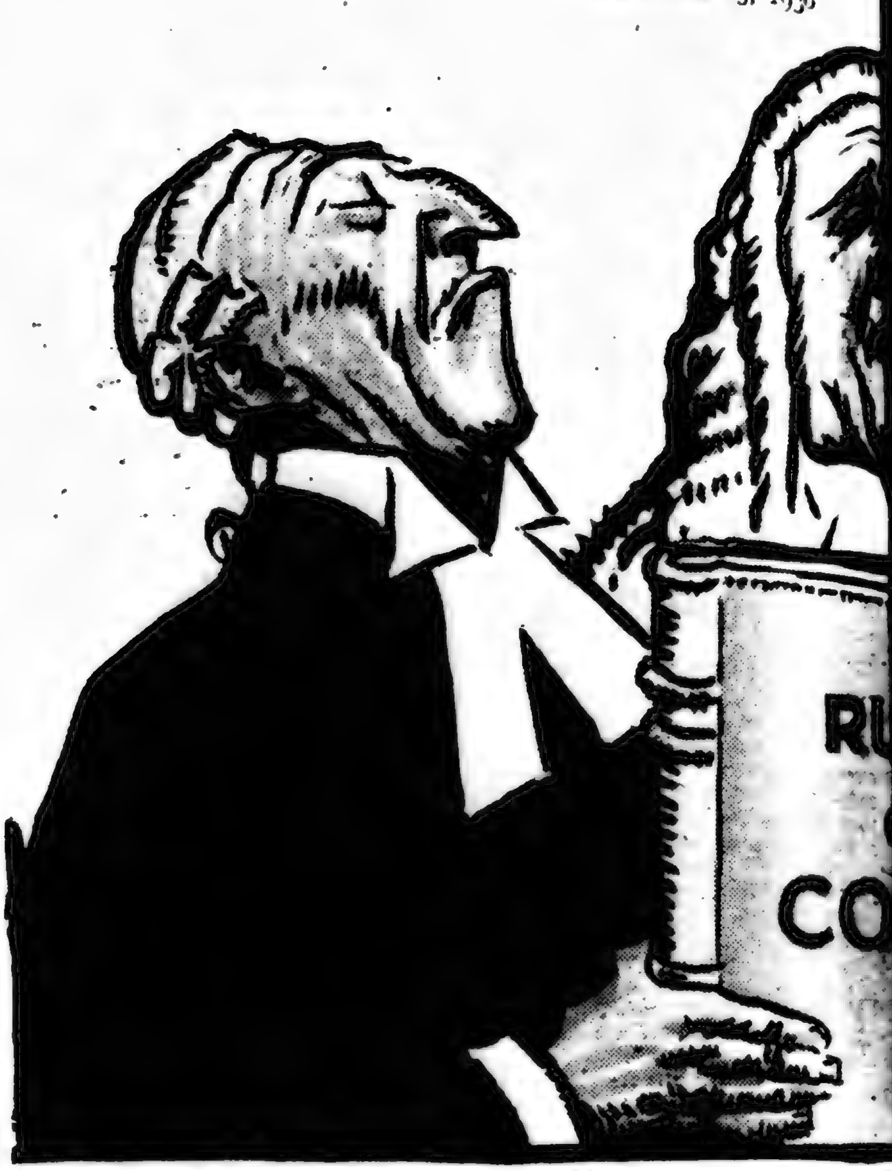
IT is that foreign firms manufacturing or trading in Britain either through subsidiary companies or agents should be taxed, not on profits, but on overturn by the *ad valorem* methods.

When this is done, our welcome to foreign enterprise in Great Britain will be cordial and unconditional.

At present we are being badly fleeced and the clever business men of the outside world are laughing at us.

Can you do anything about it, Mr. Snowden? It should be rather up your street.

JUSTICE WITH Weighted Scales



THE legal system of this country is cumbrous, unwieldy, atrociously expensive to those who are forced to use it.

The times cry aloud for a sweeping measure of civil law reform which will put justice within the reach of every citizen at a reasonable cost.

People do not sufficiently realise that in a civil law-suit—such, for example, as an action for breach of contract—where no charge of immoral conduct is involved, the honest citizen seeking nothing but justice may be reduced to beggary and ruin.

It is no use tinkering at the problem. The only remedy is to take hold of the present judicial system with firm hands, and reshape it upon up-to-date business lines.

At present legal business is distributed between the Supreme Court of Judicature in London, commonly known as the "High Court," the assizes in the county towns, where civil as well as criminal cases are heard, and the county courts—about four hundred of them scattered throughout the country.

The High Court first is divided into three sections—the Chancery, King's Bench, and Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Divisions.

Horrible mixture

The last-named division has a three-cornered jurisdiction, including matrimonial affairs, shipping disputes, and litigation arising out of wills, an extraordinary legal anomaly of which no commonsense explanation is to be found.

In the Chancery Division there are six judges, in the King's Bench sixteen, in the Divorce Division three.

The salary of each judge is £5,000 a year, with the exception of the Lord Chief Justice, who receives £8,000 a year.

At the other end of the scale, county court judges, who, with certain small exceptions, can try only actions in which not more than £100 is involved, are paid £1,500 per annum, with an addition of £200 a year for travelling expenses.

The point at which costs begin to multiply, often to a ruinous extent, is where appeals are carried from the lower tribunals to the higher.

Thus, a defeated litigant in the county court may appeal first to a so-called Divisional Court, consisting of two King's Bench judges, while even after this, if he has the money to spend, there are two further possibilities of getting the original judgment set aside.

For the decisions of the King's Bench, Chancery, and Probate, Divorce and Admiralty judges are subject to revision by the Court of Appeal, presided over by the Master of the Rolls, whose judgments, in their turn, if either party can afford the costs, may be overturned in the House of Lords.

A mere million

Strangely, with the exception of the Master of the Rolls, whose salary is £6,000 a year, the judges of the Appeal Court, properly known as Lords Justices of Appeal, receive stipends no higher than those of the judges below them, whose decisions it is their business to correct or confirm.

There are six judges in the Court of Appeal who, with the exception named, receive £5,000 a year.

In the House of Lords the salaried judges, properly styled Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, enjoy salaries of £6,000 per annum. Again there are six of them in all, in addition to the Lord Chancellor, whose annual salary is £10,000.

The total annual cost of running this elaborate judicial system, including the salaries of a host of minor functionaries, clerks, registrars, accountants, ushers, tipstaffs, is upwards of £1,000,000 per annum.

But this sum does not represent a charge upon public funds.

Justice in Great Britain is not a public service like health or education, maintained at the cost of the nation, but a fee-collecting business, practically the whole cost of which is recouped from the pockets of litigants, rich and poor.

At the entrance to every court in the kingdom there is a tollgate, where cash on the nail must be paid before access is granted to the fountain of justice.

Not a step can be taken in the law without paying money down. The righteousness of a litigant's claim may be apparent on the most cursory examination, but before he can be heard, the court fees must be paid, and these are frequently on a scale prohibitive to all but the well-to-do.

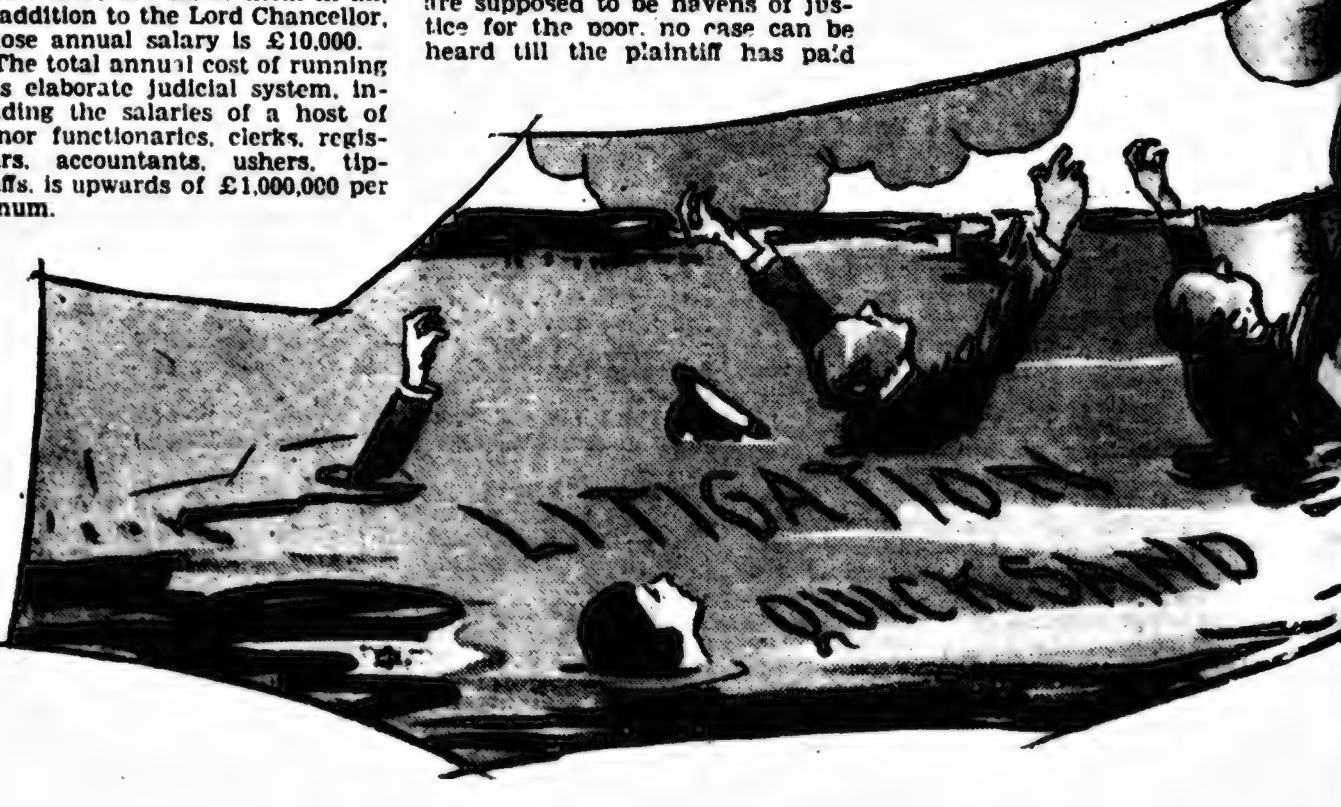
Even in the county courts, which are supposed to be havens of justice for the poor, no case can be heard till the plaintiff has paid over the counter a "hearing fee" calculated at 2s. in the pound on the value of his claim.

In the High Court costs are proportionately heavier, while the financial burden of appeals often places the individual citizen at the mercy of rich corporations, which in a protracted legal contest can bear down an opponent by sheer weight of gold.

In no other branch of public administration would such a state of affairs be tolerated.

As well as the court fees, there are the lawyers' charges. The complexity of the law makes it practically compulsory for the parties to a legal action to employ skilled assistance.

Between them, the two branches



CRUELTIES OF THE LAW MACHINE

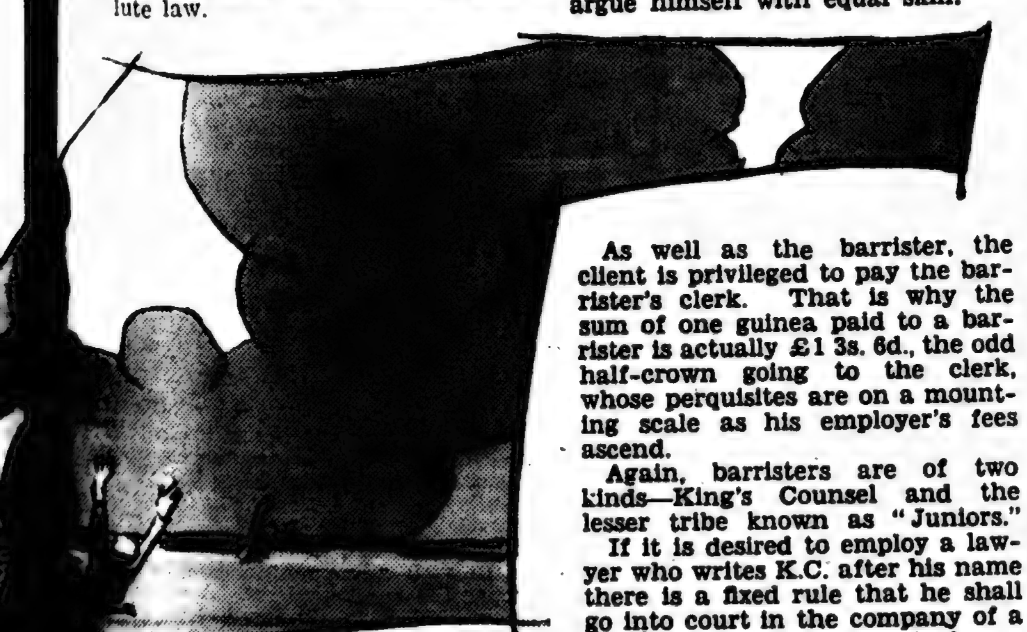
are still as patent as they were in the days when Dickens wrote. It needs a champion to arise denouncing the manifold wrongs which are perpetrated in our courts.

Innocent litigants lose their life-savings in getting justice. Others, for lack of money, will never get justice. The whole system must be reformed.

"We were promised that to none should justice be delayed, sold or denied"

of the legal profession, barristers and solicitors, have established cast-iron rules designed to extract the maximum degree of profit from the business of the courts.

Such is the power and influence of the profession that the justice of these rules is seldom called in question. Many of them indeed have acquired the force of absolute law.



"Borne down by sheer weight of gold"

Although in the county courts solicitors may speak, in the higher courts the law enjoins upon them the silence which is golden, only barristers being entitled to argue cases at assizes or in the High Court.

On the other hand, no barrister may undertake a case unless he is "instructed" by a solicitor, so that in every High Court proceeding the client has two lawyers instead of one to pay.

The case may be a simple one which any competent solicitor could argue, but the law does not allow it, although the solicitor is entitled to charge several guineas daily for his attendance in court while the barrister holds the stage.

Also, the solicitor is paid for drawing up the "brief" from which the barrister speaks—that is to say, for transferring to another lawyer his knowledge of a case which, except for the rule forbidding it, he could in many cases argue himself with equal skill.

As well as the barrister, the client is privileged to pay the barrister's clerk. That is why the sum of one guinea paid to a barrister is actually £1 3s. 6d., the odd half-crown going to the clerk, whose perquisites are on a mounting scale as his employer's fees ascend.

Again, barristers are of two kinds—King's Counsel and the lesser tribe known as "Juniors."

If it is desired to employ a lawyer who writes K.C. after his name there is a fixed rule that he shall go into court in the company of a "junior" barrister, and by a settled rule of the profession the junior must receive not less than three-fifths, usually two-thirds, of the King's Counsel's fee.

The solicitor, moreover, is entitled to charge for "instructing" both counsel, and preparing two briefs instead of one.

The King's Counsel may honestly earn every penny he receives, but the absurd effect of the "two-thirds" rule is that the junior barrister sitting with him is in many instances automatically paid two or three times as much as he would receive if, instead of merely assisting his "leader," he bore the whole brunt of the case himself.

Aggravating the position still further is the atrocious delay in litigation which still further multiplies costs, while deranging business and vexing the minds of litigants by postponing from week to week, and from month to month, the settlement of legal disputes.

Where successive appeals are promoted it is no uncommon thing for eighteen months or two years to elapse between the commencement of the proceedings and the final award of judgment.

Delays are partly due to the outworn "circuit" system, which three times a year takes judges to remote parts of the country, where very often there is little judicial business, to conduct assizes with the old-fashioned pomp and ceremony which has come down from mediæval times.

Heartbreak delays

It would be far better to raise the status of the county courts, giving them jurisdiction to a higher amount, and widening their scope to include divorce, breach-of-promise, libel and slander.

This would obviate dragging High Court judges from London, where anxious suitors are waiting for their cases to be heard, a helpless prey to anxiety, uncertainty and expense.

A better plan still would be to appoint judges of High Court rank to sit permanently in such great cities as Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Cardiff, from which centres the great bulk of commercial litigation derives.

This would relieve the congestion of the Law Courts in London, while obviating the expense involved in the hearing of cases at such a distance from where the parties reside.

Far better than many of the fancy schemes which engage the minds of politicians would be a bold frontal attack upon the law's extortions and delays.

The absurd "Long Vacation," extending from the end of July to the middle of October, during which important legal business is at a standstill, ought to be substantially curtailed.

The evil of swollen costs calls for no less drastic correction. Flagrant examples can be cited.

In a recent bankruptcy, where the debtor's estate realised £3,801, the law costs reached the appalling figure of £2,561.

A divorce case has been known to cost £30,000, and in a commercial action not long ago for the recovery of £40,000 the costs of both sides exceeded £60,000.

Costly successes

In a case at the Bishop's Stortford County Court it cost £300 to recover £78.

At Dartford, where a jury awarded £10 to the father of a child who had been bitten by a dog, the costs were £21, only £5 5s. of which was recoverable from the defendant on the county court scale.

So that the "successful" litigant was out of pocket to the extent of £5 15s.

Speaking with over thirty years' experience as a county court judge, Sir Edward Parry estimates that 10s. out of every pound recovered in the county courts is dissipated in costs.

In the county courts, remember, there is no free legal aid for the poor, while in the High Court it is only in exceptional cases that free assistance under the Poor Persons Rules will be granted to persons earning more than £2 a week.

For the great mass of ordinary wage-earning people, with rights to assert or wrongs to ventilate, there is no escaping the hungry toll-gates of the law.

Not long before his appointment to the Woolsack, Lord Sankey pleaded for a conference of business men and lawyers with a view to discovering ways and means of lowering the cost of litigation, obviating its delays, simplifying its procedure.

Since then there has been much discussion, and a systematic enquiry by the London Chamber of Commerce, which has issued an illuminating report.

A practical programme of reform can now be indicated, at least in broad outline, and the Labour Cabinet, of which Lord Sankey is a member, should embrace it with enthusiasm.

In the first place, there should be an all-round lowering of court fees, which of late years have grown exorbitantly, and in necessitous cases these official charges should be remitted altogether.

Chinese puzzle

At the same time, the procedure of the Law Courts should be simplified, needless formalities eliminated, quicker and more business-like methods adopted.

At present the "Rules of Court," which are as intricate as a Chinese puzzle, occupy a huge volume containing over twelve hundred pages, and weighing 4 lb. avoirdupois.

Also the time has come to consider the amalgamation of the two branches of the legal profession.

This course has been followed in several of the Dominions, and in most American States, with the result of cheapening litigation and making it far easier than it is with us for the poor man to obtain justice.

Where it is seen fit to employ a King's Counsel, on account of his conspicuous ability, the rule requiring the appearance with him in court of a junior barriste should go by the board.

In Magna Charta the subjects o this realm were promised that t none should justice be delayed sold or denied.

It is left for twentieth-centur statesmen 700 years later, to redeem this pledge.

. . . . . . this room is snug . . . . . . no fear now of the children catching cold at bedtime and in the mornings . . . . . . such a bright healthy fire . . . safe as houses . . . and so handy . . . glows with warmth as soon as it's lighted . . . can be put out the moment the children are in bed . . . never the slightest work for me . . . . . . glad I took doctor's advice . . . this gas fire is a godsend . . . . . . come along Peter . . . . . .

Order your gas fires now. Ask at your gas showrooms. The B.C.G.A., representing the British Gas Industry, is at your service for free information and advice on **modern gas fires — the fires that ventilate.**

THE FUEL OF THE PRESENT

GAS

THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE

THE
BRITISH COMMERCIAL
GAS ASSOCIATION
28, GROSVENOR GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.1

"A mad rush"—but these "Evergreen" girls can smile even in rehearsal

GRIM Side of the Stage

The Miracle Behind the Make-up

EVER seen a theatrical dress rehearsal? Come with us. Here is a bleak, dusty stage, filled with ordinary-looking people in their everyday clothes, the dark place where the public sit reaching away like a vast pit of doom.

Only one or two of the principals have read through the play. The rest have nothing but their individual parts and cues.

There are as yet no brightly painted scenes, no bedroom suite by so-and-so (see programme). The furniture is represented by chairs—two for a door, three for a settee, and so on.

The producer paces the stage like a caged bear, talking incessantly. The stage manager sits down at a table: so does the author if he is lucky enough, or influential enough, to find anywhere to sit.

The first step is to get the positions fixed. The producer leads the actors hither and thither as they read their parts, and the stage manager marks down the details.

These are as exact as if the stage were marked out like a chess-board.

As the stage manager also has to note down the "business," make passable imitations of "noises off," bells, telephones and the like, and also read the parts of any actors who may be unavoidably absent, he has a pretty hectic time of it.

Stage circles are noted for their peculiar jargon.

OFTEN the producer will suggest to one of the actresses the need for a certain gesture, sob, or intonation. "If you *feel* it, dear"—every actress is "dear" to the producer by long-established tradition.

If the actress is a "star" and doesn't "feel" it, that is the end of the matter; but if she is a subordinate member of the cast she has *got* to feel it or take the consequences.

Similarly in getting "positions," the professional jargon would leave the outsider in a fog. At least it sounded funny to me, as a privileged spectator at the first rehearsal of a play that brought £10,000 to its lucky author.

I saw an actor pulled up sharp—for not observing the exact stage direction—with the words "No, no, that's wrong. You don't *sit* on 'Oh, hell,' you cross on 'Oh, hell,' and *sit* on 'I could do with a drink.'"

Such accuracy is, of course, essential, or other performers may be thrown out in their business, or may come in a second too late on their cue. Worst of all, there might be "masking"—that worst of all stage crimes, which means passing between the audience and the actor who is speaking.

Once the rehearsals have started, the scenery has to be put in hand.

An artist is set to design it, and then the scene painter builds a cardboard model of it, about 2 ft. long and exactly to scale, according to the shape and size of the stage.

This is brought to the theatre for criticism and alteration before the scenery itself is actually ordered. When the scenery comes, the stage carpenter is responsible for fitting it together.

Meanwhile the assistant stage manager is getting on with the "hand props,"—that is to say, books, revolvers, papers, and everything else required by the action, except furniture.

THE dresses also have to be considered, and here a really competent wardrobe-mistress is a jewel of great price.

Only stars have their dresses specially ordered. The rest are bought cheap or are home-made.

It is astonishing what a grand effect can be achieved in this way; otherwise, indeed, the expenses of a spectacular show like "Chu Chin Chow" would be ruinous.

Gorgeous-looking "silk" dresses can be made of painted linen at "thirty bob a time," and "gold" curtains are generally painted canvas.

Similarly, rich, oak-panelled libraries are made of three-ply. Things like telephones which look so real to the audience, are *papier maché*.

Meanwhile, rehearsals have been going on, each act being roughed out in turn, till at length the day comes to take the first act without books.

All is at once confusion, and so it is again when the scenery arrives to take the place of the rickety chairs which have hitherto been "the furniture."

But nothing equals the terrors of the first dress rehearsal. It is an old stage proverb that the worse the dress rehearsal the better the show will ultimately be—a life-saving thought for the racked producer.

Yet, after all is done, among the best judges of a play's prospects are the stage-hands.

A bad play was once put on by Irving, with music by Sullivan and scenery by Burne-Jones—names to conjure with. A stage-hand watched the rehearsal for a while, and then delivered himself as follows:

"*Sir* 'Enry Irving! *Sir* Harthur Sullivan! *Sir* Hedward Burne-Jones! Three blinking Knights! . . . And that's about as long as it will run!"

The prophecy was very near the mark.

Laymen have no idea what a mad rush the production of a play generally is.

And consider that apart from getting everybody word perfect, each player's make-up has to be approved.

SHOES have to be tried on, the carpenter is hammering away, and the producer is rushing to distant parts of the house to make sure the general effect is all right.

"Lights—lights—lights!" You have heard the despairing cry in many a theatre when something has gone wrong. Who is the magician?

The chief electrician is as much responsible for a play's success as anyone.

He, with his assistants, sits up aloft at a vast switchboard with a clearly annotated list of cues before him.

There must be a special lighting rehearsal for any worth-while play.

As many as a thousand bulbs, singly or in clusters, have to be controlled in five different colours, graded 25 per cent., 50 per cent., and so on, for such purposes as sunset fade-outs.

The stage manager, who also acts as prompter and is in control of the curtains, stands at a desk in the wings where he and the chief electrician are visible to one another.

Everything must happen exactly at the right moment. Actors make their entrances, as a rule, on the cue of a word which they can hear; but sometimes the cue is only one of stage "business," which naturally they cannot see through a closed door.

In such a case the stage manager gives the cue by a light. A signal of this kind, which is familiar to every audience, is the glow of an electric bulb over the conductor's chair when the orchestra is to strike up.

A DRESS rehearsal drags on, hour after hour. Sometimes, through not having possession of the theatre in time, an unlucky company has to work practically for two days and nights.

The last word, when at last it is reached, is, by an old stage tradition, not spoken, because it is supposed to bring bad luck.

With the actual production of a play—unless it is found necessary to make drastic alterations — the producer's work ends.

For his month's labours he gets about [illegible] or [illegible], and earns every penny of it.

It's the morning hours that count

Any business day, wet or fine, you will see this morning rush in Birmingham. Millions of people all over the country find that Quaker Oats is the greatest stamina-building breakfast

BREAKFAST—the most important meal of the day—must supply you with plenty of energy to see you through busy morning hours.

Quaker Oats contains all the vital elements essential to health and strength—giving not only greater energy but more *lasting* energy than ordinary breakfast foods. That's why a Quaker breakfast is the best start for an active day.

Milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies and then roasted by a special process. Quaker Oats has a rich, delicious, creamy flavour that no other oat has been able to imitate.

Fortify yourself against bad weather . . . . build up your stamina and vitality with delicious appetising Quaker Oats. It's your best health assurance.

Quick *Quaker takes no longer to prepare than the morning pot of tea, making the richest hot breakfast the easiest and quickest to prepare and also the most economical.*

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker. Both made in Canada. Sold by all grocers in two sizes—4½d. and 9½d. per packet, except in the Irish Free State.*

Quaker Oats

THE ENERGY BREAKFAST

Q31

"Who's that alert young girl?"

ON her feet all day long. Serving customers—answering questions. Brisk and cheerful. Never listless—never tired.

She always feels fresh, she explains, because she keeps her *mouth* refreshed. Her simple rule is—Wrigley's after every meal. The pure cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. Keeps the teeth cleansed. Aids digestion, and sweetens the breath.

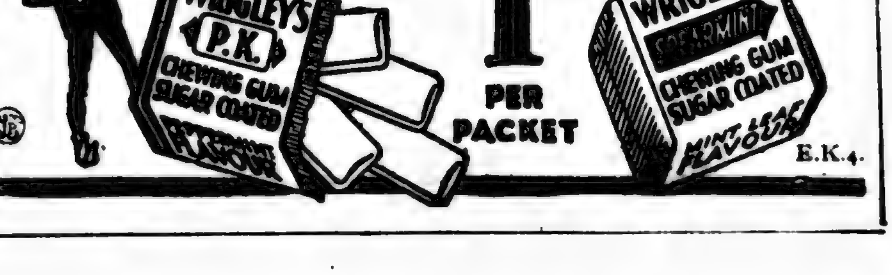
Wrigley's after every meal—the mark of refinement—the rule of efficiency. Doctors and dentists recommend it.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

Only 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British Workmen with Empire materials

WRIGLEY'S



1D PER PACKET

E.K.4.

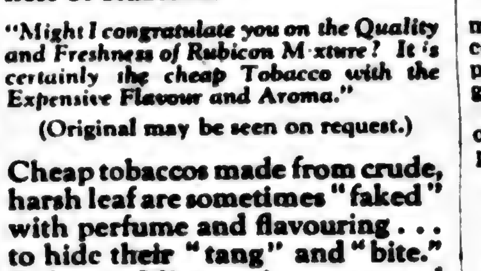
"The Cheap Tobacco, with the Expensive Flavour + Aroma"

writes H.G.M. of Plaistow; this extract from his letter is typical of numerous spontaneous tributes to the economy and goodness of Rubicon.

"Might I congratulate you on the Quality and Freshness of Rubicon Mixture? It is certainly the cheap Tobacco with the Expensive Flavour and Aroma."

(Original may be seen on request.)

Cheap tobaccos made from crude, harsh leaf are sometimes "faked" with perfume and flavouring . . . to hide their "tang" and "bite." Rubicon Mixture is guaranteed to contain no scent or artificial flavouring whatsoever. Long-lasting and money-saving, it gives you the real flavour and aroma of pure "undoctored" leaf, and costs but 8½d. oz.



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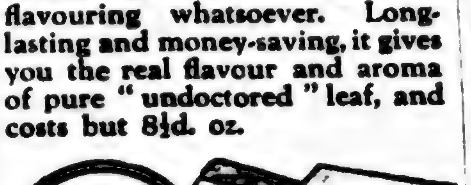

AFRAID . . . . . . to Go Home in the Dark

"Two chestnuts side by side in the grate"

IT may surprise readers of JOHN BULL who live in crowded cities to know that thousands of country folk, all over the British Isles, will indulge on October 31 in many queer old rites which savour of the dark ages rather than this year of grace 1930.

For the last day of October is Hallowe'en, when graveyards yawn and spirits walk the earth. An ancient belief, long since exploded, you might think.

Not a bit of it.

Aeroplanes, motor-'buses and wireless have not yet driven out witchcraft. People still believe in evil spirits and magic in many not so remote parts of these islands.

One of the chief Hallowe'en customs carried on to-day is the Purification by Fire.

This entails the lighting of bonfires to drive away the evil spirits of the old year, which came to a close at this time according to the old calendar, to purify the air for the coming year and make it free from demoniacal influences.

It means there will be good crops and a successful season next summer.

Many an English country maiden, many a Scots lassie and many an Irish colleen will on this night of nights place two chestnuts side by side in the grate.

They firmly believe that the action of the fire on the nuts is going to predict their own fate in love.

Nut of destiny

If the nuts, named "John" and "Mary," move closer, it is to be a happy marriage.

If "John" falls off, then he will die before the year is out.

The maiden goes out at night and listens at the doors or windows of neighbours. The first name she hears mentioned will assuredly be the name of the man she is destined to marry.

Thimbles full of salt are left overnight, each thimble denoting a person of the household. If one of them has fallen over by morning, the person concerned has only a few weeks to live.

But it is not only simple people who fall into these mystical traps. Highly educated folk, who should know better, are still living in the mists.

The odd score of tragedies which have followed the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb in Egypt give an example.

A prominent Member of Parliament who came into possession of some relics from this tomb recently buried them in a chest in the House of Commons to allay the anxiety of his relatives who, perhaps not unnaturally, became fearful of his fate.

Phantom everything

Ghosts in some shape or form are an every-week occurrence. They are not confined to human beings either. What about the phantom lorries, trains and aeroplanes which people allege they have seen?

At a priory in Leicester, following some ghostly incidents this year, the Father Prior asked the monks at Mass to pray for the soul of a priest who had passed over—the inference being that his troubled spirit had returned.

At Widecombe, a ghostly rider stalks into a public-house on a certain night every August, planks some money at the bar, and stalks out again.

The legend runs that centuries ago, during a terrifying storm, the ghost's original rushed into this bar, demanded a drink, consumed it and rushed out without paying.

Few Irish peasants, even to-day, would dream of touching a hawthorn bush growing in the middle of a field, for the action would mean quick death.

In the wilder parts of the Irish Free State it is still believed that the spirit of one who has lived a bad life comes back to annoy his family.

It is no uncommon thing for a priest to be asked to consecrate the dwelling and so lay the troublesome soul to rest.

In the Welsh mountain border country exists a widespread fear of the evil eye.

A woman in these parts was released not long ago after being held prisoner for twenty years by brothers who believed she had the evil eye.

Lingering witches

It was to them an obsession, for they chased a woman welfare worker, who came to examine the matter, far down the mountain-side. They thought she also had an eye not quite in accordance with their ideas of optical perfection.

Recognised magicians are by no means uncommon in the country districts of Cardiganshire and Pembrokeshire.

Folk remedies of herbs are boiled in cauldrons while the healer mumbles a strange rigmarole exhorting the patient to have faith in his or her powers.

In certain parts of this country there is no doubt whatever that quite unmentionable pagan abominations still carried on.

In Essex, Somerset and several ot counties, quite a number of li people are still regarded as witches.

Cornish farming folk often ask the spell of sickness to be rem from their animals, and children poor health are constantly thought be "ill wished" by some witch person of evil intentions.

Asking the stars

It is not fair to lay every prim relic of old savage beliefs at the d of the country folk. In London sup stition barks at you from every m mascot and every fancy door-knoc

In many an ancient mews, bef these were converted into garages could find an old bone hanging up for ornament, but for the sole p pose of warding off disease from horses.

Witch-balls, to render harmless t evil designs of witches, are still on s in many London shops.

In the last month or two there been a revival of fortune-telling palmistry, astrology, crystals, other means.

And, astonishing though it m sound, these practices do not appeal to weak-minded women. telligent and educated women make regular practice of visiting fortu tellers.

Quite a number of hard-headed successful business men cons astrologers.

They never think of embarking an important new enterprise with first ascertaining whether the stars propitious.

Once satisfied on this point, they right ahead without a thought failure. It certainly gives them c fidence. . . .

There is not a city or town of a size without its bugaboo shop

There you will see books on div tion, palmistry and the occult, bes crystals, magic tea-cups, planchet boards and fortune-telling packs cards.

And so the march of civilisat goes on.

A Thrill a Day

A thrill a day keeps gloom away. And "Sapper," the man with the pen of zest and power, the creator of "Bulldog Drummond," in his new *Daily Herald* serial, "The Isle of Terror," is at the top of his form.

It's a winner, and you can begin reading to-day. Love, romance and adventure on an island of ape-men, hidden treasure. . . .

The very tonic for the blues.

"You should use Palmolive"

Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do thousands of Beauty Experts the world over.

says

VINCENT *of* PARIS

renowned Beauty Expert.

"We particularly stress to all our clients the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatments. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap–Palmolive."

Vincent

20 Rue Royale, Paris.

"AN irritated skin," warns Vincent, of Paris, "means that you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive, which is made of pure vegetable oils." Vincent is a recognised Parisian authority on Beauty Treatment.

And he insists on the necessity for regularly removing accumulations of dirt and oil from the pores.

"We particularly stress to all our clients the importance of skin cleansing," insists Vincent—"That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatments. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

Vincent is not alone in his recommendation, for more than 20,000 beauty specialists all over the world also specify Palmolive.

Why vegetable oils are best

There is a soothing, penetrating quality about a vegetable oil soap lather that searches down into the tiniest pores and frees them of the day's accumulation without hurting the fabric of the skin. As you know, the skin is very sensitive and must be carefully treated. Palm and olive oils in soap have a beneficial effect on the skin. They cleanse the pores without irritation. They leave the surface of the skin toned up and stimulated, yet they are so gentle, so easy on the skin. That is, undoubtedly, why these fine cosmetic oils have been used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time.

The famous treatment

Here is the basic foundation cleansing urged by the great beauty experts all over the world.

With both hands make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this gently into the skin, till you can actually feel it releasing the hidden impurities. Then rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. That is all.

Consult your expert

To-day, beauty specialists have achieved high professional standing. They know what is best for you individually. But for day in and day out care of the skin nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than quite ordinary soap, millions use it for the bath as well as the face. Palmolive lathers abundantly, even in the hardest water. A vast professional group of over 20,000 beauty specialists find one soap best. They all advise Palmolive. JB

$4\frac{1}{2}$d. per tablet

Let Miss Diploma post you a Cheque for £50

£212 IN PRIZES

1st PRIZE	£50
2nd PRIZE	£20
3rd PRIZE	£10
4th PRIZE	£5
5th PRIZE	£2

250 PARCELS (each value 10/-) of DIPLOMA PURE FOODS

Make a Last Line to this Limerick

When the parlour was papered by Dad,
The family all said 'That's not bad.'
But Ma, in her haste,
Put her foot in the paste

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7),
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, October 31, 1930.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA
the ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar and Cheshire

'Diploma' is the only guaranteed English Crustless Cheese awarded the SILVER SEAL of the INSTITUTE of HYGIENE for purity and quality.

The Silver Seal is awarded only when the standard of purity and quality has been maintained for five years. The samples analysed are not supplied by the manufacturers, but purchased at random in the open market.

The same conditions of purity and quality apply to all other cheese packed and manufactured by Wilts United Dairies, Ltd. JB

D 149

Beefex
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HER Golden "BOB"

No; not a torture-chamber; merely milady, her mirror and a new barber's gadget

FEW trades in this country have leaped ahead in post-war years with the rapidity and eagerness of the hairdressers. Nearly 30,000 of them in the United Kingdom have, with rare determination, converted a necessity into an art.

Millions of money are spent every year on the "crowning glory." The humblest factory-girl is to-day a patron of the salon. Her shilling is paid at regular intervals for her humble, but graceful, "bob."

Directly and indirectly, a tremendous amount of employment is found by the trade. Proof of its multitudinous ramparts will be found at the Hairdressing Fair of Fashion to open at Olympia, London, on November 5.

The hairdresser will be there with all his delicate skill. The manufacturer will be represented by the hundred-and-one associated articles of toilet—soaps and shampoos, perfumes and colour-tints, creams and pomades.

And the scientist with his varied lotions; the mechanic with his weird and wonderful waving-machines and drying-machines and apparatus that can convert an unruly "mop" into a thing of beauty that is a joy for ever—if it returns regularly to the machine.

The general public will be intrigued to discover how the fair will reflect the latest edict that the "bob" and "shingle" are doomed. Wise barbers from the East and wiser ones from the West will impart the truth.

A significant "bob"

In the world of the hairdresser the "bob" is worth a golden coin. Every woman and girl in this country with short hair is a client worth, on the average, at least a guinea a year.

Therefore, the debate as to whether there shall be a return to the old-time flowing locks is more than a flippant topic. It is of vast significance to the hairdressing trade.

It also has significance as related to woman's status, socially and physically.

When short hair became the vogue shortly after the war it was, more or less, acclaimed a symbol of the "liberation" or emancipation of the sex. It was the outward and visible sign of the inward and social change.

It was also a revolution in the hairdressing trade. Women and girls who had never before entered a salon made it a regular rendezvous.

From the shilling "bob" to the two-guinea trim and permanent wave, the fashion swept money into the tills. The harvest has continued.

Even in the smallest village there is a steady income for the hairdresser. Matrons of sixty are among the clients. Schoolgirls, too, sit in the chair to sacrifice their locks to ease, comfort and utility.

Wave of passion

It seemed that the reform was permanent; but a week or so ago a bolt burst from the blue.

The International Hairdressers' Congress, sitting in serious conclave in Vienna, passed a resolution that "it has become impossible to wear short hair, be it bobbed or shingled, with the present long dresses ordained by the present fashion in women's dress."

But it was no smug, self-satisfied decision. There was passionate indignation expressed by the opponents of a return to long locks. The vote was taken amid a frenzy of excitement, and 21 votes were cast against the 84 of the victors.

At home in England the news was received with a little uneasiness. Those "in the know" were neither deceived nor disturbed.

"Who wants a hairpin?" they murmured, and echo answered "Who?"

The return of the long dress for evening wear had been anticipated; its effect had been conjectured. The best brains in the trade had devised weapons with which to meet the inevitable.

It was, and is, obvious that the women of this country are not going back to the "bun" and the bed-cap.

They are not going back to the tyranny of endless combing, plaiting and patting, hair-pins and hat-pins, veils and irritating vanities.

The dust-catching, pavement-sweeping long skirt for day wear is unlikely to return, and it would only be with such a return that long hair would be obviously necessary.

At the Hairdressing Fair it will be found that a delightful compromise has been effected.

Hair *will be worn longer*. But not *much* longer. There will be much play with ringlets, waves and curls. The "Greta Garbo" vogue has already enjoyed sweeping popularity. There will be variations of it, with many new experiments.

Sports and business girls are hostile to a return to flowing locks. They are bored with this "crowning glory" business. T link it with bustle and bicycle-mad for-two.

All the young women contribute handso to the till of the hairdresser. original "bob" or "shingle" costs an average, two shillings, and each s sequent "trim" a shilling.

Added to that is the cost of sh pooing and all the odds and attached to the glorifying of "glory." To-day, indeed, the wom and girls of England spend a for every year on their hair.

Only the other day a Bourne firm proudly advertised that du 1929 it had permanently waved 1,600 heads at the lowest fee of £ Nearly £4,000.

And Bournemouth is a town of than 100,000 souls. Just reflect on fees that must be paid for perma waves alone all over the land.

Inspired beauty

The film has been one of the grea influences on hair fashions and h dressers' receipts. The styles of C Bow and Norma Shearer and the have inspired countless women an imitation complex.

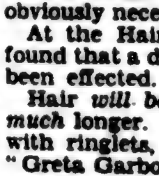
The "no-hat" girls have taken added interest in their locks. At holiday times of recent years were many dainty coiffures to be seen river and sea-side resorts.

The Olympia Fair will afford general public an unrivalled op tunity of studying the latest and c ing vogues. Scores of hairdressers be at work on competition models.

They will also be intrigued by various mechanical aids to the h dresser's art which will be on view the various stalls.

Many of the machines and "gadge to be seen are fearsome objects in any other setting would seem have a purpose the reverse of beau ing. Actually their application is d cate to a degree.

A "beautiful children" contest add a delightful touch to the proce ings, and, altogether, the exhibi which is now in its fourth year, be worthy of a trade which, for ent prise and progress, has few rivals the country to-day.



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ME FOR
CHRISTMAS!

I'm a JOHN BULL turkey—and aren't I proud of it! I hear the whole flock of us, 250 prize birds, will be spending Christmas with people who enter for "Bullets" this week. I don't quite know why, but perhaps you do.

Hurry up; turn to page 39 and win me for Christmas!

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Gibbs
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GIBBS SHAVING SOAP

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Gibbs Shaving Bowls	
Ebony Finish - -	2/6
Wooden Bowls	1/6 & 2/6
Refills - - - - -	1/-

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Real Life Stories by Famous Authors

The MAN in the CURIO SHOP

by ADA MACLAREN

Illustrate.l by George Woods

I AM not a person easily startled, although I say it myself. Nevertheless, I got a very definite shock recently when, walking along a street in Marseilles, in the shadow of the cathedral, I heard my name called, and turned to find beside me an English-speaking Frenchman I had known some years before.

For the last time I encountered that man was in circumstances of drama and tensity such as I hope never to experience again.

It was in Suva, the capital of the Fiji Islands, where I was engaged in gathering material for one of my books.

One morning I wandered into a dark-looking curio-shop in a side street. The name over the door was Marc Gautier—at least that is the name I am using for the purpose of this account; for obvious reasons I cannot give his real name.

There was no sign of M. Gautier. The place seemed to be deserted.

I have a feeling for curio-shops, particularly one like this, which was filled chiefly with native ornaments and weapons, and I wandered about, looking at the things.

Suddenly I became aware that a pair of eyes were watching me. They belonged to a fuzzy-haired Fijian native who was standing in a shadowy corner.

Thinking, naturally enough, he was an assistant, I went up to him and enquired the price of one of the curios which had taken my fancy—a small native drum, I believe it was.

HE made no reply, but seemed to shrink back into the shadow. I enquired the price again, and as I did so it seemed to me there was something rather peculiar about this native. I couldn't quite place it. He seemed oddly frightened, or something.

"What's the matter?" I asked him. "Is there anything wrong?"

He still made no answer, but kept on looking at me in that oddly frightened way. "It's all right," I said; "I won't eat you."

I had seen by now he was little more than a child. "Come on, tell me, what is the matter?"

I saw a look of gratitude come into his eyes, and he came a little closer to me and made to burst into speech.

But suddenly there was a quick step and a white man appeared—M. Gautier himself. At sight of me, standing there with the native, he stopped abruptly, and rapped out a sentence in angry French at the trembling boy.

Then, with a glance at me and a "Pardon, Madame!" he took the native by the shoulder and marched him off into what was apparently the living quarters at the back.

As they went I heard the native murmur something, in a feeble, frightened tone—in French. This was quite remarkable, for this was a British part of the South Seas, where French was hardly ever spoken—certainly never by natives.

But I had not time to wonder over this, for in a moment or two M. Gautier was back, and asking what he might have the pleasure of doing for me.

NOW, my work as a writer has brought me into contact with a great variety of people; but I have never met anyone quite so strange as the owner of that curio-shop away there in Fiji.

Outwardly, he was exactly what you might expect a cultured Frenchman to be—polite, attentive, eager, and so forth.

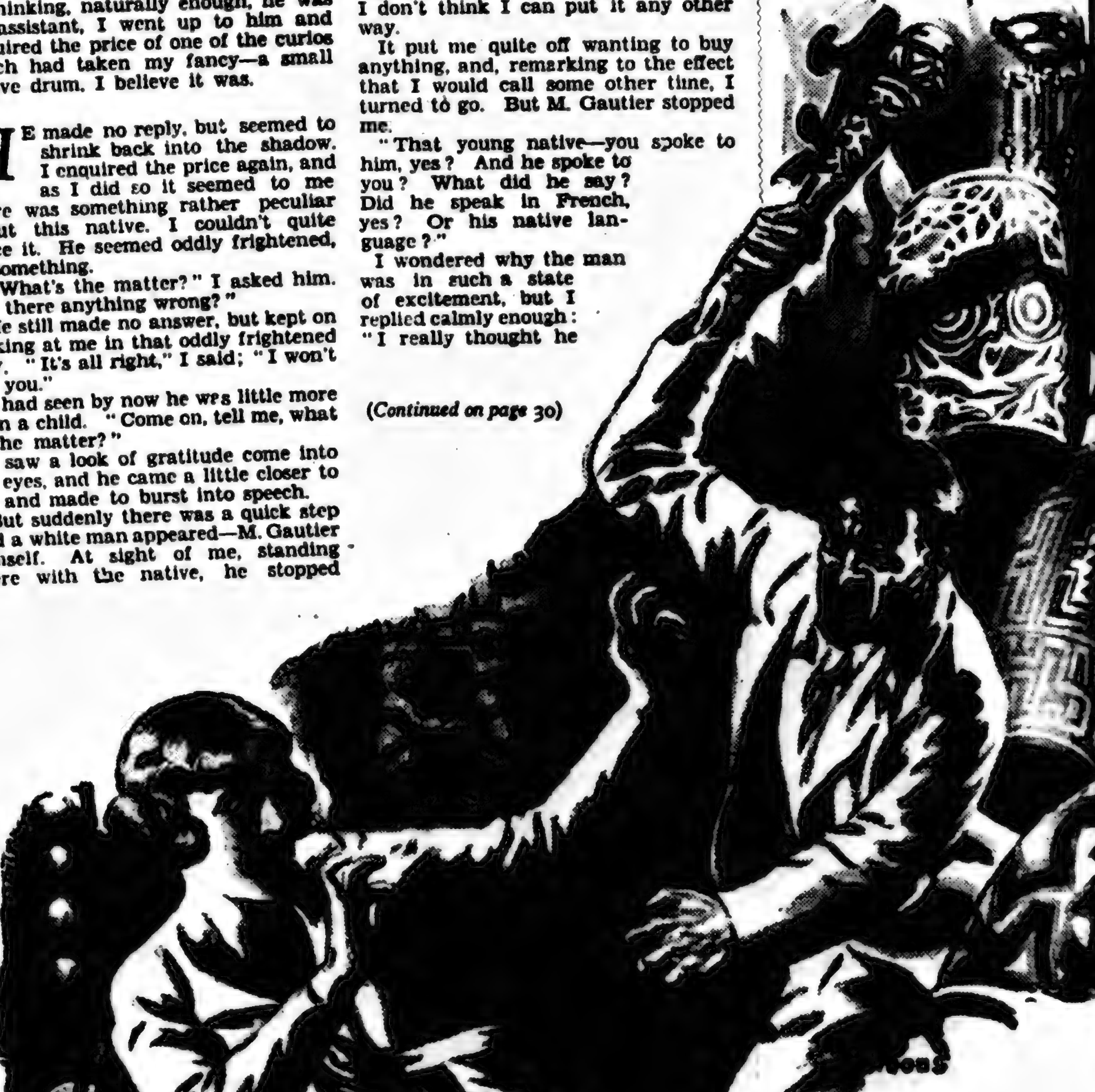
But, inwardly, as you might say, he was very different. The difference was expressed in his eyes. It was as though something not quite human was looking at you through those eyes. I don't think I can put it any other way.

It put me quite off wanting to buy anything, and, remarking to the effect that I would call some other time, I turned to go. But M. Gautier stopped me.

"That young native—you spoke to him, yes? And he spoke to you? What did he say? Did he speak in French, yes? Or his native language?"

I wondered why the man was in such a state of excitement, but I replied calmly enough: "I really thought he

(*Continued on page 30*)



"You told him to run away. . . . For that I will kill you. Kill you, yes. . . ." He rushed at me——

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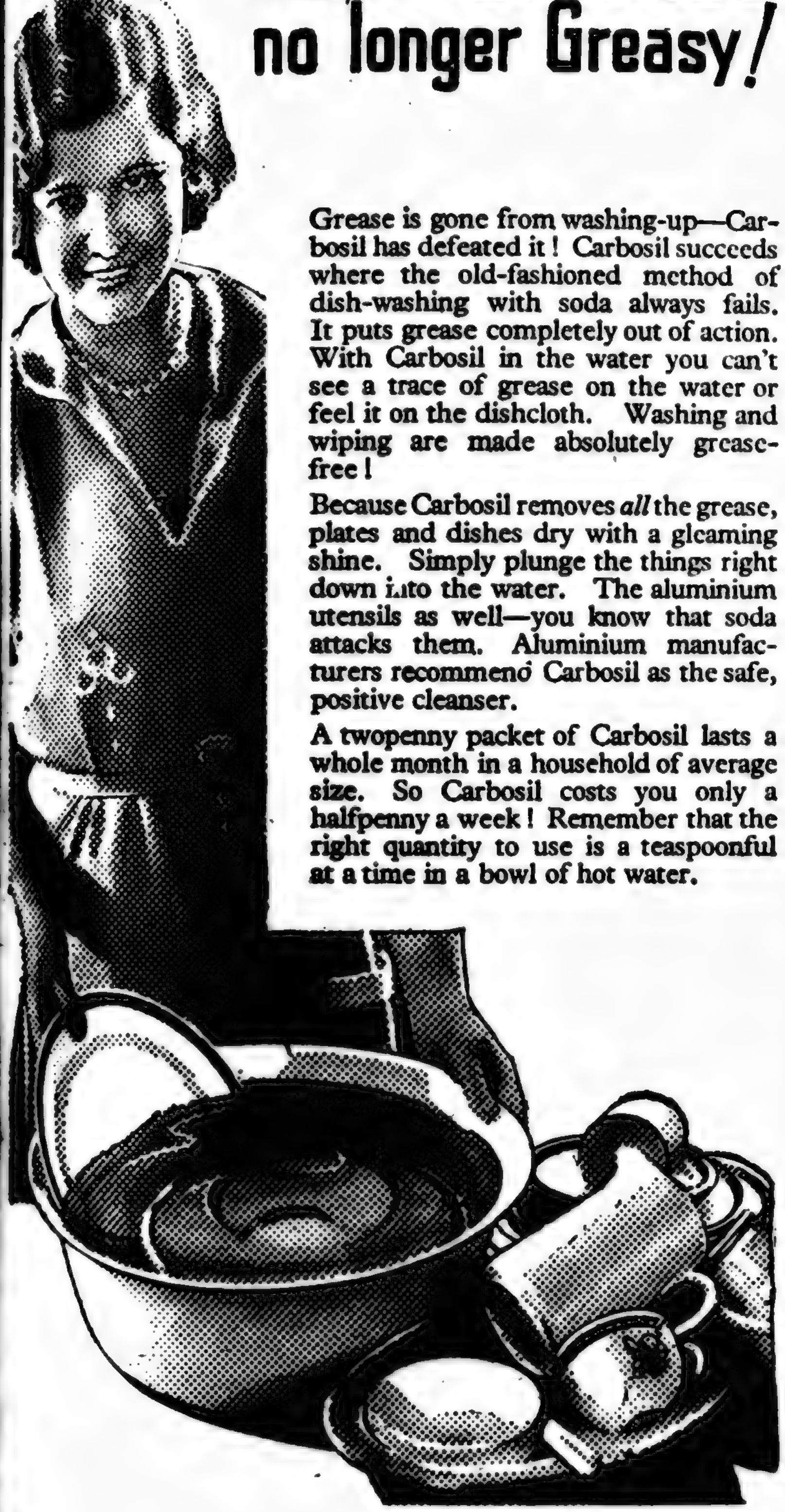

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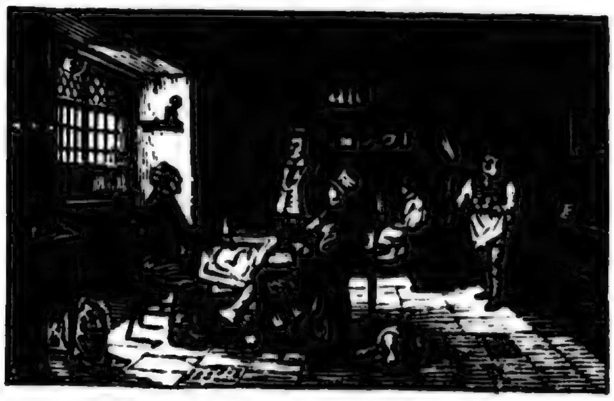

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The very fact that the Ministry of Transport has framed such a regulation emphasises the supreme importance of safe and keen vision. Even if you are not concerned with the question of your eyes functioning as perfectly as possible, you may require expert advice as to whether you can without misgiving sign the statutory declaration.

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"The Man in the Curio Shop"

Continued from page 28

looked frightened and I asked him what was the matter; that was all. He seemed such a child."

I saw a flash come into M. Gautier's strange eyes. "Frightened? Eh? And what did he say to you?" His tone was very hard.

"He didn't say anything," I told him truthfully.

The Frenchman looked at me very steadily. "You are sure, Madame? You are quite sure? Eh?"

"Quite," I told him, as lightly as I could; and with that I slipped out into the street.

Two nights later I awoke in my hotel bedroom to find someone standing beside the bed.

The doors leading on to the veranda were open, as is customary in the tropics, and the moonlight streaming in revealed the figure standing beside the bed as M. Gautier.

"Madame, Madame! Pardon me for coming to you in this way," he said, in a kind of jerky, excited whisper. "But I wonder if you could tell me ——"

I FLUNG up the mosquito-net. He was tremendously agitated.

"It is about that young native you saw at my place," he went on. "You have seen him since? You know where he is?"

"No," I answered; "I don't know anything about him. Why?"

"He has gone, he has gone! I must find him, yes! I thought he might have come to you."

"To me?" I said bewildered, utterly at a loss to account for it all. "Why to me?"

"You spoke to him, were kind to him." His voice became louder. "Come and help me to find him! Come with me!" He almost shouted the last words.

I tried to persuade him to go, but he took no notice. I was sure somebody would hear him. It was not quite the thing for me, a lone woman, to have a man in my room like this. But he would not listen.

"Come with me!" he urged. "Come on!"

I decided to go with him. The man seemed to be in real trouble, and it occurred to me that I might be able to help him. Also, I was on the search for book-material, and this was an adventure that appeared to promise some.

I told him to go outside while I dressed; and ten minutes later we were on the way to the curio-shop.

The night was warm and still, with sounds of native instruments and voices floating across from canoes and other craft in the harbour.

My companion said nothing until we were in the shop. Then he turned on all the lights—they have electric light in Suva, you know. The curios—the spears, masks, clubs—and things took on a strange gleaming in the blaze of the light.

GAUTIER indicated the place with a wave of his arm, then flung open the door leading to the living-quarters behind, and turned on the lights there.

"See, he is not here! The place it is empty, yes! He has gone as I told you!" He paused. "And it is because of you that he has gone!"

I made to protest, but he rushed on. "My great work, it is ruined! It was a very great work that I was doing, yes! That native—he was my experiment. With him I was to show the world something.

"It was this: You have heard of scientists who have tried to make animals into men. One of your great English writers, H. G. Wells, he wrote a book about it, 'The Island of Dr. Moreau.'

"Well, I was doing something like that. Only, I was not making an animal into a man. No. I was—I was making a savage into a European."

I gave a gasp of horror. "Making a savage into ——"

"Yes; that was the great work. I obtained the young native secretly. I had the process, the serums, everything. They were my invention. I have studied, and studied.

"And the native—he was changing. I could see it, yes. Already his own language was leaving him, his savage language. He was beginning to speak French ——"

A kind of wetness showed on his lips. A glaring came into his eyes. He stepped towards me. I put up my hands to ward him off, and looked about for a way of escape. But he noticed the movement and he sprang between me and the door.

"And now he has gone—and it must have been you who made him go. You were the only person who had talked to him since I had him. I had him locked in a back-room, but while I was out he escaped into the shop."

The next moment I was screaming for help, for with a swift movement he had snatched a stone club from among the native weapons on the wall, and was shouting:

"You told him to run away. Or else you took him. For that I will kill you. Kill you, yes. My great experiment, it is ruined—because of you!"

And with that he rushed at me. I dodged, still shouting for help. He turned swiftly and came at me again, cursing volubly in French.

AS he came at me he bumped into a number of native drums piled one above the other, and sent them crashing to the floor. He flung them furiously out of the way. But one of them went rolling in front of him.

And it was this that saved me, for Gautier in his blind fury tripped over the thing and fell sprawling. B he could get up again people adjacent houses, aroused by the came running in, and seized him

My escape was a narrow one ind and it was a very frightened wo who was escorted back to her ho

Thus ended my dramatic exper with M. Gautier. As for M. Ga himself, he was secured and later to a mental home for a time.

* * *

AND now, after coming across the world, I have met again, in Marseilles. You quite understand how startl was to see him But he proved quite a different Gautier. He was fectly sane and pleasant.

We adjourne a cafe He told he had left long ago and now establish the curio bus in Marseilles

"It was ti left the trop he said. "I been too l there. That br storm of mine the result. It strange—is it —how too long residence in tropics can so times affect a man's brain.

"There was that nonsense of about the savage. It was most ri lous. All that I managed to do to teach him a little French. B am all right now, God be praised."

He paused and smiled. "I wond Madame, if you will ever forgive for that night?"

"Why, of course," I said. And we chatted on. It struck me as odd say the least of it, that I should be chatting so freely with a man who tried to murder me. It was one of curious little ironies of life. I li him, immensely.

Still, had he asked me to visit curio-shop here in Marseilles, I afraid I wouldn't have gone.

A. J. Alan

This famous humorist's breezy broadcast narratives are familiar to thousands.

Next week in "John Bull" he recounts with his inimitable flippancy an amusing episode from real life. Read "My Strange Sea Trip."

Homely Wisdom—*by* CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

LIFE'S Tragedies

"How can he know?"

THE destruction of *R101* has excited world-wide commiseration for the fate of the brave men who lost their lives in that disaster. As with every similar shock to the public imagination, people are enquiring how it affects belief in divine government of the universe.

The ages-old problem of evil keeps on cropping up. It has been put to me several times during the past week in this form: "If there is a God, why does He let such things happen as the dreadful death of the passengers in the burning airship?"

The question is crude, but sincere, and I am far from wishing to minimise its importance.

The honest answer is that there is no explanation that will completely cover all the facts; but I believe with all my heart that there are good grounds for believing in divine benevolence all the same.

"The universe is friendly," says a great scientist, Professor Sir J. Arthur Thomson.

A JOHN BULL reader has just been talking to me. He is greatly disturbed in mind because of what that brilliant young biologist, Professor Julian Huxley, said on the wireless the other night, that there is no personal God.

My friend rightly says that this positive statement is likely to hurt people who are helped by believing in God and would lose comfort if they lost faith.

If what Julian Huxley says were true beyond doubt I should say it were better to face up to the truth, however unwelcome; but how can he or any other man know for certain that there is no personal God?

Thousands of men as clever as he not only believe that there is a personal God, but that they know H and are sure that He means kindly the human race.

"Helps us to believe . . ."

Julian Huxley's celebrated grandfath himself an agnostic, once told a you girl that she would be the better f keeping her faith in an over-ruling Pr vidence, and that he would not willing say a word to weaken it.

• • •

An equally illustrious man of scie Sir Oliver Lodge, has been saying so things of late that help us to belie in God in spite of all the evils th afflict mankind.

He says that life, though found association with matter, is independe of it and belongs to another plane, ju as light and electricity do. None these perish when separated from t material bodies they use; they contin to function elsewhere and in othe forms.

As a Hindu proverb has it, Life neith slays nor is slain; it is indestructible

Another distinguished thinker of o own time says: Five thousand peo perishing in an earthquake constitute more serious problem than five thousa people dying quietly in their beds. Th really serious problem is why any liv thing should ever have to suffer at all

And whatever else God is, He is th in you and me which pities and lo and longs to help when we see a fello creature in pain.

THIS IS THE MAN

WHO ORIGINATED THE SLOGAN

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD.

The Bennett College commenced its wonderful history in 1900, since when it has acted as Father and advised and helped into prosperity tens of thousands of men who would otherwise have remained in the rut.

Our gigantic connection brings us in touch with all the big employers; therefore, although we do not undertake the work of an employment agency, we certainly do know where the demand exceeds the supply. If you think you are in a rut, if advancement seems slow, or if your career is undecided or unsatisfactory, write to me, telling me your age, past experience, present employment, and anything else that may help, and I will tell you what chances there are; if they are suitable for you and, if so, how you may attain your objective.

We have full particulars in connection with all courses, and special courses can be combined to meet all requirements. We specialise in preparation for all examinations; most moderate fees, payable monthly.

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Secrets of Success.

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LTD. (Dept. 31)
SHEFFIELD

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ESTAB. 1900
SHEFFIELD
Dept. 31.

NATURE'S latent healing forces concentrated in "multi-particle" FOOD CAPSULES

Famous Scientist achieves amazing results by restoring VITAMINS & ORGANIC MINERAL SALTS missing from ordinary diet

THE MOST REMARKABLE HEALTH DISCOVERY OF MODERN TIMES

The highest medical authorities agree that our most prevalent diseases are due to a hidden starvation, resulting from a dangerous lack of essential organic mineral salts and vitamins in the daily diet. This underlines the supreme importance of Dr. J. W. Wigelsworth's great discovery, which reveals that combinations of certain natural foods can be used to overcome specific diseases. There is no mysterious formula—science has merely interpreted one more of Nature's healing miracles—for Dr. Wigelsworth's secret lies in the high concentration of the life principle in certain vital natural foods, so that these may be taken conveniently with all their virtues unimpaired in unique capsule form. The foods are known under the brand name of NATEX, and distinguished by different numbers for different complaints. Results are truly marvellous. An abundance of the missing organic mineral salts and vitamins is introduced into the system. Nature is helped to restore normal functions, and, even in chronic cases, health returns in an amazing way.

Ask your Chemist or Health Food Stores for

NATEX

ANABOLIC FOOD PRODUCTS
and specify Food Number

N.B.—*If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please use Coupon, when we will send direct, post free, in plain wrapper. Prices: 2/-, 5/6 and 9/6 in sealed cartons.*

FREE

THE NATEX BOOK

describes Dr. J. W. Wigelsworth's wonderful achievement in full. It deals with over 83 specific complaints *and gives authoritative advice upon the diet to be followed in each case. (See coupon.)*

CONSTIPATION—Food No. 12A

Constipation and its symptoms—headache, nausea, loss of vitality, muddy complexion, etc.—can be banished by NATEX. Long-continued use of purgatives weakens the intestinal muscles. The correct organic mineral salts, as in NATEX Food No. 12A, strengthen these muscles, induce normal bowel action, and make further laxatives unnecessary. A 5/6 carton often restores the functions to complete normality. Ingredients: Highly concentrated Parsley, Asparagus, Rhubarb, Cranberries and Irish Moss.

"NERVES"—Food No. 9

If you have debility, neurasthenia, etc., you need NATEX Food No. 9, which supplies organic phosphorus, calcium, sodium and iron. Banishes nervousness, soothes pain, promotes sleep, feeds heart and blood. Ingredients: Highly concentrated Pumpkin, Lettuce and Celery.

REDUCING—Food No. 5

Reduce while you eat! One patient lost 19 lb. in just over 3 weeks. Flabby flesh goes, for NATEX Food No. 5 acts by promoting elimination, normal gland function and nervous balance. Absolutely harmless. Restores natural grace and slenderness. Ingredients: Highly concentrated Celery, Cranberries, Dulse, Irish Moss, Rhubarb and Spinach.

CATARRH—Food No. 1

When starved of certain vital elements, liver and kidneys function faultily, causing catarrh, biliousness, jaundice, etc. Organic mineral salts in NATEX Food No. 1 rebuild liver tissues and combat all forms of catarrh, bringing outdoor health to indoor workers. Ingredients: Highly concentrated Garlic, Spinach, Parsley, Asparagus and Watercress.

COUPON

for obtaining the NATEX book, also supplies of NATEX Food if unobtainable locally.

To MODERN HEALTH PRODUCTS, Ltd.,
73, Natex House, Langham Street, W.1.

*Please send free copy of the NateX Book.

*Please send........cartons NateX Food No.........

Remittance........enclosed.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

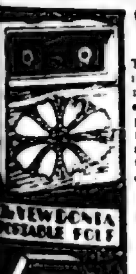
....

Chemist's Name and Address..

....

*Cross out words not required. For "The NateX Book" only don't seal envelope. Use ½d. stamp.

J.B.



YEWDONIA

The new Yewdonia Sets are astonishing bargains. They comprise the newest features for combining selectivity with sweetness of tone, power and general all-round efficiency. Pick up station after station with remarkable ease and purity. Exceptionally fine loud-speaker units in cases made from specially selected oak.

FOUR TYPICAL BARGAINS

Golden Wonder (3 valve) £7/15s. 10/- monthly.

All-in-Three £11/11s., 12/6 monthly. Each complete with valves, loud-speaker unit, batteries and aerial.

Suitcase Portable Five £11/11s., 12/6 monthly.

Portable Four £12/11s., 12/6 monthly.

Write now for full Catalogue. Fully Guaranteed Carriage Paid.

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SENSATIONAL GRAMOPHONE BARGAINS OF THE YEAR.

[illegible] at their per [illegible] Have one sent [illegible] Pay as you [illegible] Horn- [illegible] Models. Records [illegible] Jazzer given [illegible] all orders.

EVERYTHING FOR JAZZ.

[illegible] will help [illegible] musi- [illegible] and [illegible] from [illegible] now for [illegible]

YEWDALL'S
[illegible] CROSS
FRANCIS ST., LEEDS.

A SMART COAT

gives pleasure both to the wearer and her friends. You can dress beautifully without extravagant outlay if you go the right way about it. Charming Furs, Stylish Costumes, Coats and Frocks, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Lengths, Footwear and all women's dress requirements. Easy Monthly Payments. Write for Catalogue and Patterns of anything you want. 30 years character for straightforward trading.

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This book should be at the right hand of *every* home-constructor.

21 Sets & 6 Speakers
FOR YOU TO BUILD

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GET YOURS NOW!

FREE ECZEMA CURE.

Instant Relief for all Skin Sufferers

You can stop that awful itch from Eczema or other skin disease in just two seconds. This seems too good to be true, but it is true. A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will instantly stop the most terrible itch or skin irritation. This discovery of Dr. D. Dennis has become famous throughout the world as the most wonderful and reliable remedy for Skin Diseases, for it sinks deep into the pores, kills the disease germs, washes them away and leaves the skin clean and pure. D.D.D. Prescription Cures Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg, and all other Diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It never fails to give relief. Then why delay? A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO ALL SKIN SUFFERERS WHO WRITE TO THE D.D.D. LABORATORIES, M.N.30, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

J.B.

The Original Automatic Packing

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

Men's Lives Hang on a Wives' Quarrel

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

I AM a collier engaged as engine-driver at a local pit. The man who works the alternate shift is my neighbour and my own particular pal.

Recently our two wives, who also had been very chummy, fell out over some trifling domestic matter. They had a "tiff," and words flew as they are apt to do when the tongues of quarrelsome women take to clacking.

Each time I came home from work my ears were dinned with the latest phase of the squabble, what "she" said and how my wife was not going to stand any further insulting. I knew my mate's home was being similarly upset.

Finally, when the women were no longer on speaking terms, I took my pal on one side and said how sorry I was about the unfortunate affair, but that it would be ridiculous if we allowed the women's squabble to interfere with our friendship.

To my amazement he turned nasty, spoke of women who were "natural brawlers," and used other unforgivable words about my wife. I could not stand for that, and we nearly came to blows.

Later I thought how silly we were, as both being middle-aged we should have had more sense.

I hoped that my friend, on reflection, would also see it in this light, and feeling honour satisfied by each vindicating his own wife, we could jog along as usual.

But next night at work I got a rude shock. My first job before starting the machinery is to examine all the vital parts of the engine. Hitherto my examination had been very brief, as, being such pals, my mate and I had always told each other if any slightest thing seemed wrong.

THIS night instinct told me to make my own examination thorough. I went under the engine, and, to my horror, saw that a split pin had been taken out of the driving-shaft. I looked for the pin, and found it in the sump of the engine.

I felt my skin prickle as I pictured the tragedy that would have followed had I started winding with that pin out. It was not broken, so I knew that it had been extracted by hand.

In the morning I told my mate of my discovery. His face showed his guilt, and I begged him to keep the women's squabble out of our work before we killed some of the workers whose lives were in our hands.

He merely sneered and called me a lazy fool, asking if I wanted to shirk my duty of examining the engine since I knew what would happen to me as well as others if anything went wrong.

Now, night after night, I do find little things wrong. This terrible testing of each nut, bolt and pin in search of dirty work is getting on my nerves.

My mate is acting like a crazy fool and playing with lives, yet I cannot prove it, and if you can suggest any way in which I can bring him to his senses I shall be grateful.

"HUMANIST" says: You must put the lives of your fellow-workmen before the welfare of your frenzied mate.

Report that the engine is being tampered with systematically, and a watch will be set. If your mate is caught, no one will have the slightest sympathy with a reckless criminal.

TRIAL BABY

wanted for "keeps"

YOU may recall that some time ago I confided to you the great sorrow of my life. My baby, my only child, had died, and I and my husband were both inconsolable.

This was partly because I had gone through a severe time of suffering and my doctor had told me that it was quite impossible for me to bear another child.

The house seemed to grow colder every day, and we felt we could not face the future without the happy prattle of a little child.

"She brought sunshine into our lives"

One day, when thinking of the lonely years ahead, I had the happy thought, "Why not write to JOHN BULL'S 'Humanist' about it?"

I wrote, and when full enquiries had been satisfied, I was sent for to London and shown the most darling little girl imaginable, who was entirely without any friends able to give her a real home.

The baby was younger than I expected, only sixteen months, but once I held the darling in my arms I could not let her go. She is fair-haired, blue-eyed and bonny, and now she can just stand alone.

She has brought real sunshine into our lives, and although we took her "on trial" with the option of changing our minds, we would not be without her for anything.

So we are writing for your further help. Please tell us how to make this child really our own by legal adoption, also if it is possible to give her our name.

"HUMANIST" says: In your case the process of legal adoption should be simple. Apply to the county court for an order authorising the transaction.

Upon an adoption order being made, the Registrar-General will enter in a special register recording the name by which the child will be forward be known.

At present even legally adop children do not inherit from foster-parents unless a will is made do not overlook that fact

HERE you read some ·ugh probl of real life, and th· solutions "HUMANIST" prop·ses for th One day you, too, wi·· ·· up against difficulty which you can··· face a "HUMANIST" will deal with it thro the post. Send a stamped addre envelope. For the three most ·· documents published the Editor w pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and ·· 6d

UNLATCHED GATE

is wrecking a home

A MARRIED woman still in early twenties, I have t little children and a hus with whom I am still pas ately in love.

Trouble has loomed for the time through my husband's pal young man engaged at the same w

This youth is courting a nurse a hospital, and two months ago he as my husband to accompany him on of his visits and he would introd him to some pretty girls.

Now it has become a settled th and I am thoroughly miserable unhappy.

The plan is to choose the matr off-evenings. Then the nurses lea gate unlocked after all is supposed be fastened up for the night

One of these nurses, supposed to single, is to my knowledge a divor woman, and the thought of her cation with my husband is unbear

I am a good wife and mother, am so fearful of wrecking my h that I really do not know what to

"HUMANIST" says: If private re strance with your husband is use you will be justified in going to the matron.

She will respect your confide while certainly taking steps to en that no unauthorised person enters hospital after hours.

League Lights

FOOTBAL FORECAST FOR OCT. 2

by our Exper

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Leicester v. Aston Villa.
•(2) ARSENAL v. West Ham.
(3) Birmingham v. CHELSEA.
(4) BLACKBURN v. Bolton.
(5) BLACKPOOL v. Liverpool.
(6) DERBY v. Wednesday.
(7) LEEDS v. Middlesbrough.
(8) MANCHESTER C. v. Grimsby.
••(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Manchester U.
(10) Sheffield U. v. Newcastle.
(11) Sunderland v. Huddersfield.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Cardiff v. Forest.
•(2) BARNSLEY v. Millwall.
(3) BRADFORD CITY v. Bradford.
(4) BRISTOL C. v. Oldham.
(5) BURY v. Preston.
(6) CHARLTON v. Stoke.
••(7) EVERTON v. Hotspur.
(8) Plymouth v. BURNLEY.
(9) PORT VALE v. Wolves.
(10) SWANSEA v. Southampton.
••(11) W. B. ALBION v. Reading.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

(1) BOSCOMBE v. Bristol R.
••(2) WATFORD v. Newport.
(3) ORIENT v. Exeter.
(4) COVENTRY v. C. Palace.
(5) FULHAM v. Southend
(6) Norwich v. TORQUAY.
••(7) NOTTS v. Gillingham.
(8) Q. P. Rangers v. Northampton.
(9) SWINDON v. Luton.
(10) THAMES v. Brighton.
(11) Walsall v. BRENTFORD.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

(1) LINCOLN v. Chesterfield.
(2) DARLINGTON v. Rochdale.
(3) DONCASTER v. York.
(4) HALIFAX v. Crewe.
(5) HARTLEPOOLS v. Barrow.
•(6) HULL v. Rotherham.
(7) NELSON v. Accrington
(8) N. Brighton v. WREXHAM.
(9) STOCKPORT v. Tranmere
(10) WIGAN v. Southport
(11) GATESHEAD v. Carlisle

SCOTTISH LEAGUE

(1) ST. MIRREN v. Dundee
(2) ABERDEEN v. Queen's Park
(3) Ayr v. HEARTS.
(4) Clyde v. MORTON.
(5) COWDENBEATH v. Partick
(6) Falkirk v. Kilmarnock.
•(7) HIBERNIANS v. East Fife
(8) LEITH v. Airdrie.
(9) MOTHERWELL v. Celtic
•(10) RANGERS v. Hamilton

WINNERS IN CODE

Probable winners are set in CAPITA

Where no distinction is made a draw is

Best selections are marked with two aster and next best with one.

As injuries to players and conseq alterations in teams may affect the cha of different clubs, we shall publish minute JOHN BULL special selections in in the *Daily Herald* and *Sport.* Life Saturday morning.

Division and number will be quoted above, together with *H* for home team and for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—9 (H); Div. II 7 (H), 11 (H); Southern Section 2 7 (H), 11 (A); Northern Section 6 (H) would indicate: Portsmouth, Everton, W. Albion, Watford, Notts and Hull all at ho and Brentford away.

Last week six coded selections were given; all were correct.

IO CORNS
gone in one week

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

No plasters—no dangerous cutting—just a fragrant, refreshing footbath every night for a few nights. And after that, here is what happens to corns!

"I have suffered a lot from corns. I tried corn plasters and salves, and everything I thought would do good, but found no relief till I tried your Radox. I had ten corns under my feet and toes. It used to be painful walking far, but after using Radox Bath Salts I found very great relief. I soaked my feet 40 minutes every night for a week, and then the corns had all gone, thanks to Radox."

(Mrs.) A. B. A., Sedbergh, Yorks.
1st Sept., 1930.

Radox contains four different salts. One cleanses the feet—one is antiseptic—one softens the water—and one releases oxygen. This highly active oxygen opens and enters the pores of the skin, carrying the softening salts of Radox right to the roots of the corns, which are thus loosened so that they may be lifted out bodily. And the life-giving oxygen which Radox liberates leaves the feet fresh and full of buoyancy.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet*

RADOX
BATH SALTS
Give your Feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

At all Chemists, 1/6 per ½ lb., 2/6 double quantity, in the Pink Packet.

Why Pay Cash? BLANFORD'S WAY MEANS EASY TO PAY

GREAT MONEY-SAVING OFFER!
BETTER VALUE IN BLUE SERGE SUITS

FOR **4/-** WITH ORDER

A special purchase of Blue Serge enables us to give our customers better value than ever. We have created a reputation with these fine suits. We have already sold many thousands, and our customers are highly delighted.

They are perfectly tailored, well-cut, Ready-to-Wear Bespoke Suits, trimmed and made in our own workrooms. Suits that are built with character and Guaranteed to Give Every Satisfaction.

In Blue Indigo Serge, guaranteed fast dye.

PRICE 55/-

Send us your Breast measure and height. Also send 4/-, postage 6d. extra (no further payment required until you have had the suit one month), and agree to pay 7/6 per month and we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly. If you are not satisfied we will refund your deposit.

We can supply you with anything you want. Send for Illustrated Free Catalogue or call at our Showrooms.

PRICE **55/-**

Our noted Blue Serge Youths' Suits are great value. Long Trouser Suits, ages 14-19, 45/11. Knicker Suits, ages 8-14, 32/11.

John Blanford
(DEPT. J.B.H.),
1, 3 & 5, BATH ST., CITY RD.,
LONDON, E.C.1.

Showrooms open 8.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. Thursday 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturday 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

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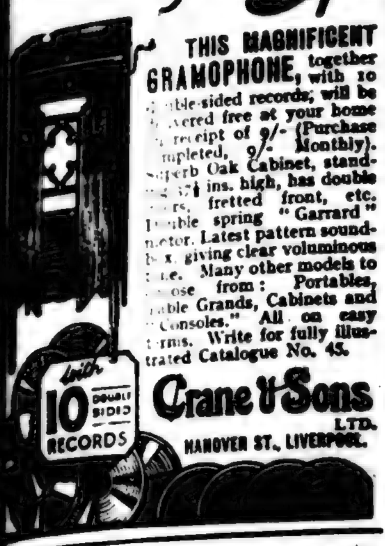

THIS MAGNIFICENT GRAMOPHONE, together with 10 double-sided records, will be delivered free at your home on receipt of 9/- (Purchase completed, 9/- Monthly). Superb Oak Cabinet, standing [illegible] ins. high, has double doors, fretted front, etc. Double spring "Garrard" motor. Latest pattern sound-box, giving clear voluminous tone. Many other models to choose from: Portables, Table Grands, Cabinets and "Consoles." All on easy terms. Write for fully illustrated Catalogue No. 45.

Crane & Sons
LTD.
HANOVER ST., LIVERPOOL.

TRUTH ABOUT WIRELESS

mple facts are often harder to be- ve than Fairy Tales, and some ople can never believe an article good unless they pay two or three mes as much as is necessary.

E GRAVES 'VULCAN' SET is the ideal installation the man who wants perfectly satisfactory results the most moderate outlay. It is made under rconi License and embodies all the improvements sible in a popular-priced Set. It gives you the tional Programmes in perfection and a wide choice ntinental stations. Everything about the Set is reliable d first class; there are no complications. Even if u are only a beginner you can start right away to joy the wonders of wireless with as much certainty d success as if you had studied it for years. Cabinet d Speaker, Aerial Fittings & everything necessary included. No extras. Full instructions with each Set.

HANDSOME PRODUCTION. Full size Cabinet (as illustrated) of ished Oak, with hinged lid; all parts cluding valves accessible. Dull mitter Detector and Power Valves, anti-crophonic Valve holders. No coils to nge. H.T. Battery, 2-volt Accumulator; mplete Aerial Outfit. Cabinet LOUD EAKER (as illustrated) in Oak to tch set. Unit of the 'four pole' bal- ced armature type with large magnet.

10/- NOW

ice complete and Carriage Paid **£7.10.0**
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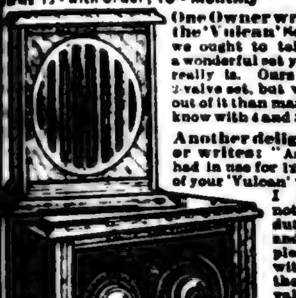

One Owner writes about the 'Vulcan' Set: "We feel we ought to tell you what a wonderful set your wireless really is. Ours is only a 2-valve set, but we get more out of it than many people we know with 4 and 3-valve sets."

Another delighted Owner writes: "As I have now had in use for 12 months one of your 'Vulcan' 2-Valve sets, I thought it nothing but my duty to write and say how pleased I am with same. It's the finest 2-valve on the market. Nothing but low tension batteries has been renewed."

Test it in your own Home. Fullest Approval.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue. Full particulars and illustrations of this and other high-class Receiving Sets including Portable and All Mains Sets, Post Free. We have 30 years character for honest dealing.

ANOTHER WIRELESS BARGAIN.

The Graves Screened Grid 3-Valve Set (not illustrated here) with handsome Oak Cabinet and Cabinet Loud Speaker. Everything of highest quality and all complete and ready to fix. Price **£12.10**
[illegible] with Order, 18 - Monthly.

This is a Set of remarkable capacity, very selective and far reaching, and wonderful value for money. Our sales of this Set runs into many thousands per annum; sold solely on merit and without costly advertising push. Ask for descriptive Catalogue free giving full illustrations of Set and Loud Speaker with all information. Costs you nothing to get all particulars of this highly efficient set which offers you finer results, better quality and substantial saving in cost.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

NEW SHOES in a sixpenny bottle

If you use 'Radium' Leather Dyes. No matter how soiled or faded the leather has become, shoes will take on a new beauty when this amazing dye is used. Sold in black and all fashionable colours in 6d. bottles complete with the handy mop. Supplied by Repairers, Leather Stores, and Boot Shops.

If any difficulty write for leaflet and name of nearest dealer.

Radium LEATHER DYES 6D.

For shoes & all Leather goods

RADIUM LTD., BROADHEATH, MANCHESTER.

The 'Radium' Satin Dye for dyeing satin shoes 9d. a bottle.

Yes ——

if they're CAPSTAN they're CAPITAL

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

6D. for 10 11½D. for 20

For the Pipe Smoker
"CAPSTAN" CURLY CUT
1-oz. foil packets 1/- 2-oz. airtight tins 2/-

[illegible]

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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MEN OVER FIFTY.
30% Suffer from
PROSTATITIS
They live in discomfort by day and their rest is disturbed at night

What they need is the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, cystitis or bladder inflammation, disturbed nights, burning, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and avoid an operation with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Price 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

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49, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4,
and Branches. Gamages hold stock.

Chemists generally (including Boots, Taylors and the large stores) do not hold stock but gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

Suspicious and curious symptoms. May they come from that risk, taken so lightly, so foolishly? May they mean that Venereal Disease has been contracted?

Seek advice at once from your doctor, or from one of the Treatment Centres, where advice is given free and under conditions of secrecy.

Full information, free (in plain cover), may be obtained by writing to the Medical Secretary, Dept. P., British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station). The Medical Secretary will interview callers free of charge at the above address, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, between 5.30 and 6.30; or an appointment may be made by telephoning Victoria 8767. No examination or treatment is undertaken.

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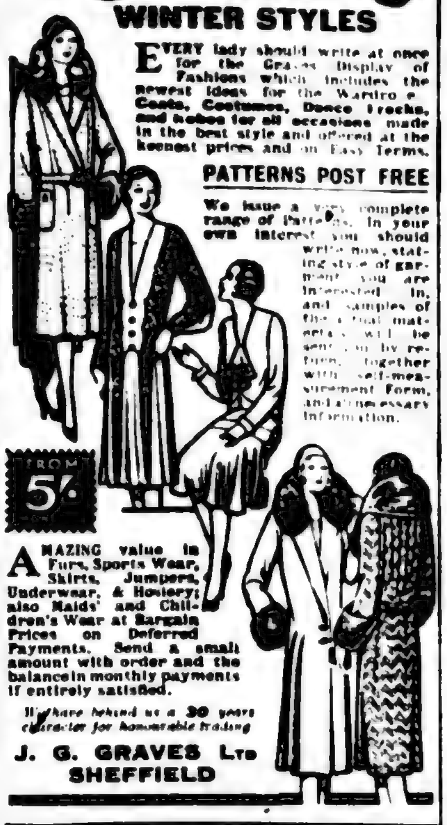

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes the newest Ideas for the Wardrobe—Coats, Costumes, Dance Frocks, and Robes for all occasions made in the best style and offered at the keenest prices and on Easy Terms.

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We issue a very complete range of Patterns. In your own interest you should write now, stating style of garment you are interested in, and samples of the actual materials will be sent you by return, together with self-measurement Form, and all necessary information.

AMAZING value in Furs, Sports Wear, Skirts, Jumpers, Underwear, & Hosiery; also Maids' and Children's Wear at Bargain Prices on Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and the balance in monthly payments if entirely satisfied.

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CUTICURA HEALS ITCHY PIMPLES
On Son's Face. Caused Sleepless Nights.

"My son's face broke out with small pimples which used to itch and burn. Water came from the pimples which later turned to sore eruptions and scaled over, and were very much inflamed. They caused sleepless nights and he used to rub them until they would bleed. He suffered for two years.

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I purchased more and in two weeks he was healed, after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. E. Bell, 49, Longnor Rd., Mile End, London, E. 1. Eng.

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

A NUISANCE I'D Abolish

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 28.

What I Think of My M.P.

UNFORTUNATELY some time ago I became unemployed, and noticed a nuisance that I'd abolish.

Many men go out early to try their luck, and often return without seeing the "boss" owing to having to get back to sign the register, probably losing a good job in consequence.

I know men who ventured to sign fifteen minutes earlier than usual, but were ordered to wait their proper time. This waiting has probably cost more than one man a good job.—*Dole-Hater, Hampshire.*

Parasites

Professional beggars—not those really hard up, but those who pose to be so.

I put them in the same category as confidence-tricksters, and others equally unscrupulous. They swindle those even poorer than themselves, and wreck many happy homes.

The professional beggar is also a very dangerous nuisance. The difficult thing is to decide whether the beggar is genuine or not.—*B. Breese, Finchley, N.*

Price of Freedom

Flag-days are great helps to many deserving causes, but I would abolish them as an intolerable nuisance.

Coppers are extracted from people who cannot afford them, and from others who would prefer to support some cause of greater appeal to their sympathies, but who buy an emblem as a safeguard against further annoyance.

Collecting-boxes fixed in prominent public places would be preferable.

If the results were less, they would at least represent voluntary offerings, and not the price of freedom from annoyance.—*M. Hoyle, Meliden.*

Cadgers

Tipping is an evil. It encourages an employer to pay a starvation wage. It transforms a self-respecting man or woman into a servile cadger.

It is a vicious custom, which compels a person to dole out various small sums which often he can ill afford to give.—*British Waiter, Tottenham, N.*

Beer in the Blue

I'd abolish the fogies who moan about trade, the sportsmen who write about love; the clergy who jibe at the humble housemaid, and forget they've a Master above.

I'd abolish the talkies and loud-speakers too, and substitute earphones instead; the aircraft that write about beer in the blue, and foul the clear sky overhead.

I'd abolish the auctions that thrive in the Strand, and misguided judicial puns; the parrots who keep crying, "Back to the land!" and people with twenty-five sons.

I'd abolish all evils, present and past, and find peace where my troubled lot is cast.—*J. W. Dickinson, London, S.W.*

Full Up!

Overcrowding of public vehicles calls for immediate attention. Having paid for a seat, one often finds there is scarcely standing room.

Even when a seat has been secured, this has frequently, through feelings of courtesy or humanity, to be surrendered to a woman or aged or infirm person.

The obvious remedy is the addition of extra 'buses or trams on the congested route.—*W. T. N., Derry.*

No Passengers

I would abolish Party politics as a public nuisance—an obsolete system unsuited to modern requirements.

Run the country as we would a successful business. See that the Members of Parliament know their job and get on with it.

Sack all slackers and get rid of all passengers.

Get together a corps of experts in every avenue of national and social life—a mobilisation of the very best brains in the country—whose ideas will be valuable raw materia whose recommendat be followed, not " *Practical Trinity.*

In the Way

It is high time that cars were banished f from our streets. tracks form a te death-trap for cyclis the tram-car causes delay and confusion any other vehicle.

Our streets are d by the hideous ca the gallows-like sta which supply their Our life is made a by their clangour

Their work is perf more effectively by *J. B., Abercynon.*

Mind Your Eye

In recent years, the march of s has been so phenomenal that th brella seems out of p

It is time something better w vented: for in these days of c thoroughfares the umbrella is a m

I have walked through the streets on rainy days in constant of receiving a prod in the eye or g my hat knocked off with som umbrella.—*H. J., Darnall*

Biff for Bazaars

Writing as a tradesman in a market town, the nuisance I'd abol that of bazaars organised for the of parochial funds.

The tradesman is asked by holders to give from his stock.

Money which would be spent shops is taken to the bazaar, which neither rent, rates nor taxes.

Last, but not least, the over-bur tradesman is expected to be pres the function and to spend at every —*W. F., Notts.*

Extra Tax

The unfair system of "early do in operation among the the kinemas, etc., is just another o many instances in which the wo man suffers.

Wages to-day do not allow of a margin to spend on amusement, ye system doubles the prices of admis

In this fickle climate queueing i unpleasant, especially when we r the door and see "Full up."—H *Dewsbury.*

Slacks

Slovenliness. By all means le have dress reform for men; but le steer clear of untidiness.

Women have adopted comfortable ments, but how smart and trim the in them.

Young men of to-day are nothing eyesores, with their untidy pull and slipping-down plus-fours, or open-neck shirts with collars t and crumpled over dusty blue bla worn with soiled, grey flannel tro and dirty white shoes.

"Reform" of this description t to lower, rather than raise, our s status.—*S. Jones, Glam.*

• • •

Into the Dust-Bin

That confounded threepenny-pie *E. R. T., Rhondda.*

The man whose one slogan is "I you so!"—*N. A. G., Somerset*

I would suppress the "chain" le writing fiends and make their abo tions illegal.—*Victim, Ringwood.*

Doctors who have one door ma "Panel patients" and an "Private."—*G. McG., Liverpool*

The present income-tax form, wit mass of unnecessary printing w none but a lawyer can understa *John Citizen, Beds.*

The people who carry placards a our main streets threatening hell damnation to all in general.—*R. J* *Durham.*

The demanding by landlords, ag and others of from £1 to £10 for key of a house.—*W. E., Salford.*

All kinds of foul effluent from tories, chemical works and se pumping-stations, allowed to run rivers and canals, fouling watercress killing the fish.—*J. N., Herts.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Second "LEG"

IF Friendship had won the Cesarewitch, The Recorder—Beckhampton's best for the Cambridgeshire, as given in JOHN BULL some weeks ago—would be almost unbackable. As it is, I expect S.P. punters will have to accept a very short rate.

Mr. Dewar's colt won the Select Stakes at Newmarket with any amount in hand, and I am quite prepared to see him run away with the big race at the Houghton meeting.

For good each-way wagers I suggest Argonaute II and Anthurium, although the latter failed recently

At the moment of writing Anthurium figures at 40 to 1, but if his owner, Mr. James A. de Rothschild, has one of his famous tilts at the ring, as I am led to suppose he will, the price will tumble down on the day of the race.

"Jimmy," as the popular financier is known, tickled up the pencillers with Milenko and Brigand a few years back, and nothing delights him more than to land a big coup.

He places his own commission, walking up and down the rails, taking here, there and everywhere what he considers a fair price.

Many years back Anthurium's owner put on his betting boots and went out for a big win over Snow Leopard at Epsom. He considered his horse "extra."

Snow Leopard finished among the "also rans," and a few weeks later the "Racing Calendar" announced that under Rule 81 Snow Leopard's name had been changed to Slow Leopard.

The owner had got his own back!

The "Tote" daily "double" races at Newbury this week-end are the Autumn Handicap and the Reading Nursery. Noble Star and Free Fare may come up.

• • •

By the way, the racing services of the *Sporting Life* are so firmly established that the racing public are guaranteed every item of information concerning the horses engaged.

This fact holds especially true of the "Cambridgeshire."

In addition to training reports from headquarters and the provincial centres, the staff representatives move in the highest circles of the Turf.

The prices quoted for the Cambridgeshire will be found most reliable. They will be accepted as authoritative for wagers throughout the world.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 23, to Wednesday, October 29.

B	A	Q	X	T	L	3	R	D	5	C	F	M	E	O
N	W	K	2	S	9	H	I	G	U	Y	P	V	J	Z

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. TRBDWPZIJ would read SINGAPORE.

"SILVER RING."

GREAT CYCLE BARGAINS

FROM
£3.15s
CASH OR TERMS

I OFFER a choice selection of High-Grade Cycles at Lowest Cash Prices or Terms. Any machine sent on approval, carriage paid. A free Gift accessories Coupon will be given to all who write for my Free Cycle Catalogue now.

GRAMOPHONES

with FREE RECORDS, ALBUM & NEEDLES

All kinds of Gramophones and Records at specially reduced terms. Write for my Free Catalogue showing instruments in beautiful colours

FROM
1/9
WEEKLY

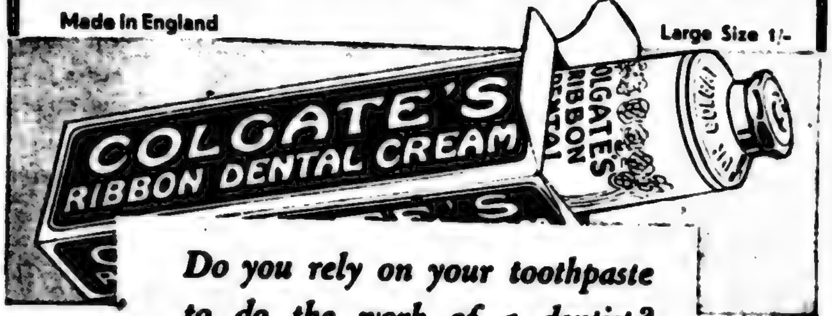
Write for LISTS

Chas. T. Robey Ltd
THE WORLDS PROVIDER Dep. 3 COVENTRY.

Let's take the "*fiction*" out of dentifrice advertising

Made in England

Large Size 1/-



Do you rely on your toothpaste to do the work of a dentist?

No toothpaste possesses power to cure ailing teeth or gums. For a toothpaste is a mechanical agent and should be used for only one purpose — that of cleansing teeth. Its merit lies in the thoroughness with which it performs this single duty.

Colgate's, we claim, cleans better than other dentifrices, because of a unique property (low "surface-tension"). That's how it penetrates into the tiniest crevices which ordinarily block "heavy" dentifrices.

In these minute fissures, food particles lodge. If allowed to remain they cause decay. Colgate's floats them away in a foaming hygienic bath, thus providing the protection of complete and thorough cleansing.

FREE Colgate's Dept. 16 V, Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1. Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

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ADDRESS ....

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The GRAVES 'Triumph' Bargain Bale

Price complete & Carriage paid £3:0:0

TERMS 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly (after approval)

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS, Blue Borders, Whipped edges, Size 63 x 84ins, Weight 7lbs pair

One Pair WHITE Fleecy BLANKETS Whipped edges, [illegible] 4lbs pr

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL hemmed SHEETS 70 x 90in [illegible] pair.

Coloured ALHAMBRA Hemmed QUILT [illegible]x94in

Bleached Damask Table CLOTH, [illegible]

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES. Size 20 x 30ins

Pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. Size 20 x 60ins

IMPORTANT. By way of extra benefit [illegible] 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Sheffield [illegible] knives, 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons & 4 Tea Spoons all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white [illegible] through.

30 years character for honourable trading. [illegible] Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

HEADACHES

If you fail to obtain relief from other remedies try Anti-Kamnia Tablets. Prescribed by doctors the world over for nearly 40 years. 1 or 2 "A-K" Tablets quickly relieve headache, rheumatism, toothache, neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, women's pains, etc. End insomnia and nervousness by promoting restful sleep. 25 millions used annually. Of Chemists everywhere 1/3. **FREE SAMPLE** sent on request. Address Anti-Kamnia (Dept. L.5), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

AK Anti-Kamnia
Quick Relief from Pains and Aches

PLAYER'S "DIGGER" SHAG

also

DIGGER HONEY DEW
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

7½d. PER OUNCE

PLAYER'S
"DIGGER"
7½d. oz.
SHAG
EMPIRE GROWN

3¾d. PER HALF OUNCE

The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco

"Chafing is not only relieved, it's *prevented*"

"I value 'Vaseline' Jelly most in connection with baby. It helps greatly to keep his skin in perfect condition. A little gently applied to the places where soreness occurs prevents chafing entirely." MRS. McCLARTY *London,* S.E.5

EVERY day mothers write telling us how soothing and protective they find "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for their babies.

It is so easy to chafe those tender skins! Just a little friction from a moist, rubbing napkin, and baby's thighs become sore and inflamed.

A little "Vaseline" Jelly rubbed on lightly after washing prevents chafing. The thin film of "Vaseline" Jelly over baby's skin prevents irritating moisture from penetrating. When he is already chafed, a little "Vaseline" Jelly smeared on before powdering soothes and protects him from further pain, and hastens healing.

Chemists and stores stock "Vaseline" Jelly in jars and tins. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., London.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

FREE to you! Booklet—"The Charm of Childhood." Post this Coupon.

Dept. V13a, Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, N.W.10.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Charm of Childhood."

Name ....

Address ....

7936

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save.
ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST & PUREST

"STOCKS" *are as good as money—but John Bull's* £600 MUST-BE-WON X-WORD *is something you can 'bank' on*

SIT down to this week's Crossword with the firm resolve to win. Think what a leg-up that £600 would be! You could spend it or lock it up, just as you wished, but in either case you'd be free from worry.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 87 appearing below Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), October 30th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 6th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 13th. Result of Crossword No. 84 appears on page 12.

AN EXTRA £50 FOR RUNNERS-UP.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in **BLOCK CAPITALS**. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 87), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **October 30th.**

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor of "John Bull" for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event o fa tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, November 13th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, November 18th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

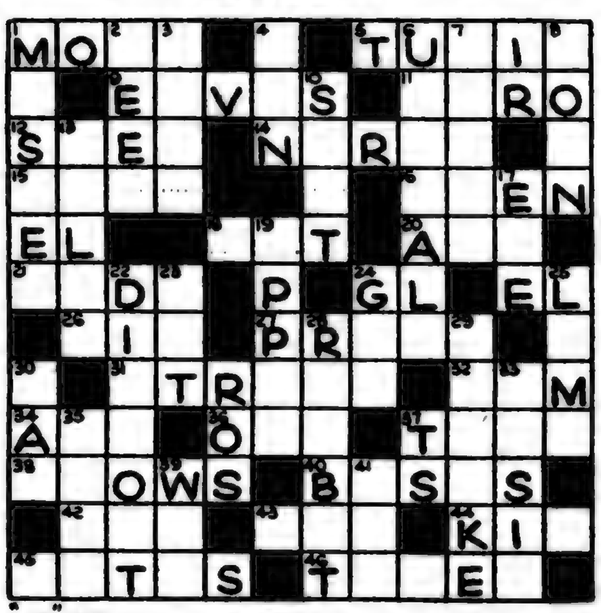
14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), October 30th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 87

Entry Form "A."

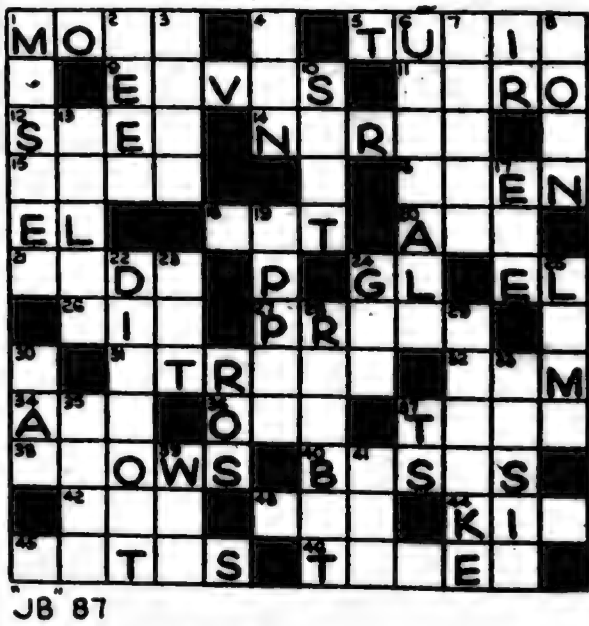


"JB" 87

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE



"JB" 87

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. ....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), October 30th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut out the above Form complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

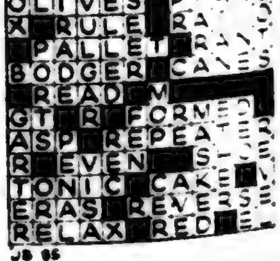
1. FIRST PART OF THE DAY
5. A UNIFORM.
9. PROJECTING EDGE OF A ROOF.
11. FIDDLED WHILE ROME BURNED.
12. PROW OF A SHIP
14. SHE'S IN EVERY HOSPITAL.
15. CASH TRANSACTION
16. PARADISE.
18. SOME PEOPLE LIVE IN THIS
20. ENQUIRE.
21. SOFTENS WATER.
26. PINCH.
27. SQUEEZE.
31. RIVULET.
32. MALE CAT.
34. TOWARDS THE STERN OF A VESSEL.
36. SPHERE.
37. LIGHT VEHICLE.
38. RUNNER DOES, AFTER RACE
40. FOUNDATION.
42. BEFORE.
43. USEFUL ARTICLE IN THE HOUSE.
44. SUPPLIES LEATHER
45. FOOTBALL MANAGER WATCHES.
46. EXAMINE WHEN BUYING CAR.

Clues Down.

1. FOUND IN PARKS.
2. A BOBBIN.
3. DESIGNATION.
4. THIS PROVIDES SHELTER
6. REMOVES THE SEAL OF
7. WANTS.
8. FARMER IS ANXIOUS ABOUT.
10. BUTCHER MAKES A CUT IN.
13. A CLAW.
17. EXTEND.
19. HIGHER IN POSITION
22. TWIST OUT OF SHAPE.
23. APPROPRIATE.
24. PRECIOUS STONE.
25. MAY MAKE WALKING DIFFICULT.
28. SMALL, FURRY ANIMAL.
29. HIT.
30. YOU MAY USE FOR YOUR LUGGAGE.
33. FERTILE SPOT IN DESERT.
35. IRRITATING INSECT
39. TINY.
41. THIRTEENTH WORD OF RULE

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 85



JB 85

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 85 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY—£500 MUST BE WON.

THE Editor REPLIES

K (Richmond).—"I once caught a weighing 32 lb." What a whopper!

K (Fly) —"Autobiographies are rally hard to read." I-strain?

B. (Alperton).—"The man I marry be a hero" You seem very can- about your personal appearance.

N. (Bristol).—"I've got the largest in our amateur theatrical show." you're the prompter?

P. (Clapham).—"As I can never the number I want, I am giving up phone." You're through!

P. (Newcastle).—"Scotland is a country." Well, there are plenty Macs there.

K. (London, S.).—"When a man he is at the end of his troubles." but which end?

P. (Sarrat).—"I am longing for peace and quiet of married life." dently you are married.

(Sudbury).—"A man often says words to his wife." Otherwise he uld never get one in.

N. (Edgware).—"He called me a " You should have told him not bacilli.

T. R. (Margate).—"I retain com- command of myself on every occa- " So you're a bachelor?

I. (Purley) —"It must be very hard be poor." Unfortunately, many have nd it easy enough.

G. (Tadcaster).—"Many a man a fool when going through the mar- ceremony." But it's nothing to at he feels after.

N. (Stanmore).—"In an American ulele-playing competition the winner yed continuously for fifteen hours." the competitors started from scratch.

K. (Frome) —"We should learn to rcise rarely-used muscles." A bald n can frighten away an annoying fly imply flapping his ears.

T. R. (Leith) —"Contrary to general nion, M.P.s often have little or hing to say." That, however, does prevent them from saying it.

T. (Guildford).—"I believe he sent k my article without reading it." haps it was written in the same ndwriting as your letter to us?

G. R. (Hollywood).—"I am sorry that uldn't get to her wedding, as she's a ed film star." Never mind. She'll e another one coming along soon.

P. H. (Bayswater).—"What is fate?" ssing Piccadilly Circus safely every and then being run over by a farm gon in the country.

G. K. (Poole).—"A married man is erally courageous." Although a mar- d man sometimes suffers from cold —and not always his own.

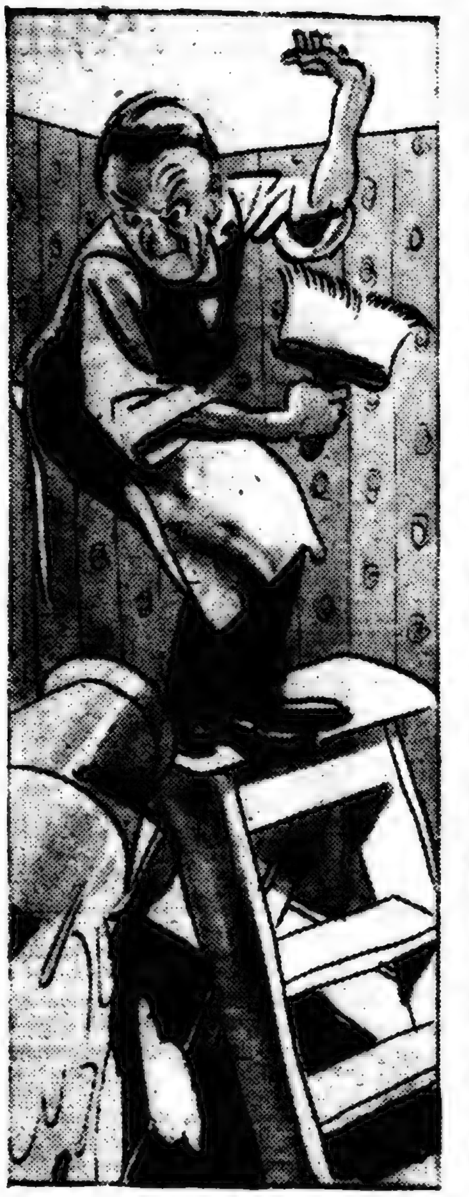
Farmer (St. Albans).—"As there is 'r' in the month, pork is now in son." Unfortunately we have road- all the year round.

V. (Bognor).—"Some actors on the don stage need lessons in acting." parently the day of the stage coach past.

(Ilford) —"A well-known heavy- ht boxer always eats toast in pre- ence to bread." There is, however, confirmation of the rumour that he to sleep after the first round.

L. (Maidenhead).—"During the twenty years nearly two million ple have been divorced in America." marriage tie there is evidently a -knot.

R. (Bolton).—"It is supposed to be good restaurant, but the food was bad, when I asked for the proprietor, he ld not be found." He had probably ped out to have his lunch.



C. C. (*Diss*).—"*Is whitewashing a ceiling hard work?*" *Not half so hard as cleaning up the mess that is made.*

H. K. (Stanmore).—"What is the ideal income?" More.

A. Y. (Esher).—"People no longer believe in the cold bath habit." It still has its warm supporters.

B. J. (London, N.).—"This country isn't so dusty." It shouldn't be. Think of the rain we've had.

S. A. (Vauxhall).—"There is a place for everything." Except for the horses we back.

F. K. G. (Ongar).—"In parts of Armenia eggs are used instead of money." But suspicious currency is not tested by a vigorous banging on the counter.

J. M. (Luton).—"I am so unhappy because my husband is never at home in the evenings, and I haven't the faintest idea where he goes." Don't worry. You probably would be twice as unhappy if you did know.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

C. B. (Rhyl).—"A doctor charged £100 for saving my life." The flatterer!

F. T. (Dalkey).—"The Yanks make a fetish of iced drinks." Zero worship.

Bert (Dudley).—"The good die young." Agreed, old chap.

Mrs. J. (Ayr).—"Married men never know when they are well off." Married men never are.

Miss F. (Ely).—"What is most likely to follow the latest evening frock?" The bill.

Mrs. P. (Ambleside).—"Few women like riding bare-backed." But they love dancing that way.

Historian (Arnside).—"In pastoral tribes there was little crime." Yet quite as many crooks as shepherds

Critic (Nuneaton).—"How can you account for the fascination of novelettes about murders?" It's in the blood.

M. B. (Ipswich).—"Is it hard to get into a bank?" Not between the hours of nine and four.

J. G. (Edgware).—"I told my wife she couldn't have a new hat just yet." How does it suit her?

W. K. (Romford).—"I shall have the pleasure of calling on you one of these days." Yes, all of it.

Cecil (Mayfair).—"I've got golf in my mind the whole of the time." Midget golf, of course.

Mrs. T. R. (Leeds).—"My maid has plenty of 'go' about her." So had ours—she went last week.

F. N. (Barnstaple).—"As soon as I began to recite, the audience clapped their hands." Over their ears?

S. K. J. (Redcar).—"Beauty means nothing to me. Give me brains." Is that where you are lacking?

S. C. (Deptford).—"Are you married or do you have to cook your own breakfast and mend your own clothes?" Yes.

D. P. (Dulwich).—"There are only two characters in my one-act play—a husband and wife." It sounds more like a monologue.

C. W. (Crouch End).—"Inflation has been suggested as a means of revitalising the world's currencies." You seem to be bursting with the news.

H. N. (Nunhead).—"I don't think it wise to lick the gummed side of a stamp." Well, it's no use licking the other side!

A. C. M. (Hull).—"I've had my share of nasty knocks, believe me." Let the postman give you a pleasant one on Thursday, November 20—it may mean £300 or news of a fine Christmas turkey to come. See page 39.

J. T. S. (Ilford).—"In the old days people used to throw things at lecturers." Nowadays, they just switch over to another station.

C. S. (Westminster).—"The public does not realise what our politicians are doing." Neither, for that matter, do some of the politicians.

H. M. (Wimbledon).—"During the past year fourteen tennis stars have either married or become engaged." That seems to put it in the category of dangerous games.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. Every subject is dealt with from matters relating to baby's welfare to the care of four-footed pets. Our dog expert is particularly busy these days there's a bigger interest in dogs than ever before and he undertakes to guide dog-owners in every matter concerning the animal.

L. D. (Byfleet).—"I often let myself down." Are you a lift man?

F. S. (Herne Hill).—"With one word of encouragement from you, I think I could go far." Go!

C. B. (Hounslow).—"A man is never too old to learn." But don't put it off much longer.

H. N. (London, N.).—"Where do playwrights get their ideas from?" What ideas?

S. L. (Egham).—"I believe in embracing opportunities." It's better than hugging delusions.

S. F. (Blackheath).—"I wish I could afford to own a car." So do many people who own one already.

S. L. (Hampstead).—"I am open to conviction." Cheer up. The magistrate may be lenient.

F. D. (Lincoln).—"He threw my clothes out into the street." Did you follow suit?

S. K. (Watford).—"My young lady threatens to turn me down what shall I do?" Don't turn up for a bit.

H. C. (Durham).—"My boy's one ambition is to be an explorer." He should go far.

F. J. (Kensington).—"The egg of the extinct aepyornis is the largest known." Touring theatrical companies of the period ran many grave risks.

S. K. (Hackney).—"A barber told me that a woman's hair is apt to come out at this time of year." The autumn sales probably account for this.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

Marriage Stories:—"I flung myself across the bed after throwing my BED and hat on the other CHAIR."

Preston Review:—"Of this, £81 6s. is absorbed for the completion of the Preston Infirmary CAT."

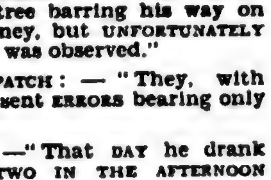
Daily Mail:—"Medical FOOD experts are unanimous in their opinion that LEATHER SOLES are vital for health."

South Wales Daily Post:—"At this stage Mr. ——— rose FROM HIS FEET and proceeded to the corridor."

Lancashire Daily Post:—"Her husband received SLIGHT INJURIES, but otherwise was UNINJURED."

West Cumberland News:—"Mrs. —— stated that after her daughter was married witness often went round to the parlour and found him TWISTING THE ARMS OUT OF HER NECK."

New Statesman:—"There came a murmur of young female voices KEEPING SILENCE."



South Wales Weekly Argus:—"The reverend gentleman, in responding, expressed his appreciation of the welcome BATH at the meeting and also at Blaenavon."

Bodmin Guardian: — "The driver found a large tree barring his way on the return journey, but UNFORTUNATELY the obstruction was observed."

Sunday Dispatch: — "They, with other entrants, sent ERRORS bearing only two MISTAKES."

Home Chat:—"That DAY he drank nothing from TWO IN THE AFTERNOON UNTIL EVENING. He worked instead. Consuming CUPFUL AFTER CUPFUL OF HOT BLACK COFFEE."

Daily Sketch:—"The DEAD man DROVE ON and had covered fifty yards when the FIRST SHOT WAS FIRED."

Men! You must see
The DAYMARK RAZOR SET
As Unique as the DAYMARK BLADE!

MYATT DAYMARK RAZOR
Daymark Blade, Spare Blade Box and handsome Leatherette spring lid Case complete for 2/6

ENJOY A NEW SHAVING TREAT

The Daymark Device put Myatt Blades in a class apart. Now comes the Myatt Daymark Razor—unique—exclusive—offering better value for money than you have ever known before.

It strikes a new note in shaving comfort. Its special features are all designed to make your shaving simpler and pleasanter than ever.

A Daymark Blade in a Daymark Razor is the quintessence of shaving luxury —yet together they cost only 2/6

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GOOD BOOTS & SHOES

THE Graves Footwear Department offers you abundant quality and utmost possible value for money. All sizes of Boots and Shoes for all occasions. We thoroughly understand the wants of all classes of wearers, and know how to combine durability with good appearance and comfort. World's lowest prices. Easy monthly payments. Catalogue and Measure Form free. 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

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STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. E. WRIGLEY, Moor Common, Drighlington, nr. Bradford, writes:—

"I was suffering from Stomach trouble and tried all kinds of medicines till at last I found the finest and best cure of all in Vitadatio. After a few bottles I was as fit as the best man in the world, so I can recommend it as the greatest of all medicines."

If you are a sufferer, get a bottle to-day.

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylor's, Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post, 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from—V.149

VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.

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CARPETS, Rugs, Lino, Curtains, Tea and Dinner Services, Sheffield Cutlery, Table Cloths, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sheets and Blankets, Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Requisites, and all Home requirements. Catalogue Free. Dependable quality and Money Saving Prices. Everything delivered Carriage Paid for small deposit & Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

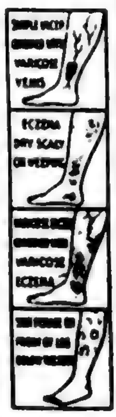
Don't miss the unique Wireless offer on page 10.

I CAN'T DO ANY SHOPPING, MY LEG IS SO PAINFUL."

WHY REST YOUR LEG?

THOUSANDS of Cured Patients praise the day they used Tremol Treatment; the most successful Treatment in the World for all forms of Bad Legs.

With this powerful Treatment Varicose Ulcers melt away, and even when combined with Varicose Veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes, skin troubles die away, Inflammation, Irritation, and pain become things of the past. You cure your leg in your own home without resting even if you have suffered for years and all other treatments have failed to help you. Think what Tremol means to you! No more resting your leg.—No more sleepless nights.—Able to enjoy life.—Better health.—Your work made a pleasure.—Your leg made well and strong. A valuable Book, entitled **"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why,"** gives full particulars of this powerful Treatment, teems with sound advice on leg troubles, and shows how to bring about a speedy and lasting cure. Sufferers desiring a free copy of this book should apply at once, before this limited edition is exhausted. Write to-day to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester,** and if you are a sufferer you will receive this valuable Book (Priced 3/6) absolutely free of all charge.



FREE COUPON Ward B.L.

National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me full particulars of the Tremol Treatment and your new book, entitled **"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why."**

Name ....

Address ....

....

State complaint ....

National College of Health, [illegible]

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Heroic Waitress

"THAT girl is a brick," said the mother, when the door shut behind her attractive young daughter, who was hurrying off to the restaurant where she earns as a waitress an average of 25s. a week, on which her mother, brother and herself are living.

And what a room they live in! They pay 15s. out of the girl's precious earnings for a small, dilapidated, furnished room in the centre of London.

And what a tragedy is being lived in this depressing little attic!

Until 1926, the family lived on a tea-plantation in India. When they lost their money, the mother brought her fourteen-year-old daughter to London, expecting to find a home prepared by her husband who had preceded them.

She found, however, that he had left England before she arrived, without making any provision for the family.

Her son, then aged fifteen, who was a drummer-boy in the Army in India, injured his right arm, which became paralysed.

Through the kindness of the Prince of Wales, he was brought to England, where he has earned his living until a few weeks ago, when he injured his left hand, and had to leave his work.

His nerves are going to pieces, as he has no bed to sleep on at night, and spends his days cooped up in the dingy room.

The mother worked in various ways until an accident to her knee crippled her and she suffers from a weak heart.

The best way to help this brave little waitress, who brings home every penny she earns and has to wash her one and only pair of stockings each night ready for the morning, is, first of all, financial help to enable her brother to regain his health in a convalescent home, so that he can take up work again.

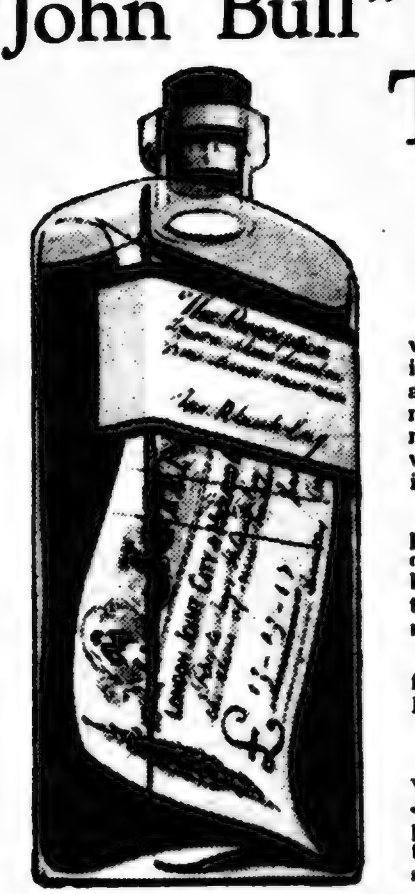
All subscriptions sent earmarked to the Honorary Secretary, "The Greatest of These ——" Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will be given to the family intact.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Nebo, 6d.; N. V., 2s. 6d.; Ex-Gunner (Garstang), 5s.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 6d.; Mrs. E. L. C., 1s. 2d.; M. Rees (Godrergraig), 1s.; B. H. (Norton), 5s.; L. A. C., 1s. 6d.; Billericay, 1s. 6d.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), 5s.; A Labourer, 6s.; H. G. (Belvedere), 6d.; Billie, 10½d.; M. S., 1s.; Keep Trying (Chichester), 1s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s.; J. M. (Hucknall), 5s.; A. Knoll (Fallowfield), £1; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 12s. 6d.; Anon. (Norwich), 2s. 6d.; W. Miller (Mountsorrel), 5s.; Tom Lodge, 2s.; K. E. (Gorton), 1s. 6d.; Hope, 1s.; G. Whitbread, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; L. T. Ed., 5s.; Miss M. Foss (Tiverton), 1s.; Sympathiser, 2s., Pimple, 2s.; Mrs. T. Simpkins (Luton), 2s.; Thankful (Ossett), 2s. 6d.; In Memory of Our Boy's Birthday (Farnham), 2s. 6d.; J. B. Wallasery, 3s.; Mrs. C. R. Spooner (Thornton Heath), 5s.; Ruth (Broadstairs), 5s.; I. N. Wales, 5s.; E. L. C., 1s.; Widow (Wigan), 1s. 6d.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 9d.; Anon. (Letchworth), 2s. 6d.; A New Reader (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; A Mite from Molly, 5s.; Anon. (Bury), 5s.; J. Edwards (Llanelly), 10s.; M. A., 10s.; A. W., 10s.; Neverill, 10s.; Tom Brewster, £1; Just A Mite (Essex), £1; E. Barnett (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 12s. 6d.; Inasmuch, 2s. 6d.; A. Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; M. Applebaum, 2s.; B. B. (Whitwell), 2s.; Free Target Prize (Nottingham), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Unemployed (Tengrefail), 6d.; H. E. (Birmingham), 1s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s.; Two Swindon Readers, 2s.; Home Lover, 2s. 6d.; S. Brown (Marston), 5s.; Jack Seymour Otzmann (Oldham), 5s.; Constant Reader and Sympathiser, 10s.; Rodden, £1 16s. 9d.; Grateful (Edinburgh), £5; Miss Patricia Martin (Honor Oak), 2s.; J. Webster (Preston), 1s. 9d.; O. Doyle (Thomastown), 5s.; Kitty and Cyril, 1s.; Mr. J. Penalbury (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; J. R. H., 3s.; Knightcote, 4s.; Remembrance, 5s.; Anon., 1s. 10d.

Parcels of clothes are gratefully acknowledged from: Mrs. C. (Brechin); M. Horne (Ilford); Old Maid (Williamsfield); A. S. Chislehurst; S. H. E. (Hinckley); A. Friend (Colty); Mrs. M. Soames (Reigate).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)



"John Bull" TONICS

Many dispensed for registered readers this week.

When sickness keeps the breadwinner in bed, a JOHN BULL cheque is the best kind of tonic! It takes a load of anxiety off the patient's mind; provides that extra nourishment—those little delicacies—which are so sorely needed, and it pays the doctor's bill.

Every week JOHN BULL despatches many cheques on account of sickness. Now that the first breath of winter has been felt, these JOHN BULL tonics will be needed more than ever.

Could *you* call on JOHN BULL for a cheque under our Great Free Insurance if sickness laid you low? Have you registered?

In addition to the benefits provided for Sickness as specified, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to provide benefits in respect of loss to your household goods by fire, storm and flood.

SICKNESS BENEFITS—£5 5s. each.

We give below the names of a few only of those who have received cheques on account of measles, diphtheria, typhus fever, mal. po., etc.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. Stokes, 48, Ashwin Rd., Handsworth.
BRIGHTON.—Mrs. C. N. Williams, 24, Compton Rd.
LLANBERIS, N. WALES.—Mr. R. T. Jones, 11, Water St.
LARKHALL, LANARK.—Mr. H. Hart, 67, Meadowhill. (Mrs. H. Hart, wife, deceased.)
MELROSE.—Mr. J. Gilroy, Tower View, Tower Rd., Darnick.
ABERDEEN.—Mr. J. Wallace, 41A, Castle St.
BLACKWOOD, MON. — Mrs. P. Sterry, 4, William St.
THURGOLAND, NR. SHEFFIELD, YORKS.—Mr. G. Greaves, Hill Top.
CULLOMPTON, DEVON. — Mr. R. Trivett, Padbrooke Hill.
MELROSE, SCOTLAND.—Mr. D. McKinnon, Ledderfoot.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. S. A. Bosworth, 63, Queen's St.
NORBURY, S.W.16.—Mr. W. Woodward, 183, Northborough Rd.
ROLVENDEN, KENT.—Mr. W. Button, 1, Eight Dwellings, The Lane.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. E. Conway, 47, Mulberry St.
LETCHWORTH, HERTS.—Mrs. W. Nelson, 13, Burnell Rise.
MICKLEFIELD, NR. LEEDS.—Mr. E. Hind, 5, Sunny Bank.
IVER, BUCKS.—Mrs. G. Devonshire, 7, Norwood Cotts., Iver Heath.
CAMBRIDGE.—Mrs. G. Pledger, 97, Hills Road.
GLASGOW, C.5.—Mrs. A. Phillips 8, Devon St.
BARNSTAPLE.—Mr. F. G. Milligan, 69, Fair View.
UPMINSTER, ESSEX.—Mrs. A. Wiltshire, 146, Sunnyside, Gardens.
STANHOE, [illegible] Walker, The [illegible]
LOWER [illegible] CESTER [illegible] Keswi[illegible]
ASHIN[illegible] Mr. [illegible] Katherine [illegible]
HOO, KENT [illegible] house [illegible]
KELTY, [illegible] Couper, [illegible]
LIVERPOOL, [illegible] Newton, [illegible] Carston.
CHESTERFIELD [illegible] 40, Alma St. [illegible]
YEOVIL. Mr. [illegible] Nelson [illegible]
GRIMSBY. Mr. [illegible] 50, Lord St.
WALTHAMSTOW, [illegible] Green, 84, [illegible]

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident "John Bull" covers you fr

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JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 25/10/30

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form [illegible] Newsagent for the regular weekl[illegible] JOHN BULL. Please register [illegible] reader.

....

Reader's Sign[illegible]

Ag[illegible]

Address ....

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Name and address of Newsagent. ....

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....................................Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. [illegible] certificate setting out the full [illegible] conditions and certifying registr[illegible] sent if ½d. stamped addressed envel[illegible] enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

[J.B. [illegible]

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Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil Free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

"20 YEARS YOUNG."

"I have had one of your Pens for over 20 years. It is as good to-day as the first day I got it. . . ."—P. KILGOUR, Esq., 124, Maryhill Road, Glasgow, N.W.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

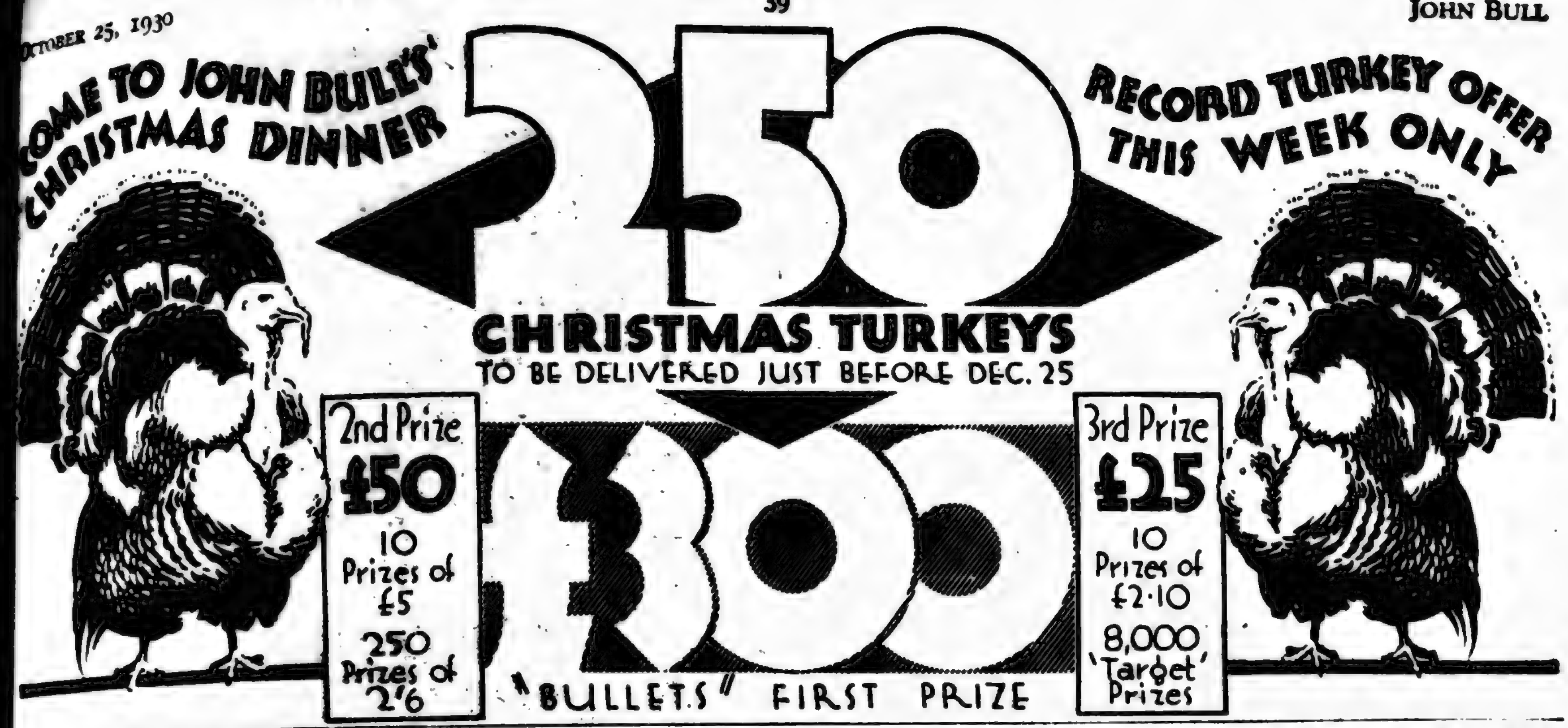
For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-

For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL)

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2


COME TO JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER
250
CHRISTMAS TURKEYS
TO BE DELIVERED JUST BEFORE DEC. 25
RECORD TURKEY OFFER THIS WEEK ONLY
2nd Prize £50 10 Prizes of £5 250 Prizes of 2'6
£300 "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE
3rd Prize £25 10 Prizes of £2·10 8,000 'Target' Prizes

NOW FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY!

CHRISTMAS is now only a few weeks ahead. Already JOHN BULL is busy with big preparations for his Christmas Party—and invitations to the first 250 guests are to be posted on Wednesday, November 19, as the result of this week's record Turkey Offer.

Our *Bullets* Christmas Turkeys are famous all over the country, and shortly before Christmas as many as 250 of this week's entrants will be discovering why—and congratulating themselves on such a seasonable success. You can be amongst them if you will but try.

Remember, as you settle down to a quiet half-hour on *Bullets* this evening, that even the £300 First Prize is well within your reach. You have simply to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on this page, and there is your completed *Bullet*. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* FIGHTING ADVERSITY, the added words UNMENTIONED IN EMIGRANT'S "DESPATCHES" would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Study the prize efforts below which have all secured substantial sums, and you will see exactly how to win the judges' approval.

"BULLETS" No. 776—£300 FIRST PRIZE.

Mr. Joseph Parsons, 34, Edrick Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware.
Example:—BOWING AND SCRAPING
Bullet:—"GETTING IN" COUNCIL HOUSE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. E. Hughes, 7, Lloyd's Terrace, Merthyr Tydfil.
Example.—Mountains Of Work
Bullet.—On Empire's "Round Table."

THIRD PRIZE OF £80:

Mr. S. Taylor, 1, Brook Street, Huddersfield.
Example.—Long Way To Go.
Bullet.—Long Way We're Going.

OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS:

£70: W. E. MITCHELL, 10, Roderick Road, Birmingham.
[illegible] "Provided That—" Pro-[illegible]

£60: W. MARSHALL, 67, Mount Pleasant, Barrow-in-Furness.
Britain's Trouble—Wants Handling—Stop [illegible]

£50: C. LAMBERT, 4, Peter Street, Bradford.
Let To The World—"Masterpiece"—Editor So Stupid.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£40: A. COSTER, 17, Spenlow Street, Limehouse, London.
It Costs Nothing, Yet — "Good Man!" Betters Man.

£30: Mrs. K. LOVELOCK, 24, West Mills, Newbury, Berks.
Long Way To Go—When Longing Without Go.

£20: A. J. JACOB, Lyminge, Kent.
Nothing Daunted — "Licking" Didn't Seal Fate.

£10: C. YOUNG, 46, Hindle Street, Darwen, Lancs.
Girl I'm Waiting For—"Good Mixer"—In Kitchen.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

G. BIRD, Nelson Tea Rooms, 197, Springfield Road, Chelmsford.
Girl I'm Waiting For — *One* Score And *Tender*.

A. FILTNESS, 88, Lansdowne Road, E.
Torn With Emotion—Carefully—Hamlet's "Hair" Hired.

Mrs. E. GLUE, 27, Bush Street, Pembroke Dock.
In Record Time—Eventually Racing *World Round*.

P. HARDWICK, 1, Britannia Street, Leicester.
Ready For A Fight—Or World "Drops" You.

L/Cpl. W. JANES, R.A.S.C., Clayton Bks., Aldershot.
Long Way To Go—Woman, Despite Amy's Flight.

A. S. KITCHENER, 1, Springhead Terrace, Loftus, Yorks.
Accusing Finger—Inebriated Hubby's Hat-peg.

D. E. LAINE, The White House, Slindon, nr. Arundel.
Obviously — "Hush" Policy Produces "Whisper."

A. K. REASON, 10, Heywood Road, Polefield, Prestwich.
Britain's Trouble—Everybody's "Sifting"—Nobody's Shifting.

J. B. SMART, 3, Fairfield Avenue, Staines.
In Wonderland—Official—"What Beautiful Pigeon-holes!"

Miss J. WHITEFORD, Cruinart Village, Islay, N.B.
Britain's Trouble — "Blowing About" Won't "Scatter."

A list of 50 10/- and 500 2/6 prize-winners in "Bullet's" Competition No. 776 can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

"Examples" for Competition No. 780.

Light Of Wisdom—On Every Hand—Blessing To Man—Lower Wages—What's Wrong With Youth—Like A Conjurer—Stinging—Hush-hush Policy—Filling The Gap—Decidedly—When Government Acts—Lady Magistrate—Means Nothing—As The Law Stands—Test Of Endurance—No Women—Troublesome—At The Start—Damped His Ardour—Burning Money—Price Of Progress—From Behind—Heart-to-heart Talk—She Gave One Look And—Defied—Forlorn Hope—Later In Life—Independence—Heated Controversy—Nursing His Job—Not Shouting—Home's Like Heaven If.

(Closing Saturday, November 8.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 779

FIGHTING ADVERSITY
QUESTION FOR RAMSAY
HITTING THE CONSUMER
SHABBY TREATMENT
A LOVE THIEF
TRAGIC RESULT
NOBODY WOULD NOTICE IF
DECLINING
FEEDING THE CHILDREN
MONEY IN POCKET
TAKING
PAINFUL DUTY
THE CHANCES ARE
FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED
THIRSTING FOR REFORM
ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
WHY HE'S BUSY
A DEATH BLOW
PRIZES OF LIFE
FEELING SORE
WHEN WE LOSE
IT'S VERY FUNNY, BUT
WHATEVER SHE SAYS
UNFIT
STRIKING CHANGE
BETTER THAN NOTHING
FAIR PLAY'S A JEWEL
START TO-DAY AND
ALL HER OWN
FORGETTING THE RULES
MAN WHO'S JUST
IS LIVING CHEAPER?

Example ____________________ Closing SAT. Nov. 1
Bullet ____________________
Example ____________________
Bullet ____________________
(779) P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Example ____________________ Closing SAT. Nov. 1
Bullet ____________________
Example ____________________
Bullet ____________________
(779) P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example ____________________ Closing SAT. Nov. 1
Bullet ____________________
Example ____________________
Bullet ____________________
(779) P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Example ____________________ Closing SAT. Nov. 1
Bullet ____________________
Example ____________________
Bullet ____________________
(779) P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 779, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 776 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. Hill, 118, Albert Road, Southsea.

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Or, better still, make sure of the next 12 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address :—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

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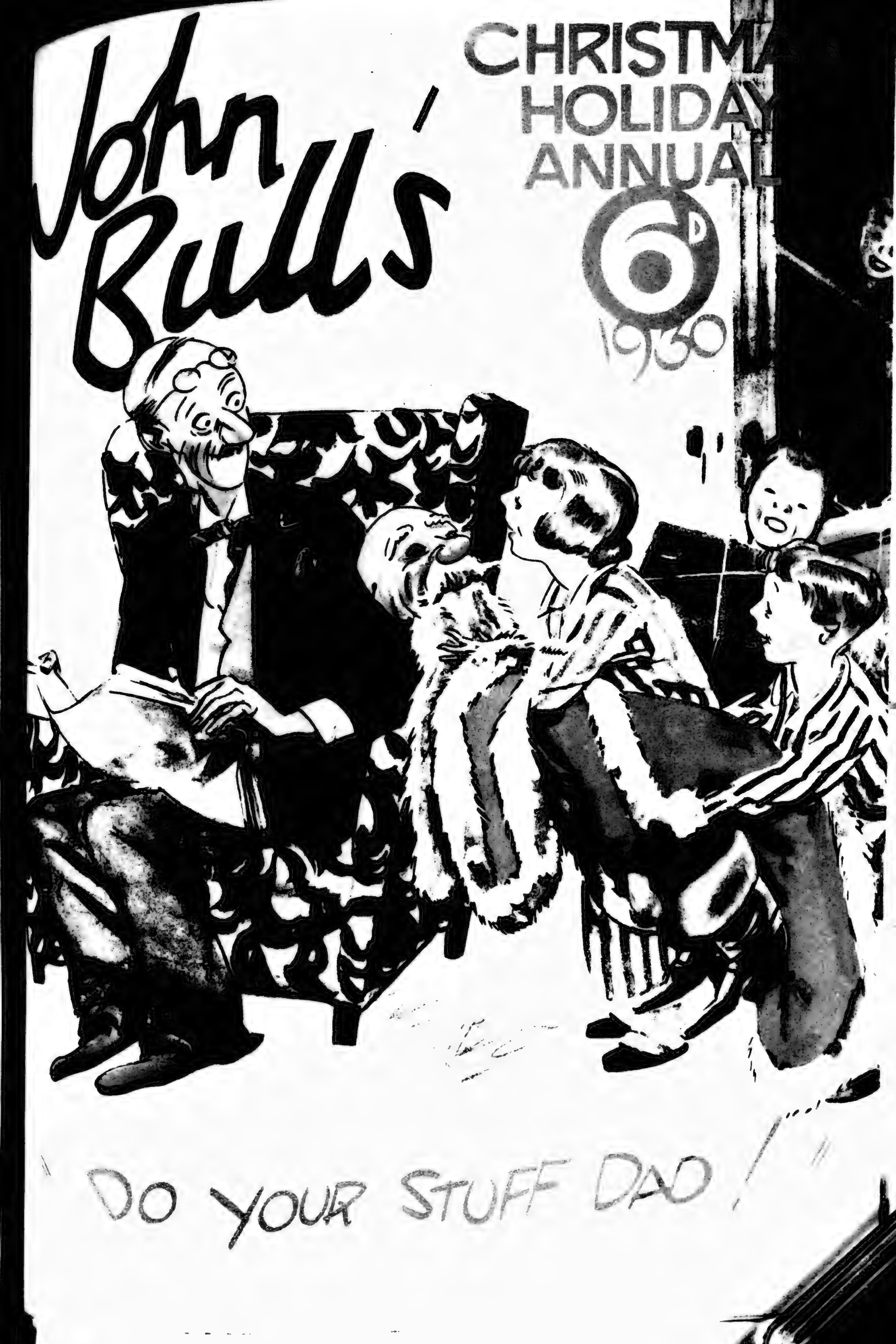

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TOILET SOAP DE LUXE
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Tablet 1/4, box of three tablets 3/9

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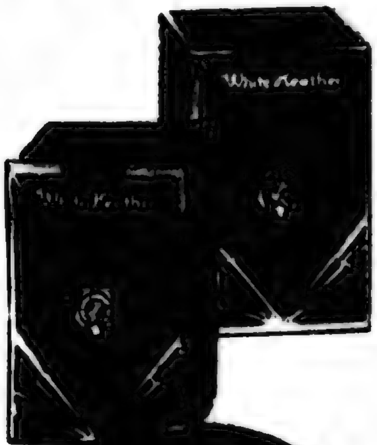
BATH CRYSTAL TABLETS
3d. each,
box of twelve 2/9



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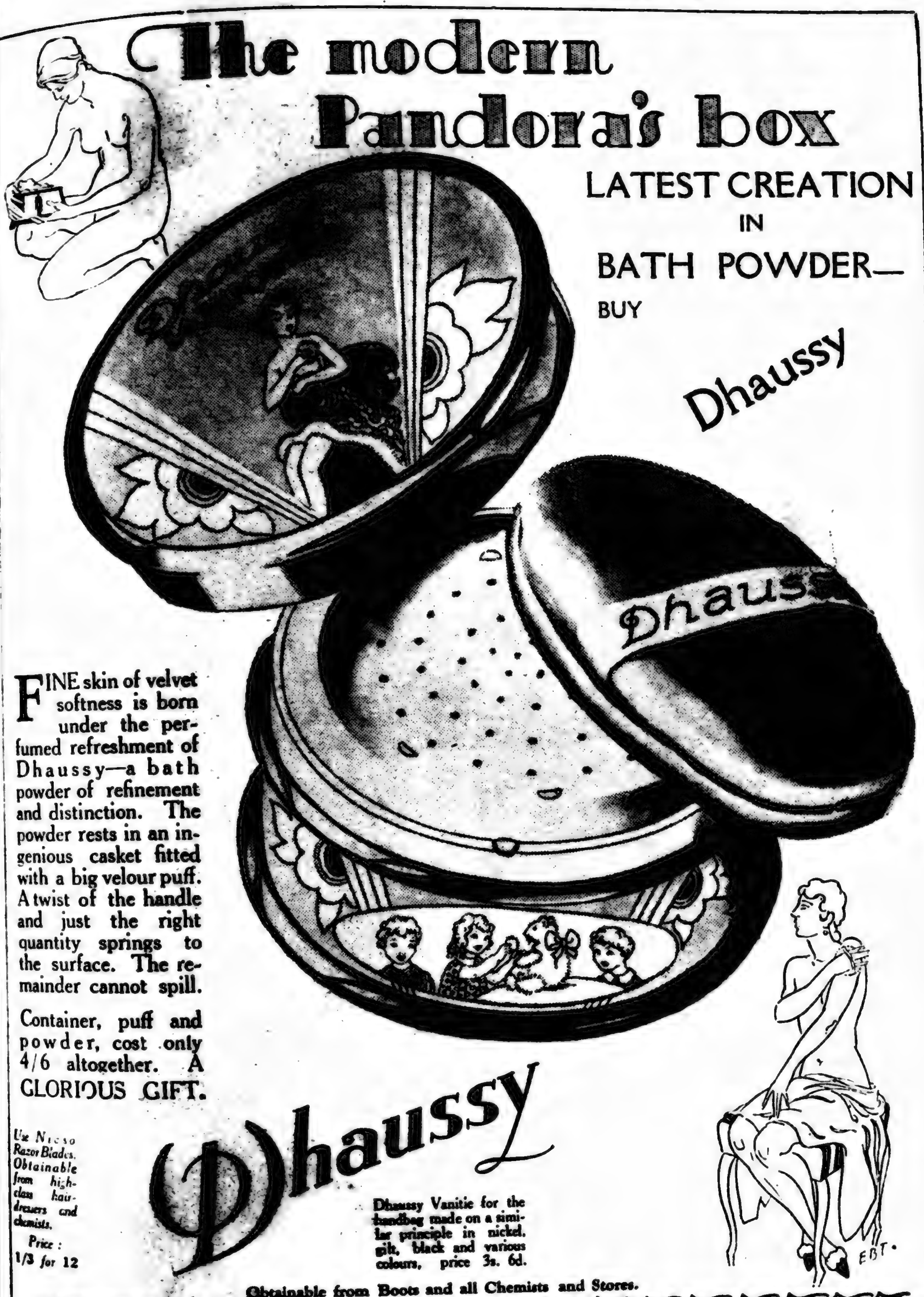

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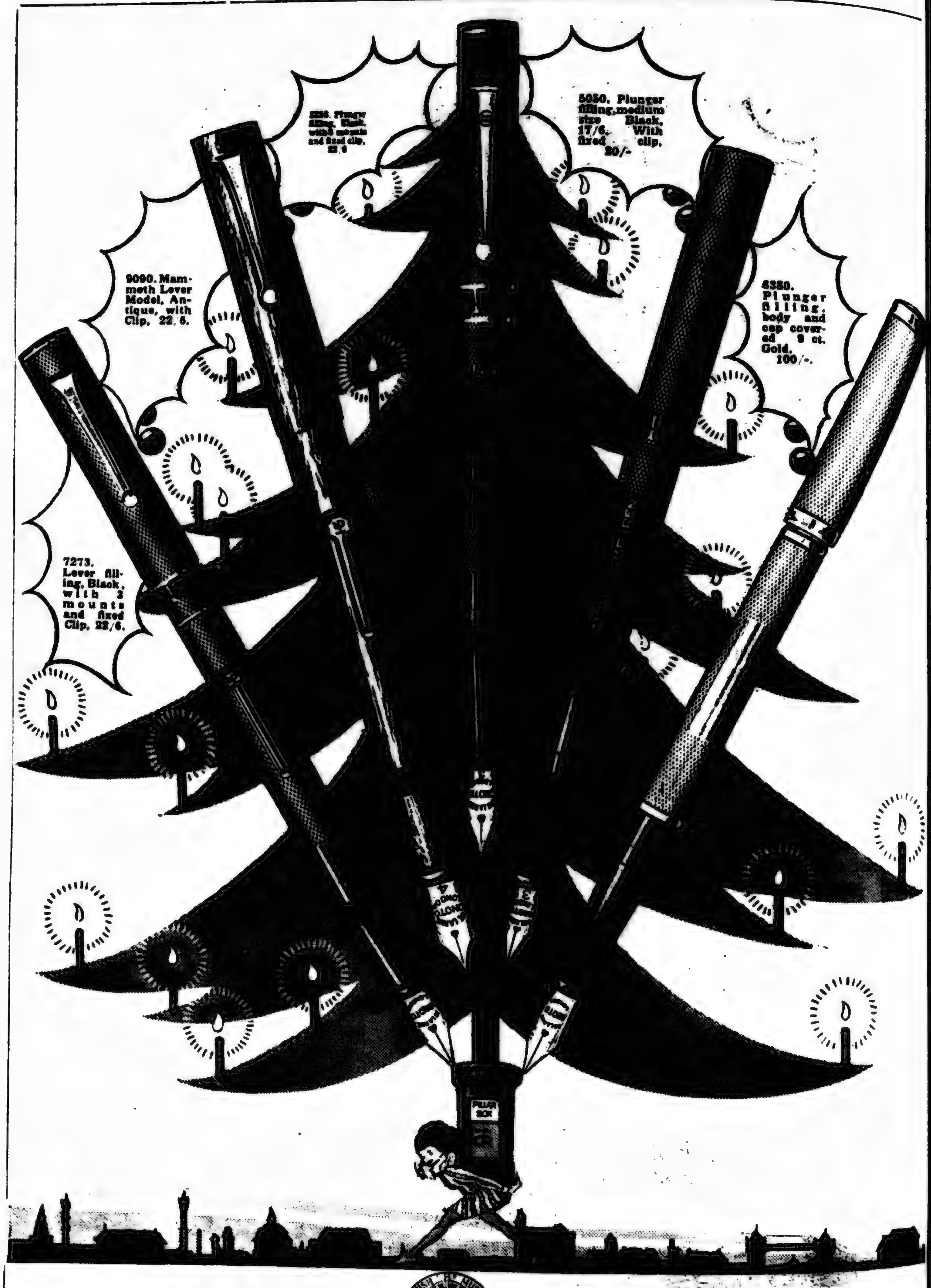
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5050. Plunger filling, medium size Black, 17/6. With fixed clip, 20/-
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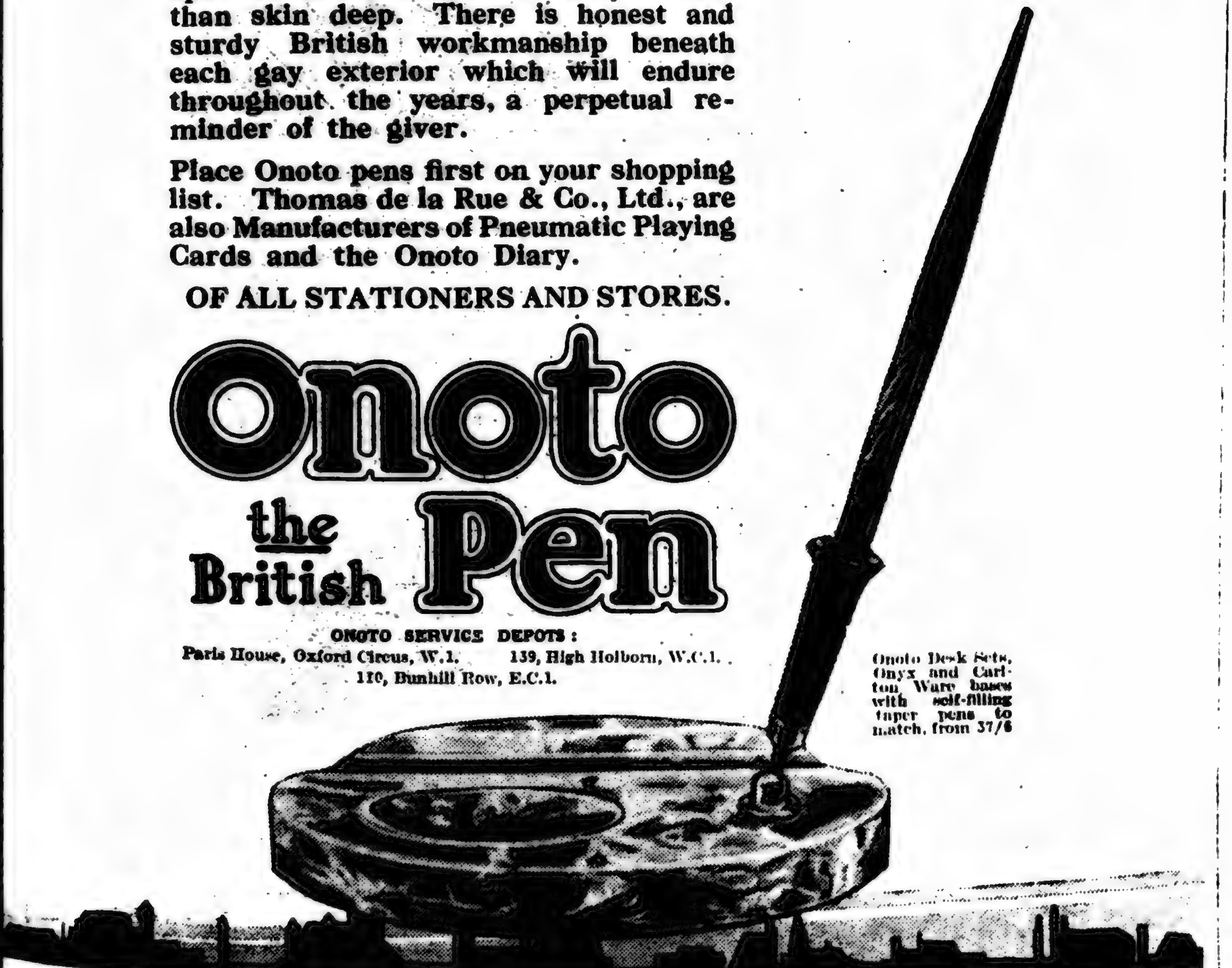
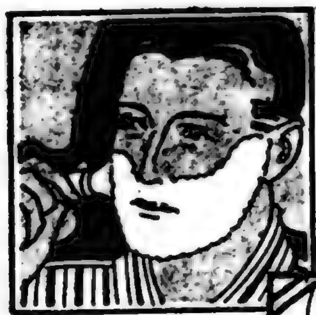
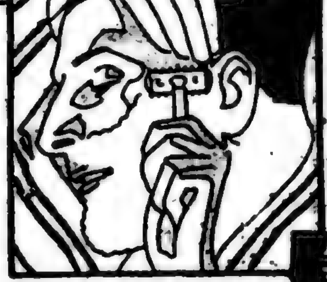


Shaving is easy if you follow these 5 simple rules



1. Lather the beard thoroughly, using hot water if possible, for at least two minutes. The longer you devote to lathering the smoother your shave will be



2. Place the razor against the temple at the angle it naturally takes (the Gillette is the only razor so constructed that you automatically hold it in the correct position) Hold the razor still and draw the skin with your other hand upwards and away from the razor

SHAVING *should* be an enjoyable habit; many men unfortunately fail to find it so While taking every care, every precaution, they are all too often disappointed in their shave—merely because they do not know the right way to set about it

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This method has been embodied in the five simple rules listed here Follow them rigidly and you will never be disappointed—they are an infallible guide to a clean, soothing, satisfying shave.

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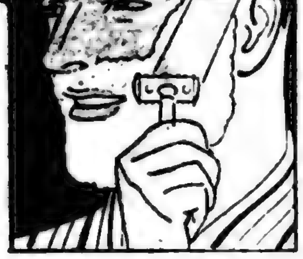
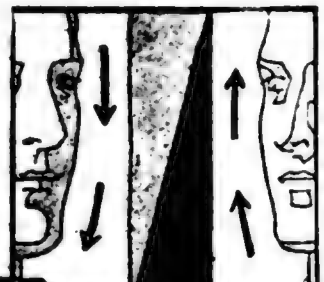
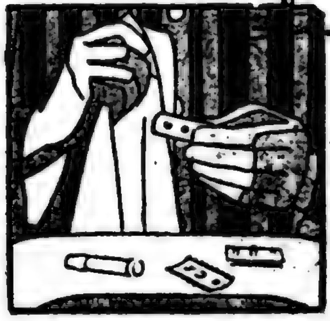


3. In shaving the rest of the face, hold the razor diagonally (resting it against the face in the natural position).



4. The first time you go over the face, stroke *with* the growth of the beard, the second time against it. (The beard normally grows downwards on the cheek and the chin and under the chin, and upwards on the neck.)



5. Clean the razor by loosening the screwhandle and holding the razor under the hot water tap. Dry each part separately.

Gillette

BLADES Gillette

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Satisfaction or Money Back.
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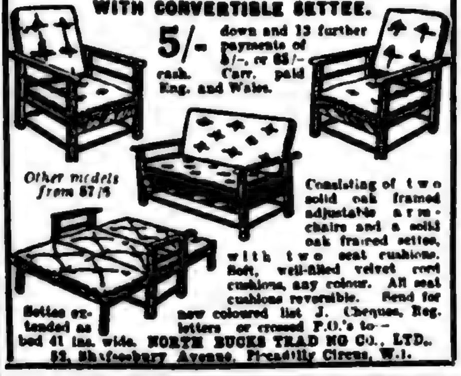

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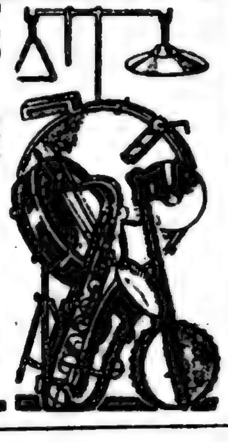

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1/- DOWN

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Yeast-Vite Relieves

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John Bull's CHRISTMAS ANNUAL 1930

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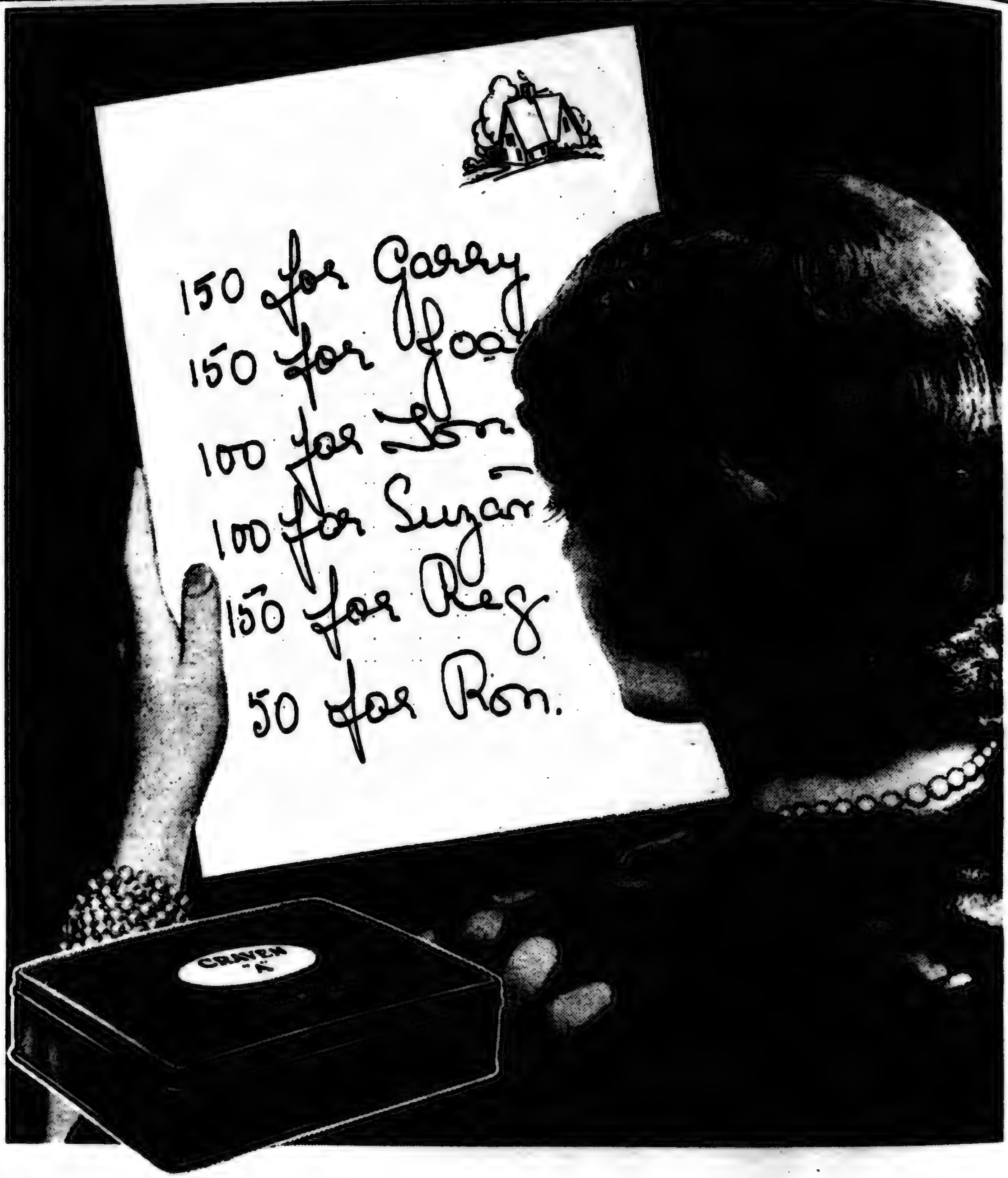
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CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

LIFE'S like a Christmas cracker,
There's not the slightest doubt
of it;
The thing that matters in the end
Is—pulling together with a friend,
And not what you get out of it!

* * *

A MEDICAL authority contends that kissing should be abolished *in toto*. But not in mistle-*toto*.

* * *

THE present craze for slimming cannot be too severely condemned. What should we do if the turkeys heard about it?

* * *

"THE best thing you could do to some Christmas presents," says a cynic, "would be to set them alight." But not Christmas cigars.

* * *

IF you want ideas for decorating a Christmas tree, just look at Father when Mother brings him home from the Christmas shopping.

* * *

AN archæologist has discovered remains of a tribe, capable of writing, but of very small intellect. Probably the original authors of Christmas card lyrics.

* * *

"WHAT'S wrong with the Party system?" asks a political journalist. My young nephew says the one drawback is that you can cram only twenty or thirty into one Christmas holiday.

* * *

AN enterprising music firm advertises novel musical instruments to make Christmas parties go: but the old-fashioned drumstick will still remain a firm favourite.

* * *

STYLES in gentlemen's waistcoats are to be severe this season; but I fear the Christmas robin will be just as flashily over-smart as ever.

* * *

GIVE your dustman a generous Christmas-box. If you don't, he will probably leave all Aunt Agatha's presents on the dustbin for her to see when she calls on New Year's Day.

IT is unkind to pour cold water on the efforts of the waits. Especially if you do it with a large jug from a high window.

* * *

THE Christmas spirit is the thing
For which we all are yearning,
And that same spirit's at its best
On a Christmas pudding, burning!

* * *

"SUPERCILIOUS moderns," says a novelist, "feel themselves above the old-fashioned Christmas dinner." But we ordinary folk are happy enough to be just outside it.

* * *

GEORGE ne'er admired Belinda;
His pulse she could not stir;
But when she took him skating—
Oh, how he fell for her!

* * *

AN educationist complains that young people never seem to aim at dignity nowadays; but I hope small boys will always get a thrill at the sight of a snowball and a top hat.

* * *

HEAVY-WEIGHT pugilists are said to view with great repugnance the fact that one day in the year is still called Boxing Day.

CHRISTMAS presents are often sent to favourite animals in the Zoo. It must be fun in the stores asking for "a nice collar-box. Suitable for a giraffe, please. . . ."

* * *

"WHAT," asks a musical paper, "should we do without our carols?" One small Balkan state could manage quite nicely.

* * *

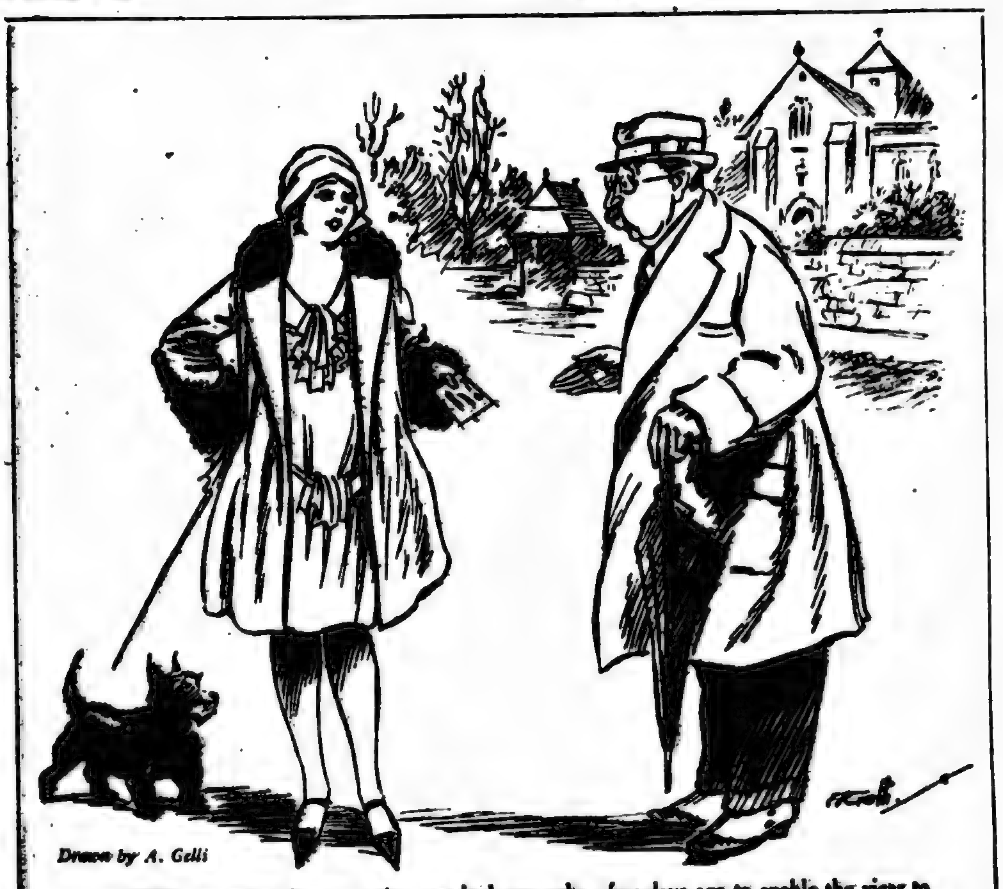
THOUGH Auntie was afraid that some of the pantomime jokes might be unsuitable for Little Arthur to hear, Uncle laughed so loudly at them that the dear child never heard anything.

* * *

"PRESENTS," says a seasonable article, "should be returnable if unsuitable." But I doubt if the Income Tax Collector would be grateful if you sent him his Demand Notes back with thanks.

* * *

SING ho for Christmas jollity,
For laughter and frivolity;
We can't be always solemn sages!
Here's quip and jest and honest mirth
And good will, circling round the earth—
You'll find them in the following
pages . . .



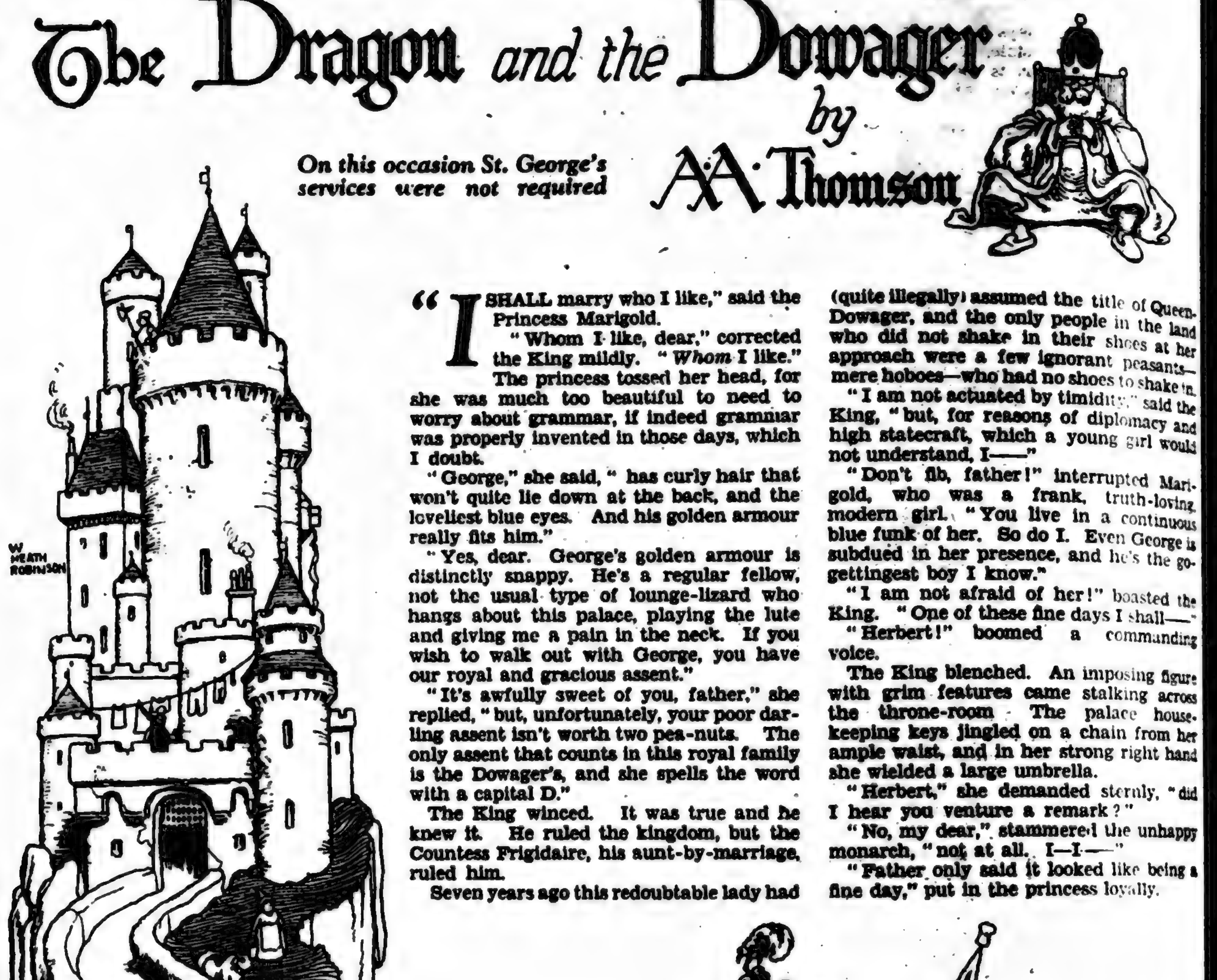
Drawn by A. Gelli

"What—another bazaar—why, you had one only a few days ago to enable the vicar to go on a holiday."
"Oh, yes. Well this is to enable the vicar to—er—come home again."

The Dragon and the Dowager

by A. A. Thomson

On this occasion St. George's services were not required



"I SHALL marry who I like," said the Princess Marigold.

"Whom I like, dear," corrected the King mildly. "*Whom* I like."

The princess tossed her head, for she was much too beautiful to need to worry about grammar, if indeed grammar was properly invented in those days, which I doubt.

"George," she said, "has curly hair that won't quite lie down at the back, and the loveliest blue eyes. And his golden armour really fits him."

"Yes, dear. George's golden armour is distinctly snappy. He's a regular fellow, not the usual type of lounge-lizard who hangs about this palace, playing the lute and giving me a pain in the neck. If you wish to walk out with George, you have our royal and gracious assent."

"It's awfully sweet of you, father," she replied, "but, unfortunately, your poor darling assent isn't worth two pea-nuts. The only assent that counts in this royal family is the Dowager's, and she spells the word with a capital D."

The King winced. It was true and he knew it. He ruled the kingdom, but the Countess Frigidaire, his aunt-by-marriage, ruled him.

Seven years ago this redoubtable lady had (quite illegally) assumed the title of Queen-Dowager, and the only people in the land who did not shake in their shoes at her approach were a few ignorant peasants—mere hoboes—who had no shoes to shake in.

"I am not actuated by timidity," said the King, "but, for reasons of diplomacy and high statecraft, which a young girl would not understand, I——"

"Don't fib, father!" interrupted Marigold, who was a frank, truth-loving modern girl. "You live in a continuous blue funk of her. So do I. Even George is subdued in her presence, and he's the go-gettingest boy I know."

"I am not afraid of her!" boasted the King. "One of these fine days I shall——"

"Herbert!" boomed a commanding voice.

The King blenched. An imposing figure with grim features came stalking across the throne-room. The palace housekeeping keys jingled on a chain from her ample waist, and in her strong right hand she wielded a large umbrella.

"Herbert," she demanded sternly, "did I hear you venture a remark?"

"No, my dear," stammered the unhappy monarch, "not at all. I—I——"

"Father only said it looked like being a fine day," put in the princess loyally.

The Dowager turned a baleful eye on Marigold.

"In my young days," she observed, "princesses were visible, but inaudible. What the modern girl is coming to I do not know. Go to your turret-chamber immediately."

"Yes, Aunt Frigidaire," said Marigold meekly.

Obediently she tripped away.

"And now for business of State," said the Dowager, flourishing a sheaf of papers. "Here is an order for your signature, commanding the execution of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I dislike his moustache."

"I will sign it gladly," said the King.

"Also an order cutting down the palace butter-rations."

"Er . . . hum," hesitated the King, for, like all potentates of the period, he did like a little bit of butter with his bread.

"Sign, please," said the Dowager. "Along the dotted line," said the Dowager, with menace in her voice.

"Oh, certainly, my dear, certainly."

"And now," said the Dowager, "we come to a small matter which had better be settled at once. As you are aware, a dragon has been parking on the edge of the forest for the past three weeks."

"Er . . . hum," said the King.

"HE has sent a letter—a most delicate and tactful communication—requesting that the Princess Marigold should . . . walk that way on Christmas morning. Very nicely put, I thought."

"I shall not allow it," burst out the King indignantly.

"And pray why not? It is the usual custom. Dragons have always demanded princesses at Christmas."

"But I am very fond of Marigold. . . ."

"So are we all. A pert child, but we are fond of her. But etiquette, custom, immemorial tradition demand that she should . . . be unselfish in this matter. I admit it may be a trifle inconvenient for our dear Marigold, but we all have our trials. There are certain features of court etiquette which every débutante——"

"Court etiquette be blowed!" exclaimed the King.

"Who are you to trample on the most hallowed traditions of the country? Marigold must go!"

"But," he protested, "it will cast a gloom over the season's festivities."

"Have a heart, Herbert," argued the Dowager. "We must take the larger, broader view. We must think of others. Do we wish to cast a gloom over the dragon's . . . seasonable festivities? We do not. I have sketched out a letter, promising that our dear Marigold will be taking a walk at noon on Christmas morning on the edge of the forest. It merely awaits your signature."

"I'm dadblamed if I sign it!" shouted the King, stung to resistance. "I'm goshblarmed if I do!"

"You poor wet splash!" said the Dowager witheringly. "I'll sign it myself."

THE princess sat at her spinning-wheel in the turret-chamber, weeping softly. You cannot blame her. The modern girl is said to be cold, hard and unemotional, but the prospect of becoming the Christmas dinner of a dragon to whom you have never even been introduced, might well upset the bravest girl's emotions.

Suddenly she heard the sound of a cheerful whistle beneath her window. Rushing to her lattice, she perceived far below the form of a handsome young knight in golden armour, sitting astride a curvetting steed.

"George!" she cried, smiling through her tears.

"Darling!" George called up. (Even viewed in plan from that height, he was a good-looking lad, and that is something of a test. Try it, my dears, on your own Georges.)

"You have come," she murmured tremulously, "to say good-bye."

"Forget it, dearest," said George crisply. "Expunge that word from your refined vocabulary. You are coming away with me. And that right speedily."

"But the turret is high . . . high. . . ."

"High, high Ho, ho! Where's that skirt-hem the old besom—I mean Her Imperial Highness—has kept you working at for a week? And how long is it?"

"It's here, George dear. You know the fuss she makes about my skirts. There are yards and yards and yards of it."

"Goodho. Observe carefully enclosed instructions. Fix hither end to royal door-knob. Throw unattached portion out of window. Shin down same."

"Oh, George, I simply couldn't."

"Why not, brave heart? You were always a plucky kid."

"I'm not frightened of falling, but . . . my ankles will be . . . positively visible."

"Such is my love for you," said George daringly, "I am prepared to endure the risk."

Five minutes later they were locked in a rapturous embrace at the foot of the tower.

"There'll be an awful row about this," said Marigold.

"Let there," said George. "I have arranged with His Majesty—a good old scout, your guv'nor—to send a note to say that the time would be slightly altered, and that a certain lady would take a walk on the edge of the forest at 5.30 p.m. on Christmas Eve."

"And I shan't be there," laughed Marigold.

"I never said you would," replied George thoughtfully. "I said, 'a certain lady.' . . Hop up behind, darling, and grab me tight."

And Marigold, who was a modern girl, knew all about pillion-riding and grabbing tight. The hooves of the curvetting steed struck sparks from the ice-bound road.

"Hey, hey!" carolled George.

"Whoopie!" crooned his lovely bride.

THE Dowager stared grimly at the strange missive in her hand.

"Honoured Madam," she read.

"Unaccustomed as I am to the practice of anonymous letter-writing, I feel you ought to know about King Herbert's carryings-on. I have unimpeachable evidence that His Majesty is a bit of a lad, a rip-snorter, a ONE.

"He has been seen drinking nettle-beer and exchanging airy badinage with the woodcutter's buxom daughter at the cottage on the edge of the forest. If you do not believe me, *walk that way at 5.30 on Christmas Eve*. You will get a surprise.

"Signed: A Sincere Friend and Well-wisher."

"Oh!" said the Dowager. "Ah!" said the Dowager. "I always suspected it," said the Dowager, and gripped her umbrella.

At five-thirty precisely she marched along the road towards the woodcutter's hut. At the same moment the dragon emerged (by appointment) from the edge of the forest.

The dragon looked at the Dowager. The dragon smiled a broad, pleasant, anticipatory smile. . . .

ALL good fairy tales should end happily.

And yet . . .

Oh, you needn't worry about George and the princess. They were all right. As they were married at a register office they received practically no wedding presents, and their married life, unclouded from the start by hideous chair-covers, umbrella-stands and hall-barometers, was one long honeymoon. I am thinking of the dragon.

At six o'clock the Dowager marched grimly back into the palace-yard, dragging behind her at the end of her key-chain a large, sulky, dazed, cowed and pathetically submissive dragon.

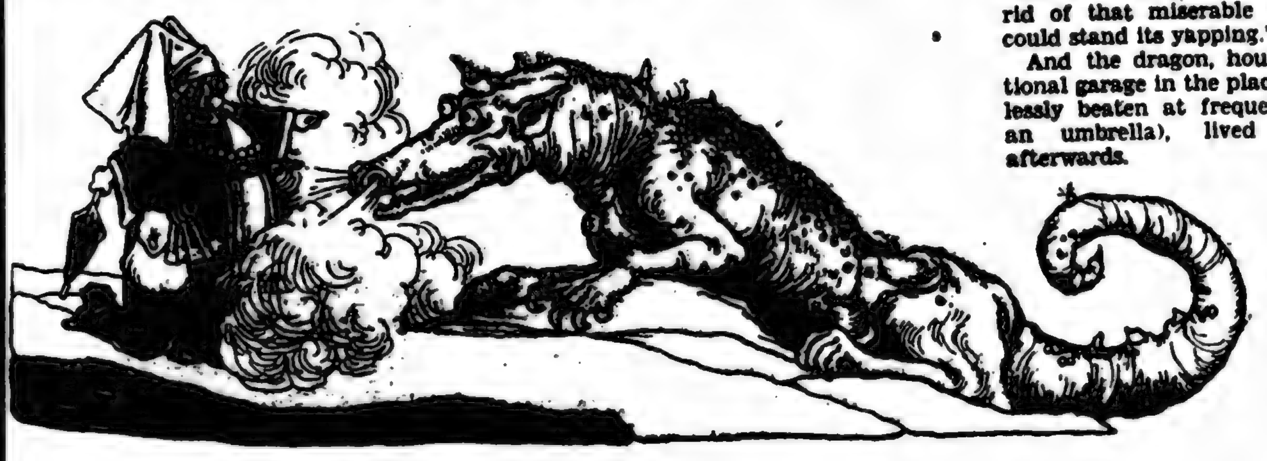
"Ugh, you brute!" she said, dealing him a smashing blow on the nose with her umbrella. "Lie down, sir!"

Miserably the dragon slunk into a corner of the courtyard. He had swallowed whole many a knight in armour, but in character, determination and ferocity, he was no match for the Dowager.

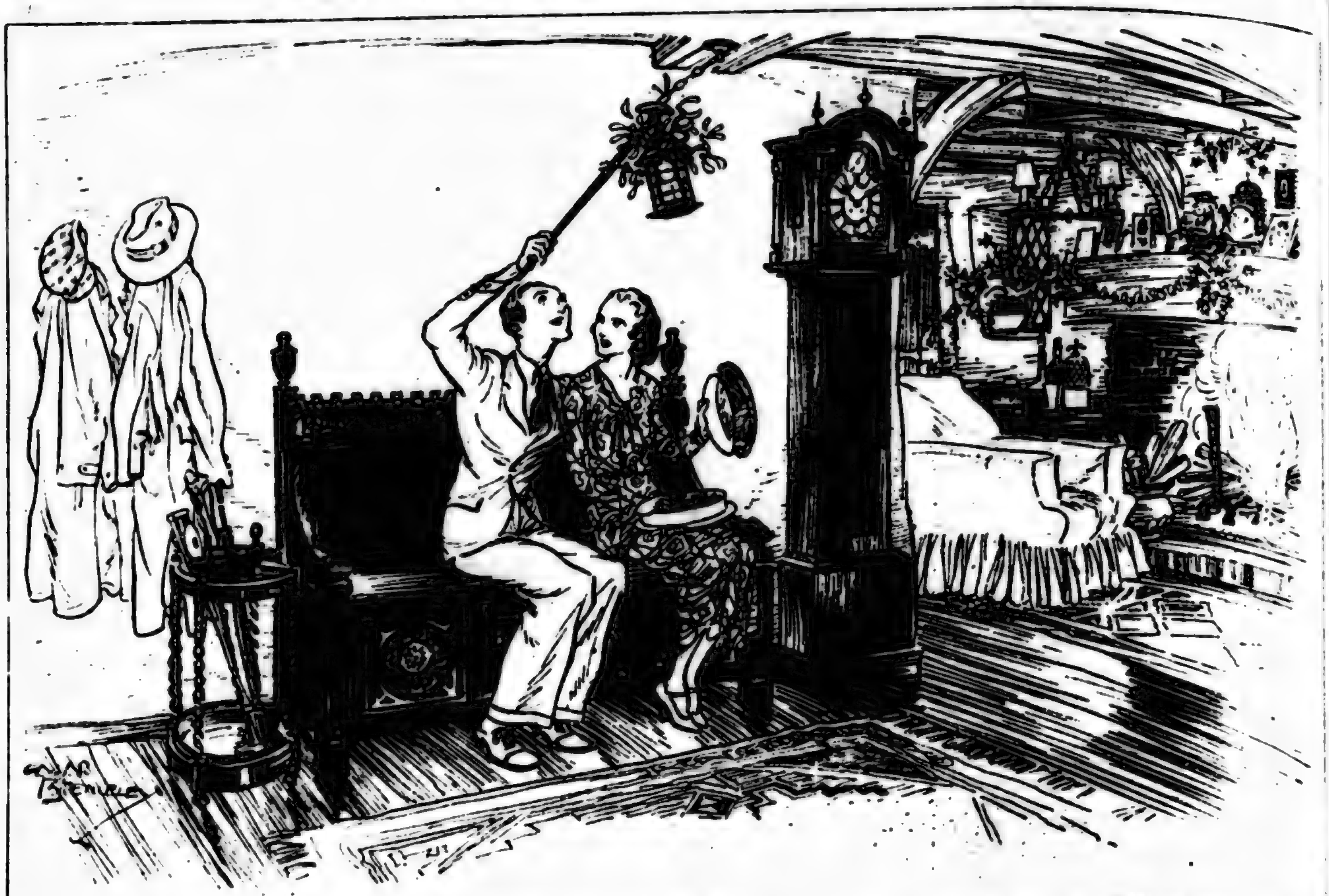
"Where have you been, my dear?" asked the King mildly.

"I've just picked up a new watchdog," said the Dowager. "We'll be able to get rid of that miserable mastiff. I never could stand its yapping."

And the dragon, housed in a long sectional garage in the place-yard, and mercilessly beaten at frequent intervals (with an umbrella), lived unhappily ever afterwards.

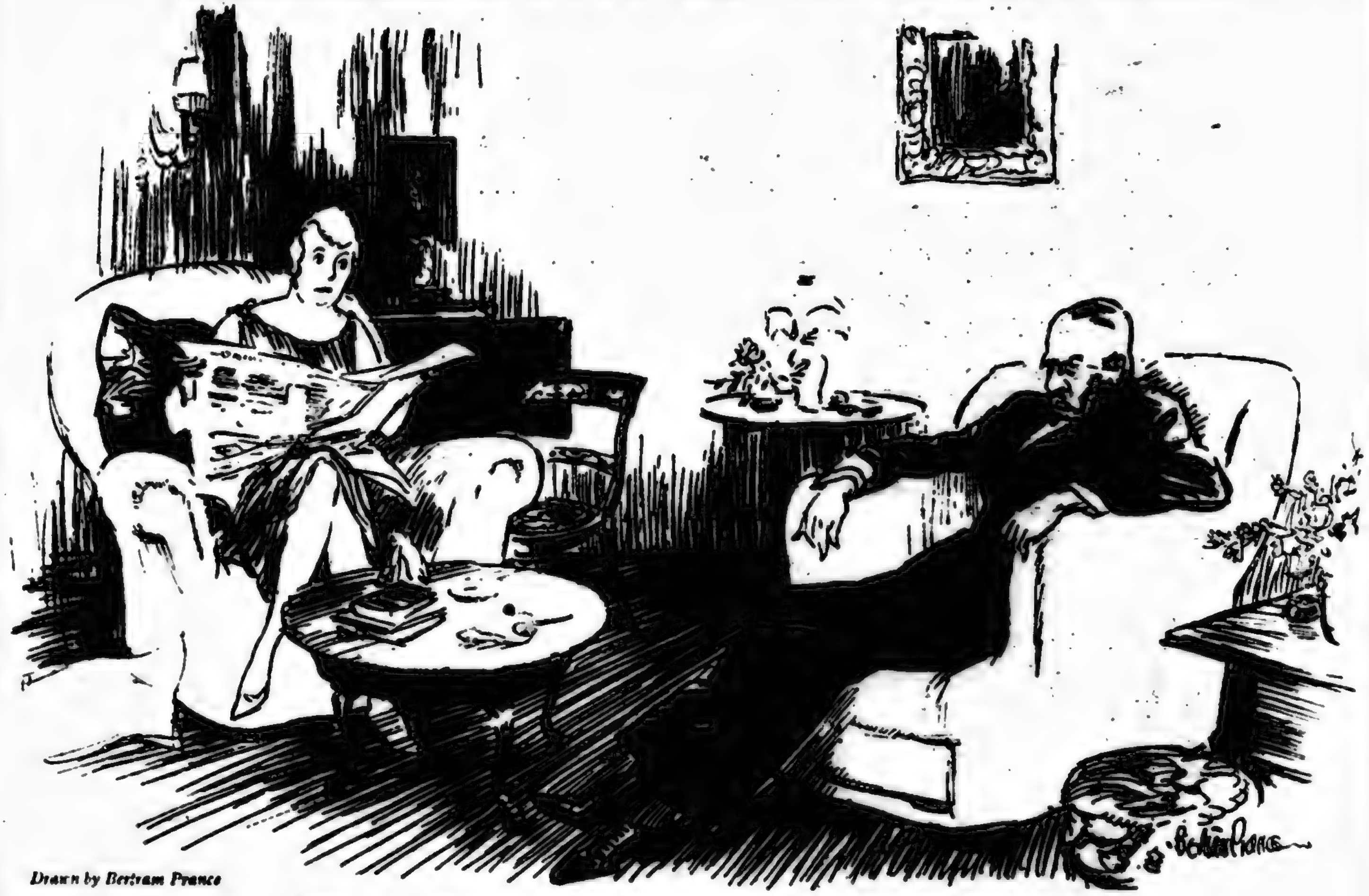


The Dragon looked at the Dowager. The Dragon smiled a broad anticipatory smile



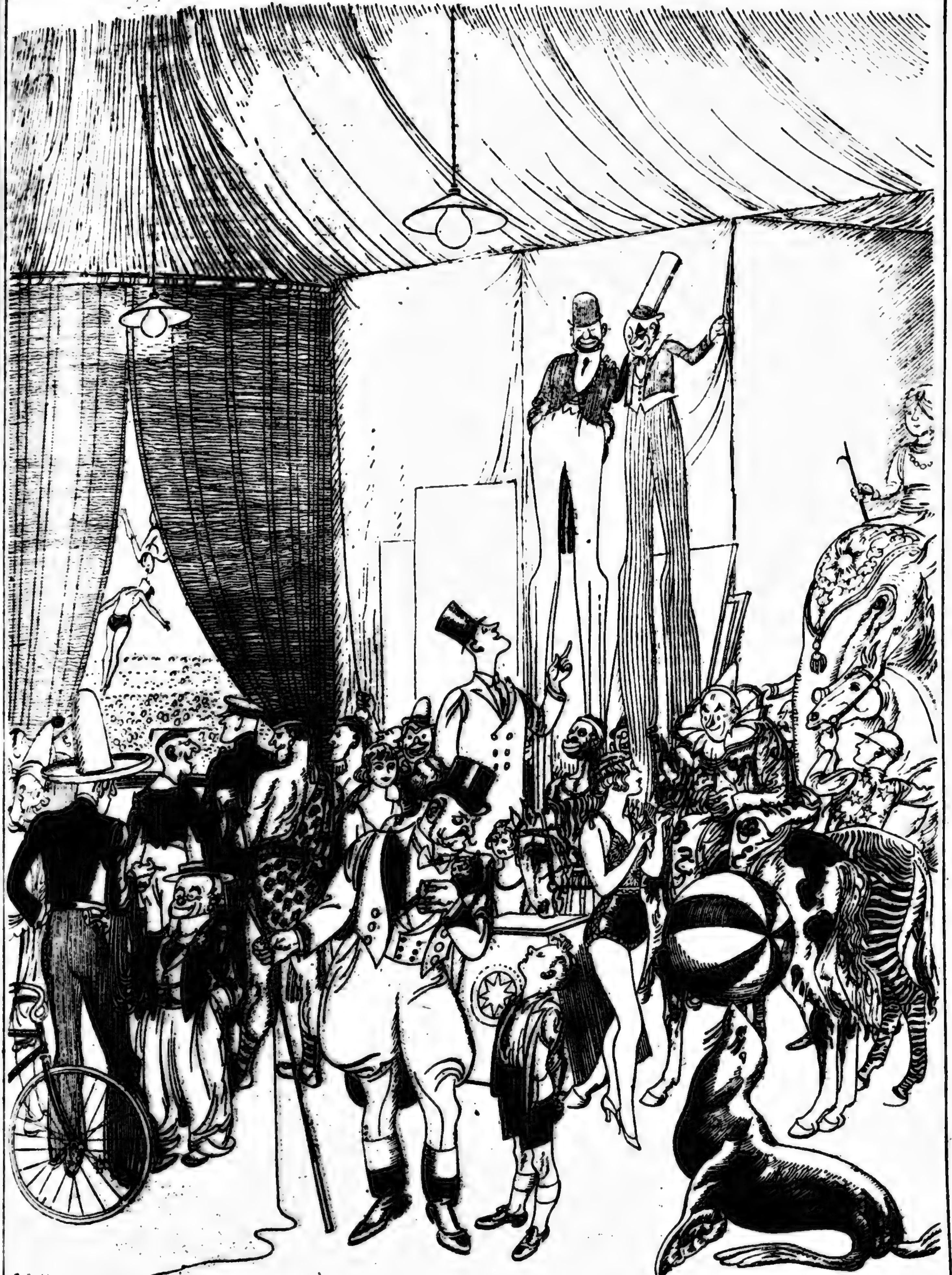
Drawn by Edgar Spenceley

"I say, Gladys, this walking-stick you gave me for Christmas is going to be jolly useful."



Drawn by Bertram Prance

WIFE: "Nearly two million unemployed! Would you believe it?"
HUSBAND: "I would. We've had 'em all here singing carols!"



Drawn by A. C. Barrell

CIRCUS PROPRIETOR'S SON: "Dad, can I have sixpence to go to the pictures?"

CHANGE OF HUGH

ASHLEY STERNE

From brown to grey, from auburn to austere

FOR a long time Hugh Huish-Hughes, the rising young barrister (or rising young anything else you like—it makes no difference to the story), had worshipped Milly Melhuish-Mills, the popular young actress (or you may make her a popular young laundress if you prefer it—it doesn't matter a hang), from afar.

He had, in other words, fallen in love with her photograph—a snapshot in the *Daily Horror*, taken at the Crystal Palace one Cat Show day.

"Miss Milly Melhuish-Mills with Moggie. Reading from left to right: Miss M. M.-Mills, Moggie."

Often had he sought her—in crowds, in theatres, in pubs, in police-stations, in Turkish baths—everywhere he frequented, in short, yet without success. He asked everybody he was acquainted with if they knew Milly, but only to receive the same reply from all:

"Thanks, but I've already bought that one! You want me to ask 'Milly who?' and then you'll reply 'Roland Butter.'"

Then, after years of fruitless inquiry and search, Fate took one of those peculiar turns for which it is so justly celebrated. Hugh received an invitation to spend Christmas with a distant relative, an obscure second cousin twice removed—once in a strait-waistcoat and once in a Black Maria.

He had made a fortune bootlegging turpentine, with whisky labels, in the States, and had come back to leave his bones and his bunce in the dear homeland. He had bought a seat in Northumberland, and every Christmas he went and sat in it, complete with family and a comprehensive but select house-party.

HUGH had never visited there before, and consequently knew nothing of the history of Moldeigh Manor. Had he done so, it is more than likely that he would never have journeyed there at this particular Christmastide, and hence more than likely that this particular story would never have been written, greatly to the impoverishment of English Literature.

But happily for all concerned, he *did* go, in blissful ignorance of the fact that Moldeigh Manor boasted a ghost.

Of splendid courage in all other respects, Hugh was an arrant coward over ghosts. To encounter an apparition was the one dread he had, and so, had he known that Moaning Mona was wont to walk the dark patches of his cousin's seat at Christmastide, wild horses couldn't have dragged him there. Nor wild Fords either.

Hugh arrived on Christmas Eve, just before dinner. He would. He was just that sort of chap.

His cousin greeted him effusively, presented him to his wife (whom he had never met before)—an elderly and adipose lady with a positive staircase of multiple chins—and his two daughters, Effie and Babs, aged 1½ and 47 respectively, and then to the various members of his numerous house-party.

The last of these proved to be a perfect specimen of beautiful English girlhood, who entered the lounge-hall just as the other introductions had been completed.

To Hugh's utter astonishment, delight, satisfaction, and several other emotions whose names I cannot recall at the moment, she proved to be none other than the girl of his dreams—the girl of his waking thoughts—the girl of his sober consciousness—the girl of his alcoholic visions!

"My cousin, Mr. Hugh Huish-Hughes—Miss Milly Melhuish-Mills!"

"D'you know," Hugh began, "I'm thrilled to the marrow at meeting you. I—I—Look here! Let's sit down somewhere. I've something to tell you."

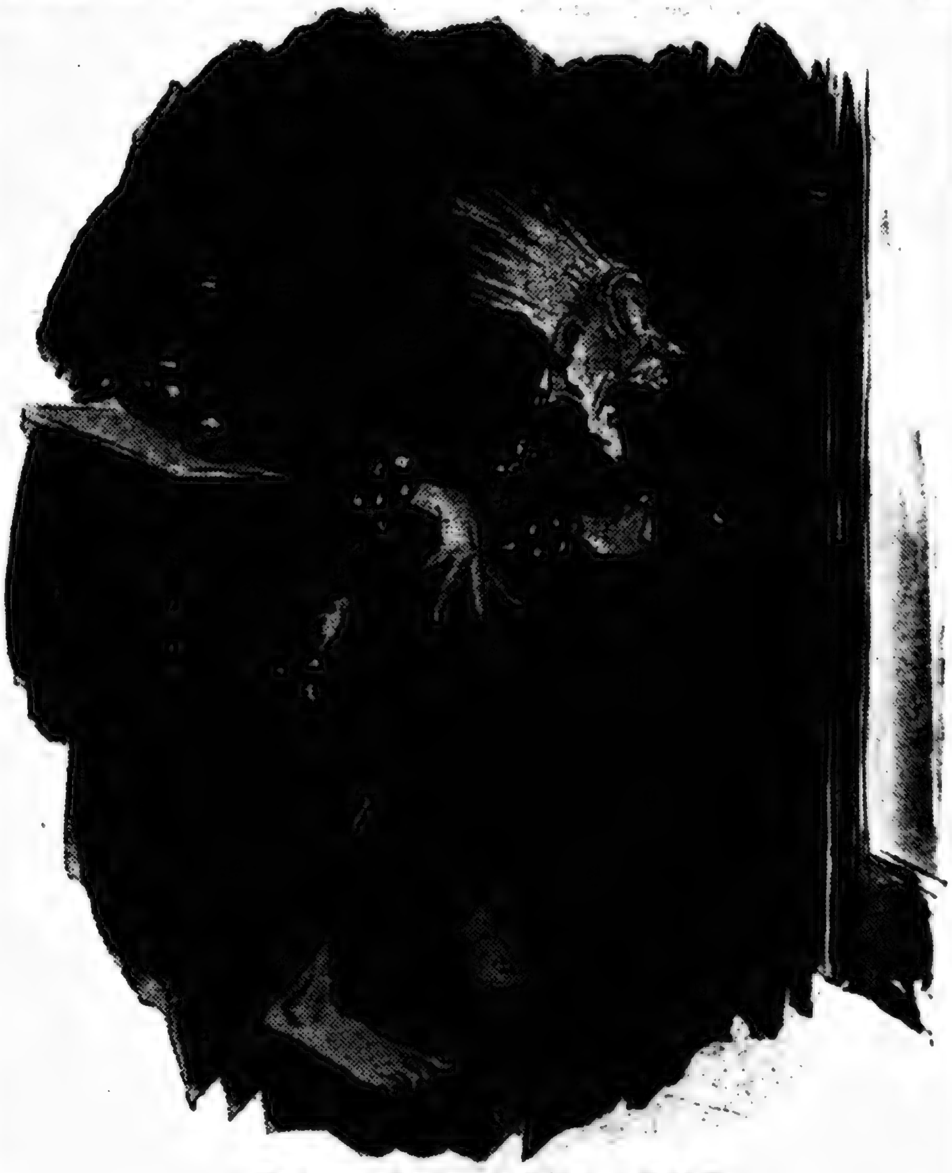
Seating himself beside her, he forthwith related how he'd first seen her dial in the *Daily Horror*, and ever since worshipped her from afar; how her image had been ever before him; how he had sought and inquired for her everywhere; and how, having crashed into her at last, he was more than ever convinced that she was the only girl in the world for him, and—well, how did she feel about it, anyway?

The upshot of the matter was that before the dinner-gong had ceased to reverberate they had pledged their troth. Hugh could hardly believe his good luck.

"What I don't understand," he murmured, as they sat side by side at their host's cheery sit-as-you-please mahogany, "and what seems all too good to be true, is that you, at first sight, should have felt towards me the same as I felt towards you. Can you explain it?"

"IT was your hair," the girl replied, "your wonderful head of auburn hair, and your wonderful head of auburn beard!"

(I don't think I've mentioned this before. I should have stated previously that Hugh's



Hugh managed to totter to the door and open it cranial equipment was a sort of superior Struwwelpeter growth of a lovely beef-gravy tint, and that he sported one of those dinky little Chelsea beards which so closely resemble the tuft on a coconut.)

"Really!" exclaimed Hugh, delighted. "D'you know, I'm rather vain of my hair. I'll give you a bit, if you would care to have it, to wear next your heart or something."

"Thank you," said the girl gratefully. "I should be tickled to death."

"Sweet auburn, loveliest pillage of the plain!" sang the poet. But what would he have sung if he had seen Hugh's hostess put away twelve large mince-pies in a somewhat belated endeavour to ensure for herself twelve months of unalloyed happiness?

THAT night Hugh started up in bed in a cold sweat of terror. Before retiring, his cousin had tactlessly told him all about the manorial ghost, and Hugh had gone to his room with his teeth chattering like a barrowload of monkeys.

From an uneasy doze he had been aroused by faint but heartrending moans emanating from the corridor. Obviously Moaning Mona was meandering as per schedule, and at the thought the unhappy man was well-nigh beside himself with pitiable funk.

Yet, strange to say, as the moans became louder and nearer, an irresistible impulse to see the phantom temporarily overmastered his fright, and dragging his tremulant body from the bed he managed to totter to the door and open it slightly.

There, directly passing, he saw the white wraith of a woman, wringing her hands, and uttering moans piteous enough to melt the Rock of Gibraltar.

With a supreme effort Hugh just managed to close the door and blot out the blood-curdling spectacle before nose-diving to the floor insensible, where next morning he still lay in a disorderly heap when the maid brought in his early tea.

She, too, nearly swooned at the sight; but not because of the collapsed form upon the carpet.

The thing that unnerved her was that the auburn-haired young man of the previous night had vanished, and an old man with bushy snow-white locks and shrubby snow-white beard had taken his place.

Yes, through sheer fright, Hugh's entire hirsute fittings had become bleached in a single night.

There was a painful scene enacted a little later when Hugh, after some frantic but abortive experiments on his hair with a bottle of Worcester sauce, had sought an interview in secret with Milly.

Despatching the maid with an urgent entreaty that Milly would meet him at once in the library, he had made his way thither *via* a back staircase, unseen by any of the household.

IT was a yawning and only half-awake Milly, wearing nothing but a dressing-gown and a look of intense annoyance, who entered the room. She uttered a little gasp of amazement on seeing what in her semi-conscious condition she took to be Father Christmas.

Hugh started to explain the reasons for his altered appearance; but Milly, who didn't believe in ghosts, attributed his behaviour to an overnight debauch from which he hadn't recovered, and nipped his speech in the exordium.

She called him a white-haired sepulchre. She bluntly accused him of lying down and dyeing for her. She stoutly averred he had deliberately stained his hair auburn to capture her young affections.

Hugh, realising at long last that any further attempt at explanation was futile, informed Milly tersely that he should return to his room on the plea of sudden illness—galloping gumboils, or something equally rapid of development—and take the earliest opportunity of leaving the house unobserved. All, he concluded bitterly, was over between them.

IT was as he lay upon the sofa in his bedroom, a prey to the most dismal thoughts, that voices in the corridor outside his door attracted his attention. It was the voice of Babs addressing her mother.

"Merry Christmas, Ma! But my! you look simply ghastly. What in the world's the matter with you?"

"Oh, my dear! I've spent the most dreadful night. I foolishly indulged in four over the eight last night at dinner. Mince-pies, I mean. And the subsequent abdominal agony I have suffered you wouldn't believe. I couldn't sleep for it. Even the bedspread afforded me no counter-pain, and in the middle of the night I had to get up and go down to the kitchen for some essence of ginger. But I'm all right again now."

Oh, what inexpressible relief filled Hugh's bosom as he overheard these comforting words! There had been *no* ghostly manifestation in the night, *no* Moaning Mona. All he had seen and heard was merely his poor, tortured hostess plodding her painful path to the palliating pimento in the pantry.

He sprang up from the sofa in his excitement, and in so doing caught sight of himself in the dressing-table mirror. For some moments he could not believe his senses, as he gazed at the phenomenal spectacle which confronted him.

Then he slowly realised the truth: that whereas fear had suddenly turned his hair from auburn to white, ease of mind had equally suddenly turned it from white to auburn again.

A minute later——

"Merry Christmas, everybody!" cried Hugh, as he exuberantly entered the breakfast-room, and, spying a vacant chair beside Miss Milly Melhuish-Mills, dropped into it.

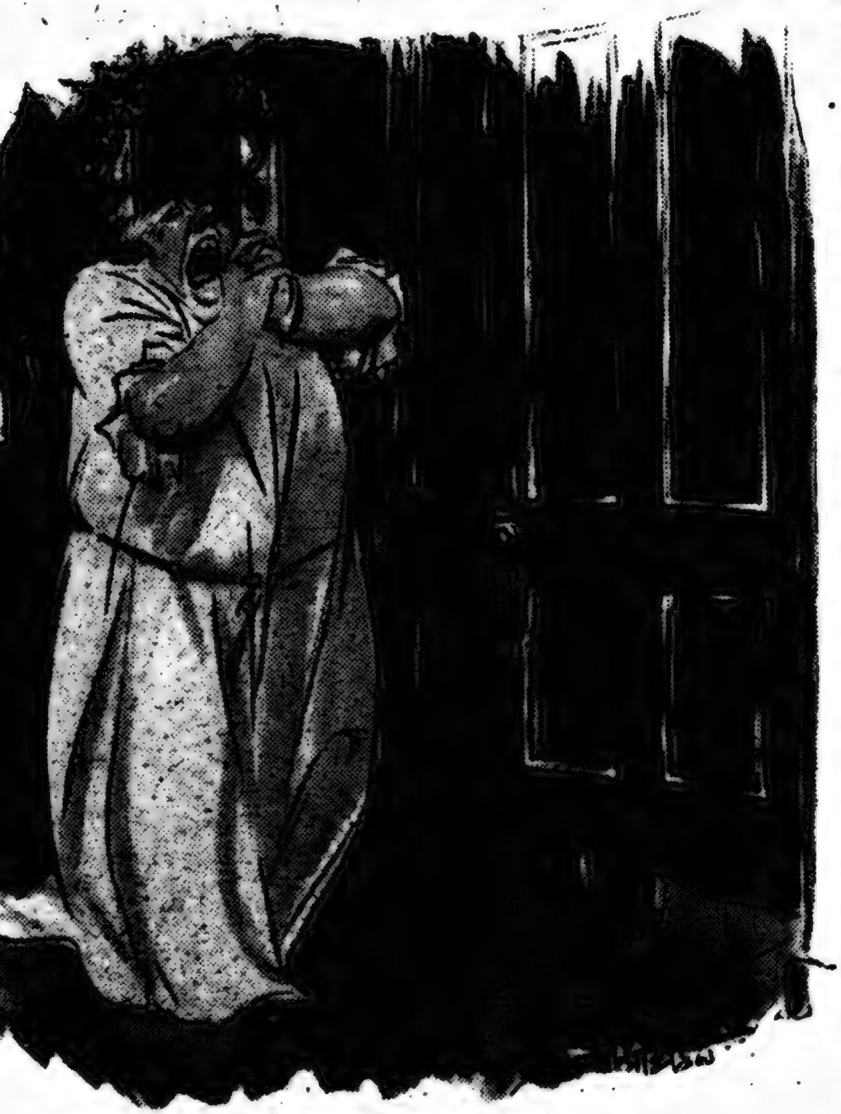
HE pretended to be oblivious of the look of blank bewilderment with which she greeted him, and of the intensely concentrated gaze she bestowed upon his scalp and chin.

"And how did you sleep?" he inquired brightly, smiling innocently into her face.

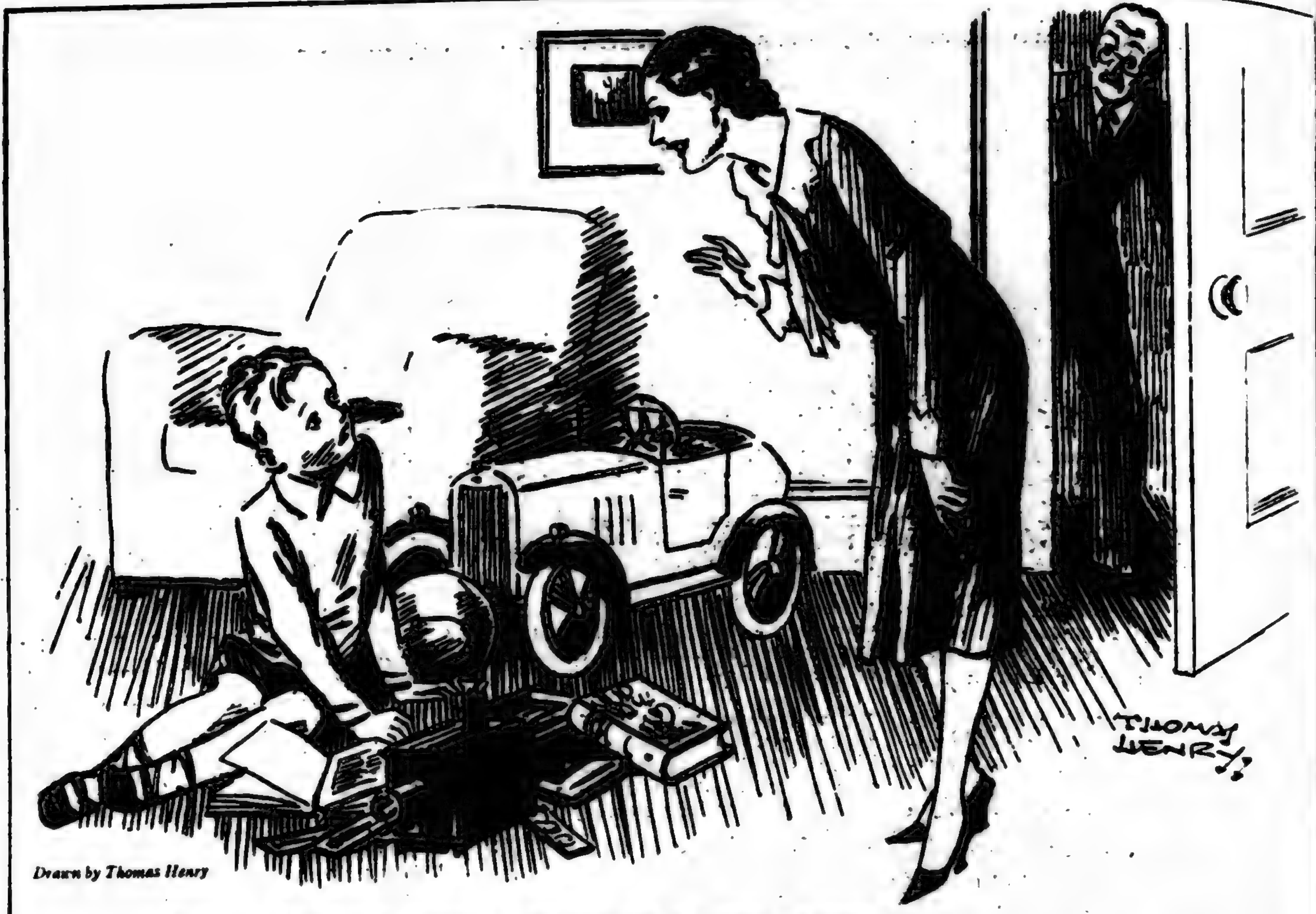
"Very well, thank you," she replied quietly, "except just until it was nearly time to get up. I had one of those curious half-awake, half-asleep sort of dreams you know—a kind of morning nightmare. A most disturbing dream! A regular—a regular—a—er——"

"A regular hair-raiser?" suggested Hugh.

"That describes it exactly," said Milly.



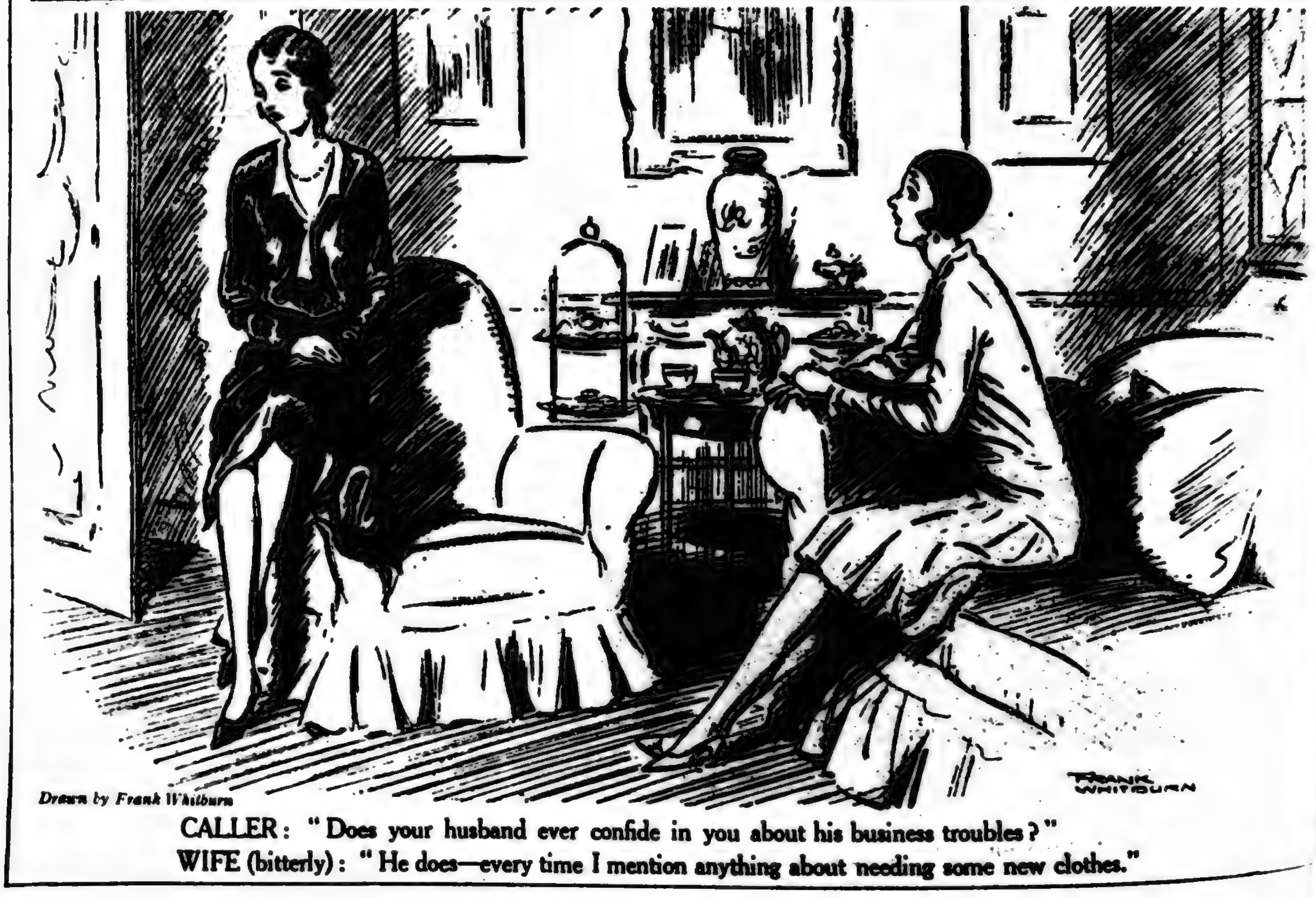
He saw the white wraith of a woman, wringing her hands



Drawn by Thomas Henry

AUNTIE: "What lovely presents! How very kind of Father Christmas."

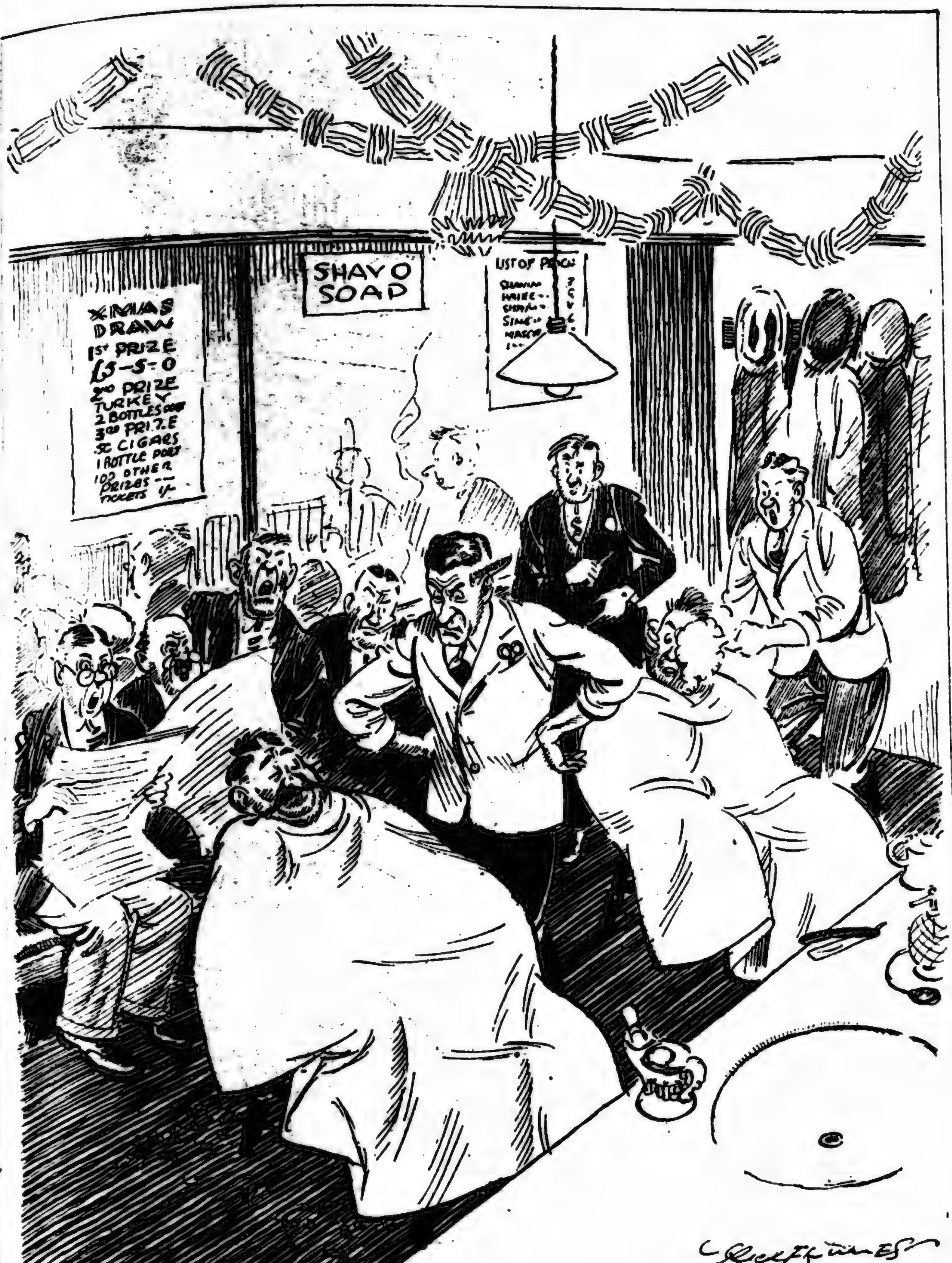
BOBBY: "Yes, but he's a bit old fashioned, auntie—no engine in my motor-car and the magic lantern pictures don't talk or even move!"



Drawn by Frank Whitburn

CALLER: "Does your husband ever confide in you about his business troubles?"

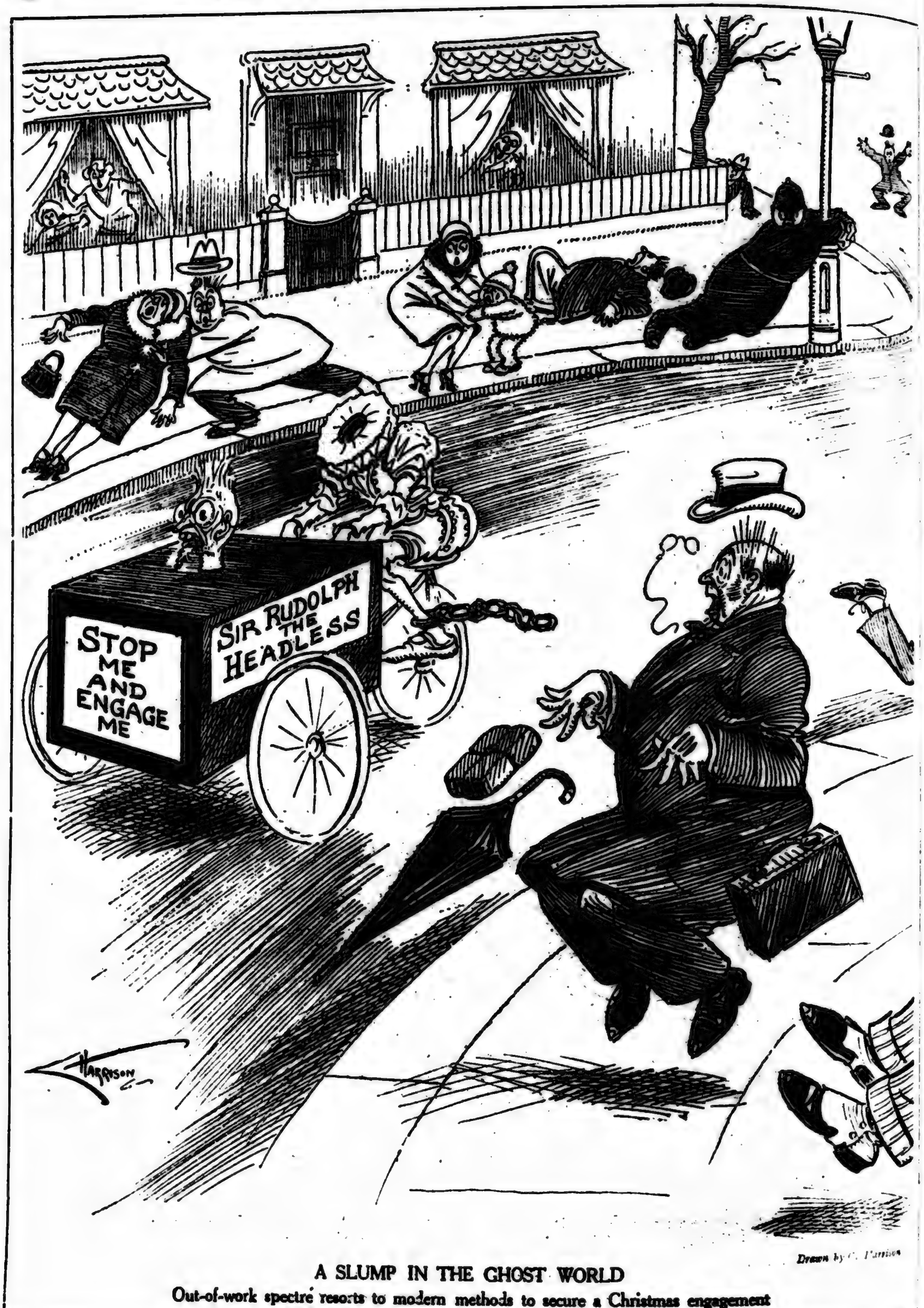
WIFE (bitterly): "He does—every time I mention anything about needing some new clothes."


XMAS DRAW
1st PRIZE £5-5-0
2nd PRIZE TURKEY 2 BOTTLES PORT
3rd PRIZE 50 CIGARS 1 BOTTLE PORT
100 OTHER PRIZES
TICKETS 1/-
SHAVO SOAP
LIST OF PRICES

Drawn by Jack Elmes

A YULETIDE SENSATION

Our local Slate Club secretary asks to have his moustache shaved off two days before the annual share-out!

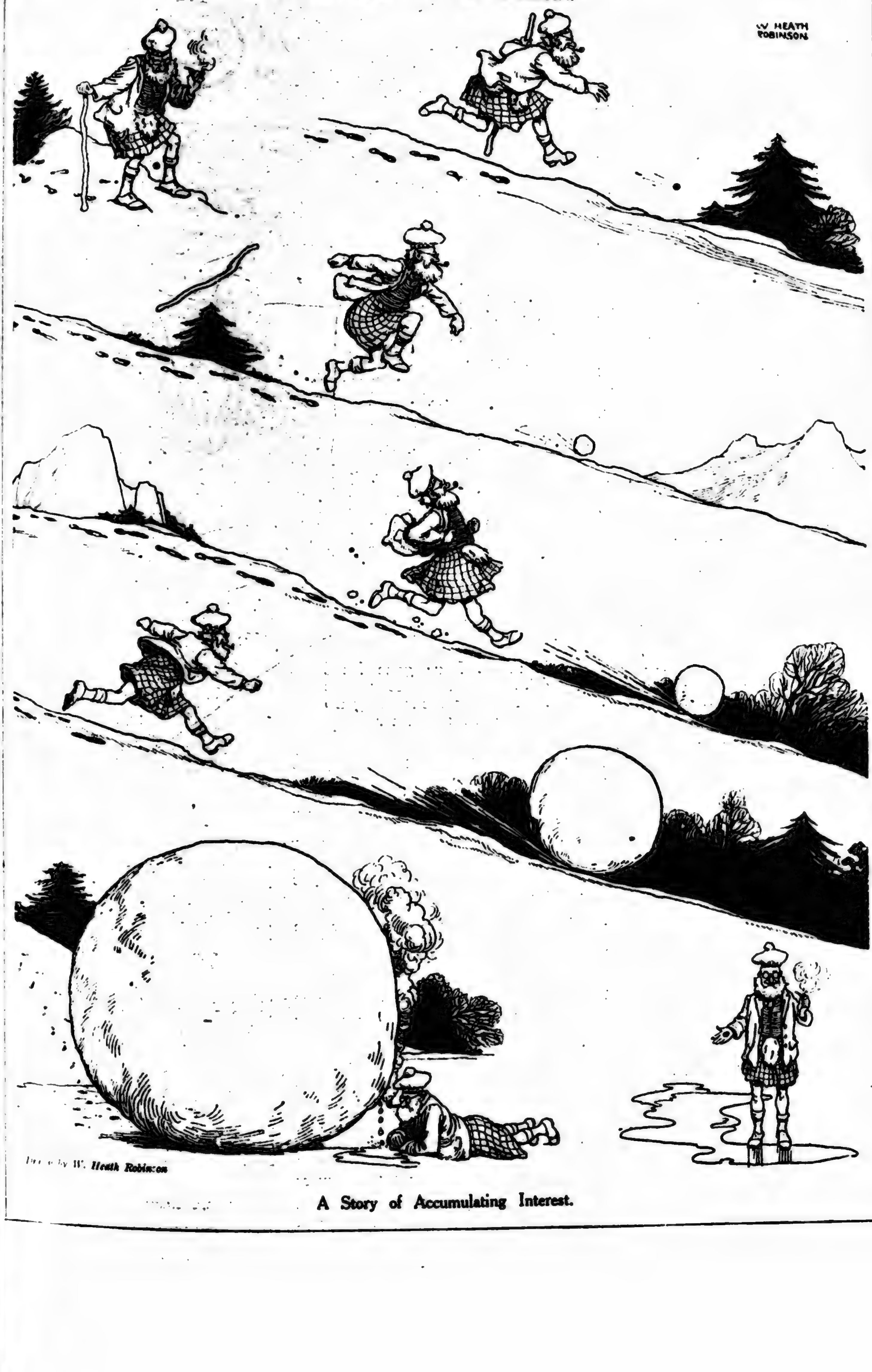

STOP ME AND ENGAGE ME
SIR RUDOLPH THE HEADLESS
HARRISON

Drawn by C. Harrison

A SLUMP IN THE GHOST WORLD

Out-of-work spectre resorts to modern methods to secure a Christmas engagement

THE HOLE IN THE SPORRAN.


W HEATH ROBINSON

Drawn by W. Heath Robinson

A Story of Accumulating Interest.

THE HAUNTED GHOSTS

CARCASS CASTLE was built in the year 1145 by Henri de Horseface (pronounced Horace), whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror because it was the cheapest way across.

The castle stood—still stands—on the slope of a hill in the Kentish Weald, and in the year when it was built it was the best and biggest thing of its kind ever. Even to-day it is nearly as big as the Automobile Repair and Break-up Depôt which stands on the opposite slope of the hill in the Kentish Weald.

But although his castle was all right, Henri de Horseface was all wrong. Henri was a cheap skate and didn't pay the building contractor all that was coming to him. That which was coming never came. So that there was a row.

You'd feel the same way yourself.

The contractor's name was Egbert St. Midriff (pronounced Stiff) and he was quite testy about it.

"I'm fourpence short in my pay!" he shouted at Henri.

"I paid you in full!" retorted de Horseface.

"I tell you I'm fourpence short!" bellowed St. Midriff.

This, be it understood, was in the days when a penny filled a bank-book and a halfpenny was a large overdraft. The spacious days when a man who found a sixpence retired from business and went for a world cruise.

From words Henri and St. Midriff came to blows, and it might have gone hard with Henri had not at that moment come running up a stout henchman of his, by name Badminton de Clothespeg (pronounced Bad Egg), and hied him at St. Midriff with a spanner.

WHEN night fell Henri and Badminton shared the fourpence between them, and the next morning Egbert St. Midriff was discovered in the vaulted chamber of what the Latins called *dunine absolutum* (pronounced absolutely done in).

After which the vaulted chamber got a bad name.

Twenty years later Henri de Horseface was sitting in his garden when a hop off a hop vine fell into his tea and Henri was carried to bed in a state of unslackification (pronounced tight) This was the discovery of beer. (A.D. 1165. See statue to Henri de Horseface in Trafalgar Square.)

And the room they put Henri to bed in was the vaulted chamber.

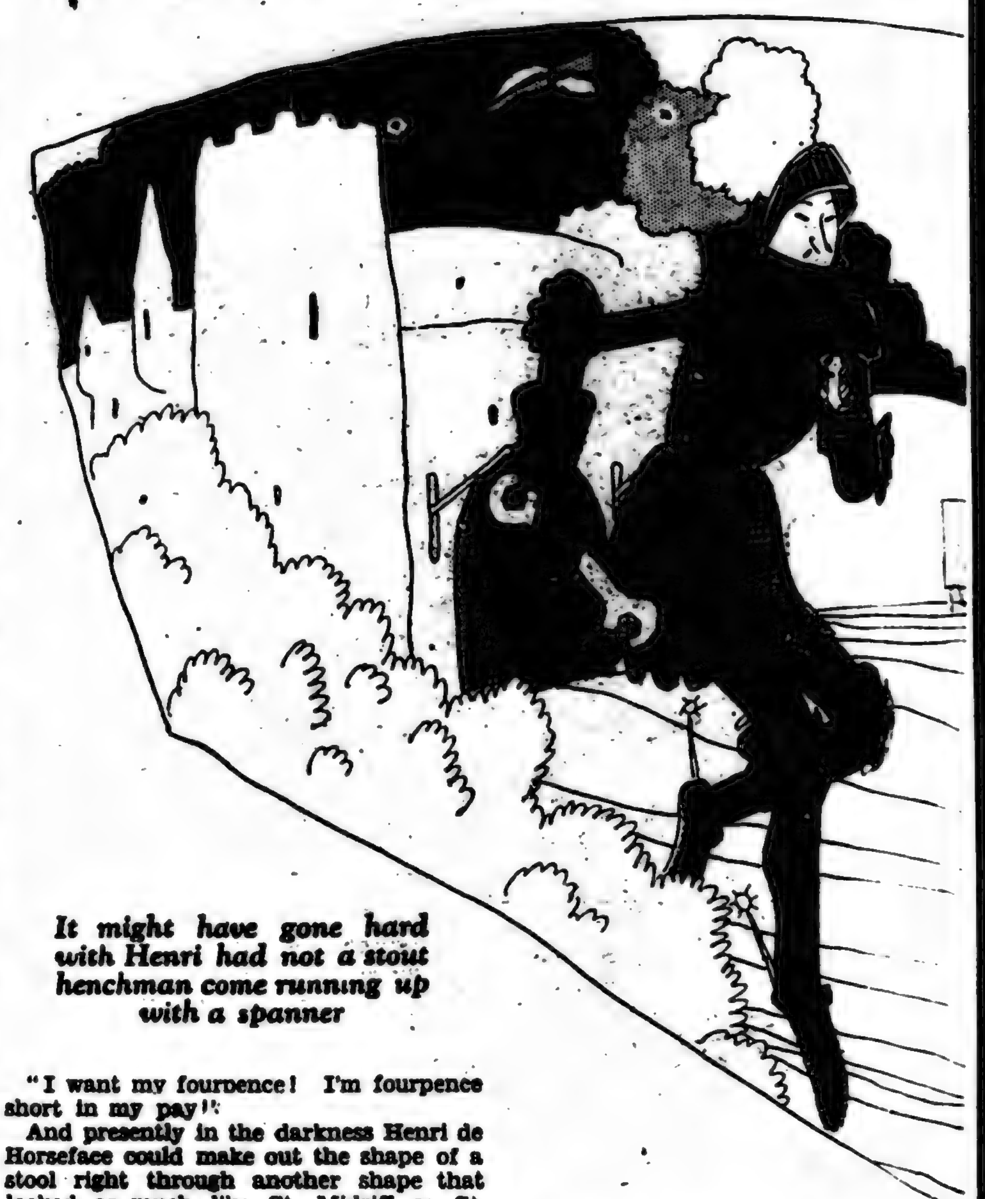
About midnight Henri woke up. Somebody seemed to be asking for fourpence. Henri sat up in a cold sweat and looked round the dark room.

"W-w-what is it?" he asked hoarsely.

"I want my fourpence," said a hollow voice.

Henri pressed a switch on the wall, but nothing happened, electricity not having been invented He reached for the gas, but was seven hundred years too soon.

Meanwhile the hollow voice was crooning some more of its stuff.



It might have gone hard with Henri had not a stout henchman come running up with a spanner

"I want my fourpence! I'm fourpence short in my pay!"

And presently in the darkness Henri de Horseface could make out the shape of a stool right through another shape that looked as much like St. Midriff as St. Midriff had looked in the days when he looked like anything. The shape looked like nothing on earth. Which was just how St. Midriff had always looked.

SHRIEKING from the chamber ran Henri de Horseface, and the next morning he was discovered in his garden, dropping hops into cups of tea as hard as he could go.

And that's how the vaulted chamber at Carcass Castle became known as the Haunted Room.

No, don't go. We haven't started. That wasn't the story. It was just the beginning.

At intervals during the next few years it was said that the ghost of St. Midriff had been seen again, but whether this was indeed so, alas! who can say? The truth is that the inhabitants of that part of the Kentish Weald had developed a pleasing habit of leaving the tea out of their hops.

Anyway, four hundred years went by, and if you lived anywhere round those parts in those days you'd hear of the Haunted Room's reputation.

In the year 1600 Sir Wateringham Cristaign (pronounced Watercress) chanced to fall foul of a commoner in a near-by village.

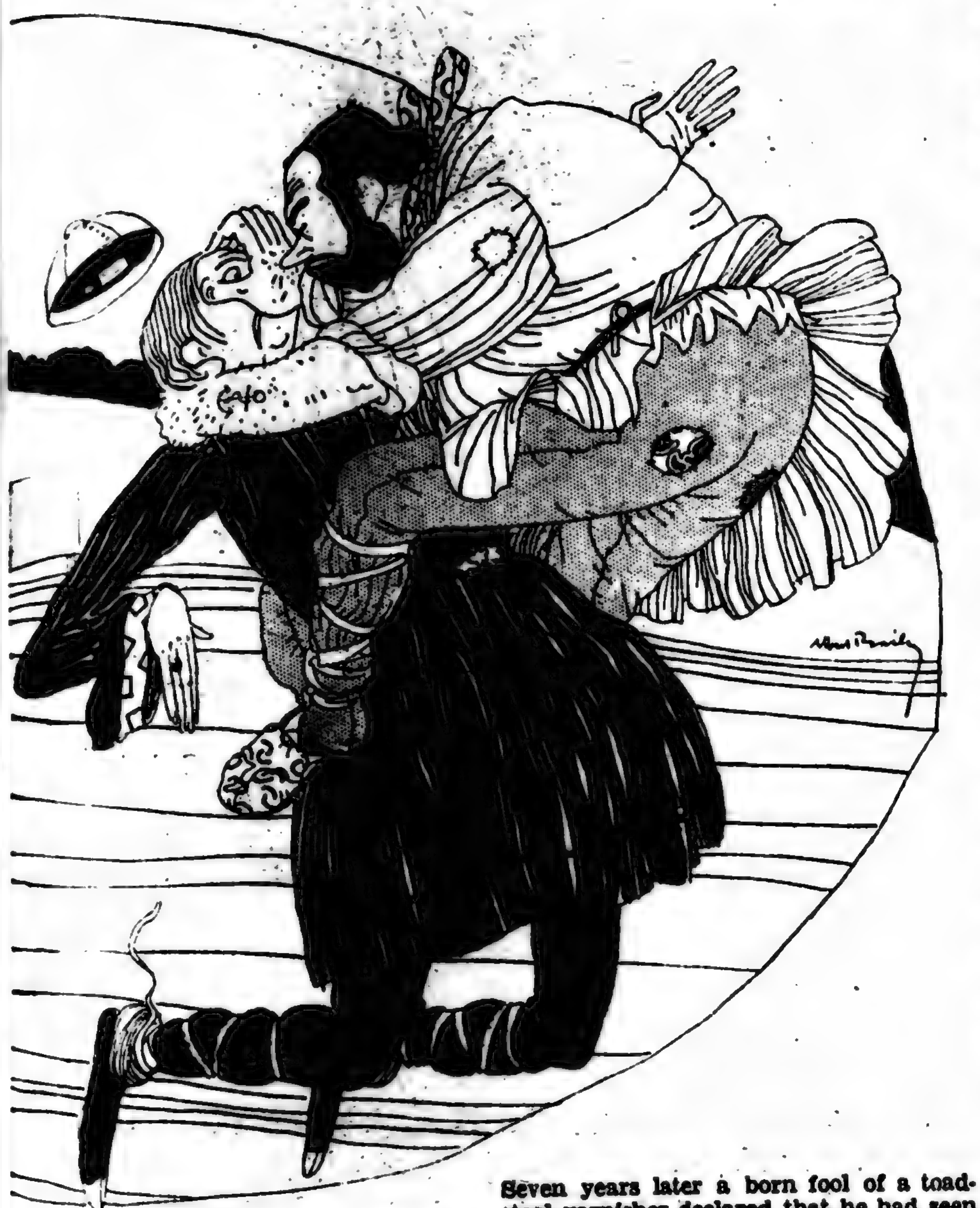
The commoner was the owner of a tavern to which all and sundry and sometimes Sir W. repaired for their drink. And this commoner was known to be partial to sharp practice, which usually took the form of diluting a bloke's beer with tea when the guy wasn't looking.

ONE evening, when the drink was particularly teadious, Sir W. refused to pay what was on the slate and walked off in a huff, threatening the innkeeper that he would have heard from his solicitors had there been such trash in 1600.

Well, this innkeeper wasn't the sort of lamb to stand for that line of tosh, so he ups and aways to Carcass Castle and says what about it

BY WILL SCOTT

Explains why the Ghosts of Carcass Castle steer clear of the Haunted Chamber nowadays



"I want the price of that pint!" he said firmly.

"You go beat it!" snarled Sir W.

"Will you pay?" shouted the innkeeper.

"Not blinking likely!" retorted Sir W.

"Then take this!" yelled the innkeeper.

"Take what?" asked Sir W.

"THIS!" shrieked the innkeeper, and he fetched Sir W. one right across the head, with the pleasing result that Sir W. ceased to wriggle or mutter. He was in that delighted state best described in German as *ausgekonken* (English: konked out).

Whereupon the innkeeper dragged him downstairs from the vaulted chamber, right across the garden and into the dimness of some bushes beyond the lawn.

So that it came about that Sir Wateringham Cristaign was found next morning with his head in the family pond. Which was the discovery of watercress (A.D. 1600!).

Well, of course, that started rumours. Seven years later a born fool of a toadstool varnisher declared that he had seen the figure of Sir W. at the window of the vaulted chamber, and that the figure was moaning "I'll pay for the pint! Lay off with the wallops, kid, and I'll pay for the pint!"

Which gave the vaulted chamber the reputation of being haunted all over again.

Many times during the centuries that followed the story was told and retold. It was said that Carcass Castle was haunted by a man who wanted fourpence, by a man who was willing to pay for a pint, by a man who wanted a pint, and by a man who wanted fourpence to pay for a pint.

Sometimes it was a woman, and at other times it was a quart, but with all its trimmings the story in the main remained clear.

The name of the ghost was given as Sir William Henri de Horseface Cristaign Wateringham Egbert St. Midriff (pronounced Esperanto).

There were details in which the stories did not tally. Some said the ghost was a tall man, others said it was a short man. Some said he wore a feathered hat, others a helmet.

The only thing that was certain was that the thing showed up in the Haunted Room on the stroke of midnight, very irregularly, sometimes forty years passing between the visitations.

And it was not until the researches of Dr. Osprey Tosh (pronounced Tosh Osprey) in 1885 that the truth about the two ghosts came to light.

After which, of course, the Haunted Chamber was locked up each evening an hour before sunset and only opened an hour after sunrise. A room haunted by one ghost was bad enough, but a room haunted by two ghosts was about the limit. Nobody was having any.

WELL, guys, some years ago, as you all know, I gave up my Professorship of English at Oxford and bought Carcass Castle. It was so haunted that it was in the market for a mere song. I warbled a few bars and the place was mine. I moved in.

Like the bloke which had the place before me. I used to lock up the Haunted Room each evening an hour before sunset. I didn't want to take the wrong turning on the way up to bed.

But one day, in my researches, I came upon an ancient book of recipes, written in faded ink, and in this book there was a recipe for making a new kind of tea. It bore the date 1165.

It didn't sound much, but I thought I would try it. So I sent the maid round to the grocer's and the off-licence for the ingredients, and I started in.

I had a glass, and it didn't taste at all bad. I had another glass, and it tasted fine. I had a third glass, and it was absolutely the goods.

After that I stopped counting.

Well, the point is, boys, that that night I forgot to lock up the Haunted Room, and darned if I didn't take the wrong turning and go to sleep in the blinking thing. I didn't care. I thought I was in an aeroplane at the time.

Now follow closely.

MIDNIGHT chimed, and through the east wall came a shape. At the same time, through the west wall, came another.

"I want my fourpence!" said the first shape.

"I'll pay for the pint!" said the second shape.

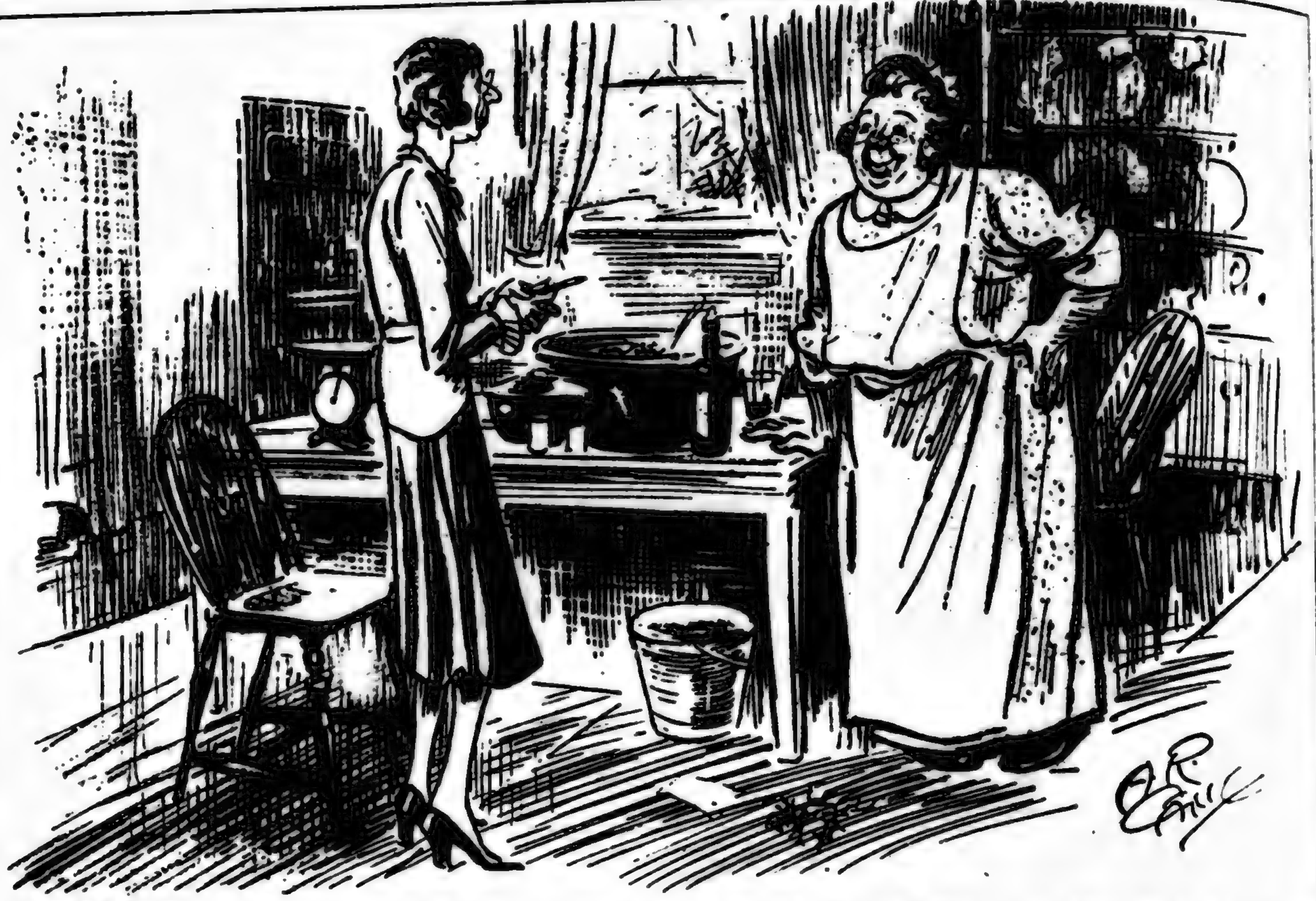
And at that moment they saw each other.

"Heavens!" cried Egbert St. Midriff. "A ghost!"

"My hat!" yelled Sir Wateringham Cristaign. "A spook!"

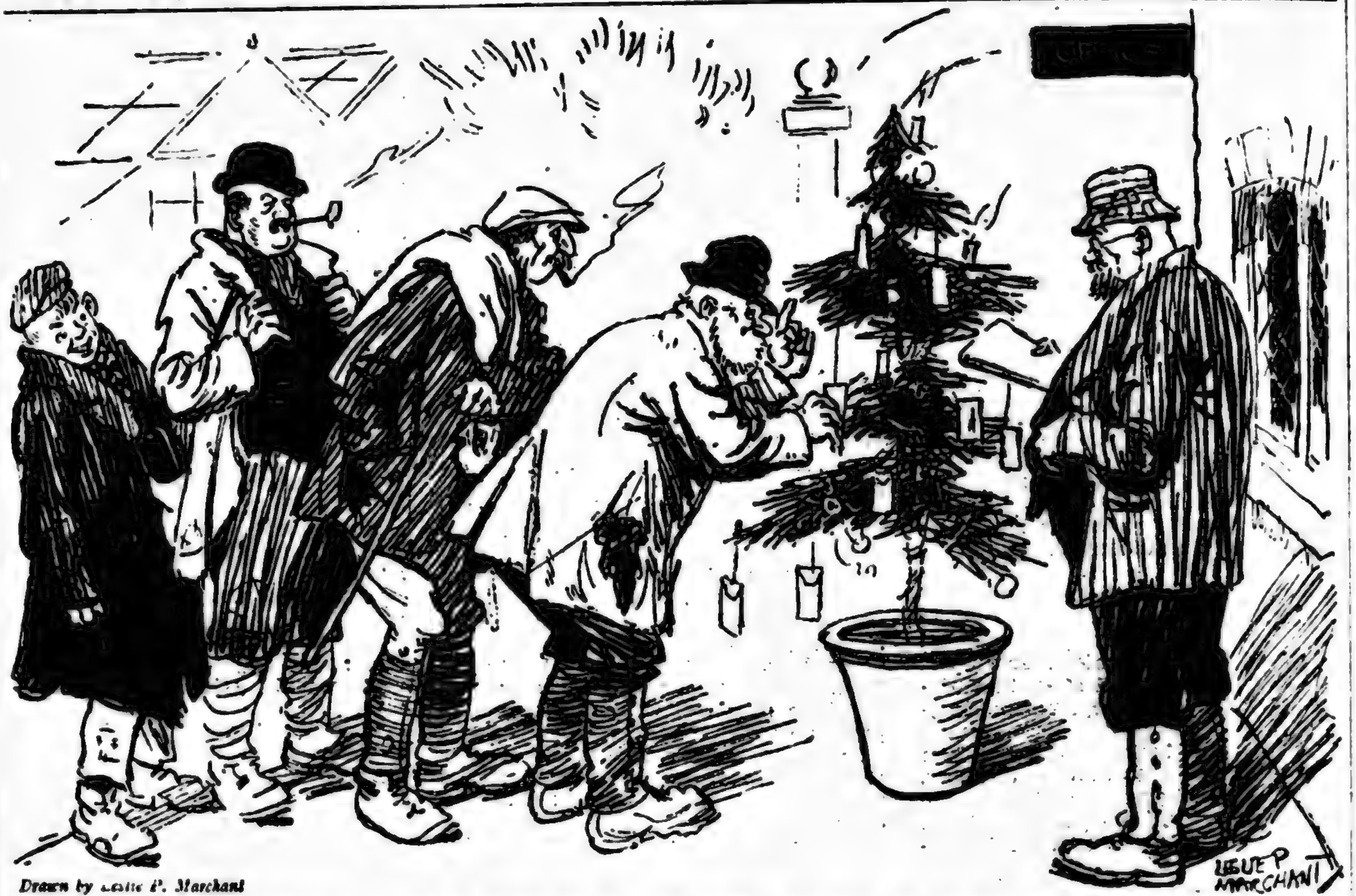
Believe me, it was the first time they'd ever arrived on the spot together, and when they saw each other—well! Talk about beating it! They were out through those walls as quick as you can say "This is on you."

And so I always sleep in the Haunted Chamber now, boys It's about the only room in Carcass Castle that isn't haunted.



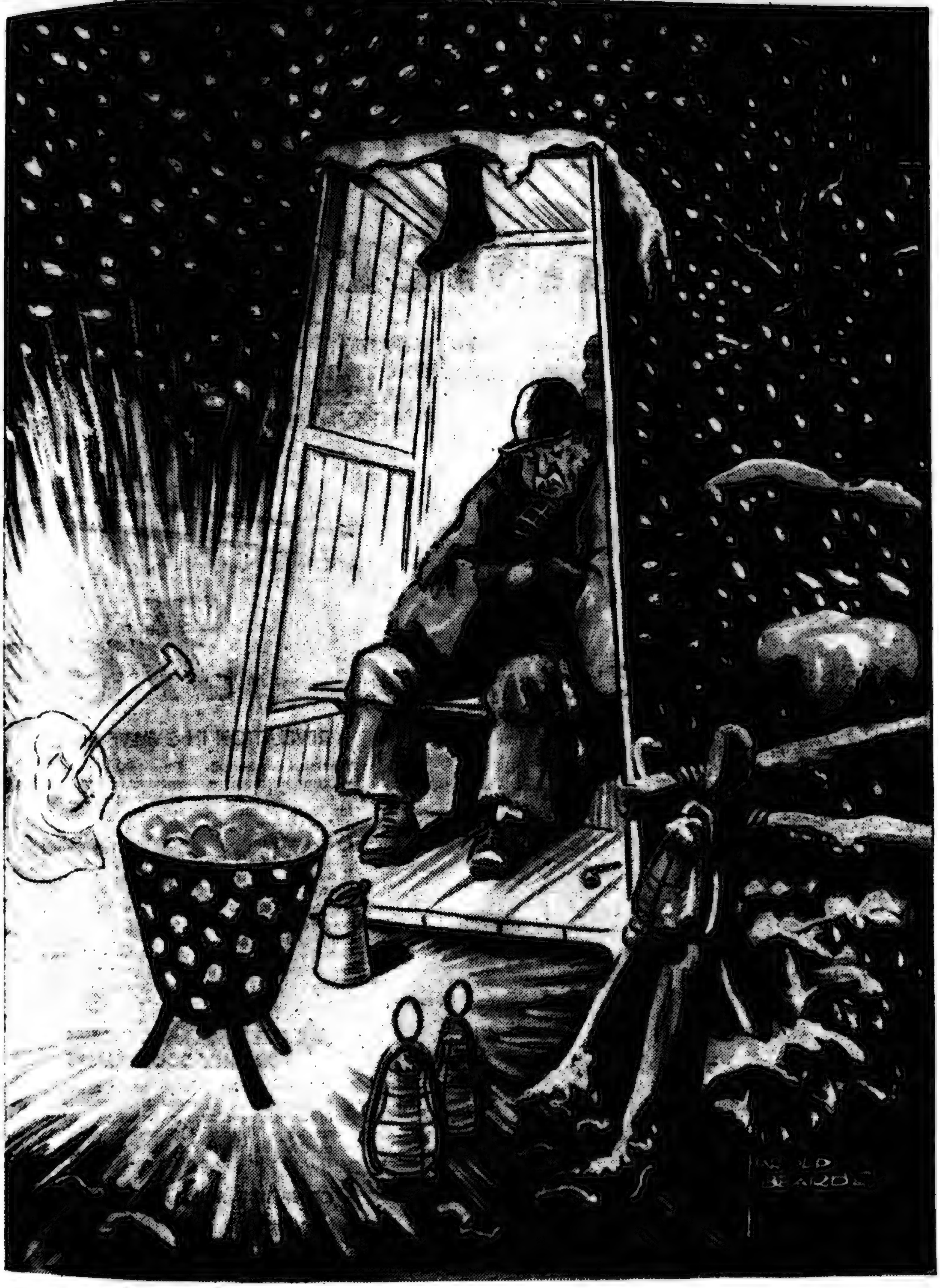
Drawn by A. R. Cane

MISTRESS (after gazing at nearly empty bottle): "You didn't put *too much* rum in the Christmas pudding, Cook, did you?"
COOK: "Oh, no, mum, jus' er dropsh 'n th' puddin'."



Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant

Our Local Nurseryman, anxious to create the spirit of Christmas, pays out his employees by hanging their wage packets on a Christmas tree.



Drawn by Harold Beards

THE OPTIMIST
An Idyll of Christmas Eve

Announcing

Kolster-Brandes' 'Masterpiece'

The entire production of the K.B. "Masterpiece" set has been secured by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.

THE WORLD'S FINEST TWO-VALVE SET & BRITISH MADE

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Highly sensitive regenerative receiver bringing in principal stations with amazing clearness and volume.

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This wonderful 2-valve set is a gift worthy of B.D.V. reputation—worthy of the quality that is in these fine, cool smoking Virginia Cigarettes—worthy of the gift value that has made the B.D.V. Gift Scheme famous.

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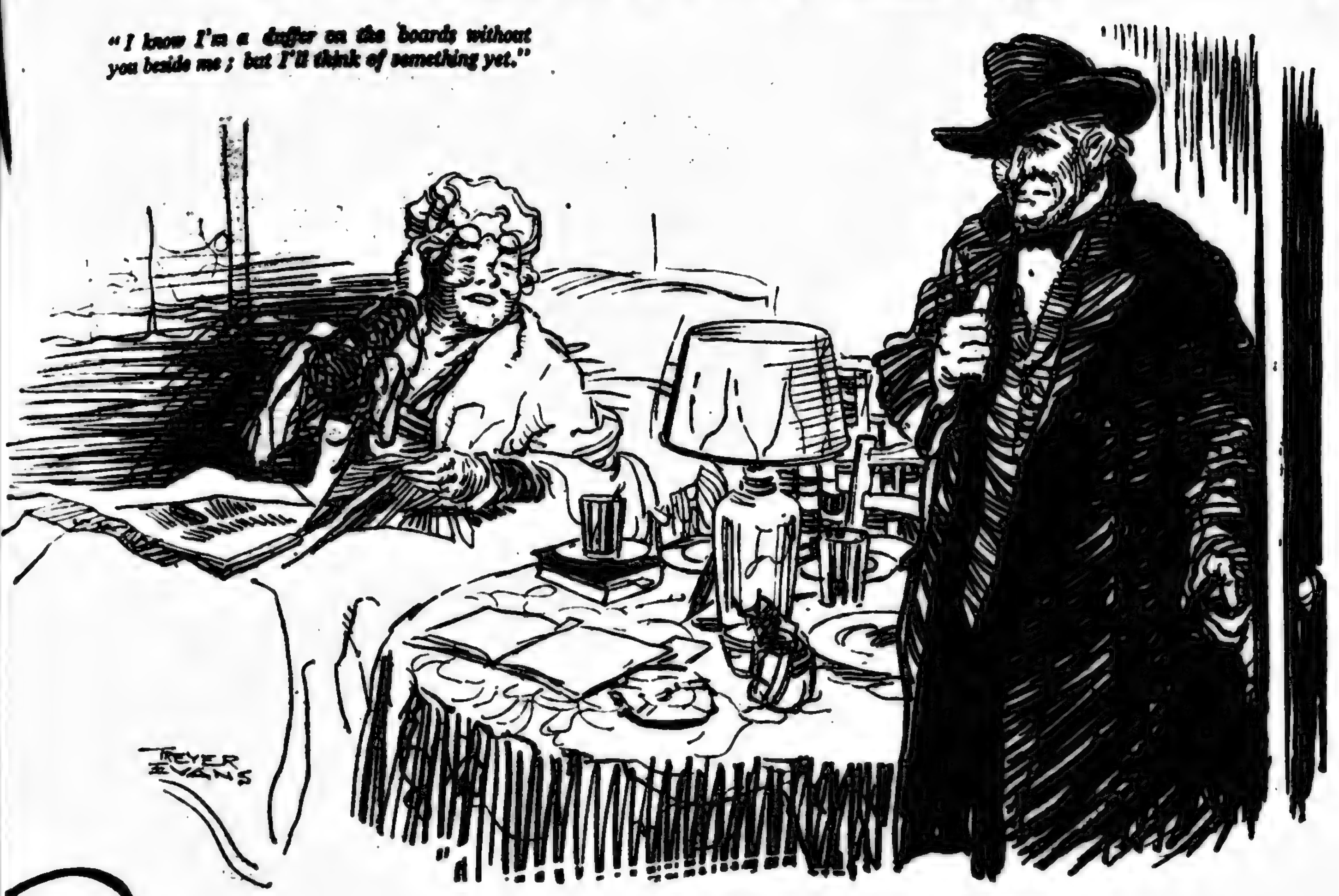
The Kolster-Brandes "Masterpiece" 2-valve set is also given free in exchange for 286 coupons from B.D.V. pipe tobacco—a perfect blend of the world's finest tobaccos.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR FULL LIST OF B.D.V. GIFTS AND 5 FREE COUPONS to GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., 112, Commercial Street, London, E.1.

K.1

"I know I'm a duffer on the boards without you beside me; but I'll think of something yet."



DOUBLE TURN

By GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

Something the Talkies couldn't kill!

THERE was no Christmas engagement for the Walkers that year. "Ma" Walker was laid up with rheumatism, and without her "Pa" Walker was a rudderless aft. The prospect was dismal. They ad known many lean times in the course f their joint vaudeville career; but this as the first occasion on which they had een "out" at Christmas.

The Walkers—everybody called them Pa" and "Ma"—were veterans of ariety. Theirs was a "double turn," and ng ago, when variety had been in flower, hey had enjoyed a certain popularity mongst devotees to the music-hall.

Alas! Their star had set with that of he "halls." The triumphs of this "Cock-ey comedy duo" were distant memories. he moving finger that had writ their stiny had been a moving picture; the riting on the wall for them had been ama on a silver screen; and now, with e coming of the "talkies," these grim reshadowings had been realised.

"We have been weighed in the balance d found wanting." "Pa" Walker would serve in moments of dejection. "We're ck numbers; the amusements that were od enough for our grandparents and od enough for us hold no attractions r the rising generation. We no longer the bill."

But though these sentiments were frequently uppermost in his thoughts now, he was careful to keep them from his wife. He forced a spirit of joviality appropriate to the season; made light of their troubles and declared that he would soon find something.

"Ma" Walker may have sensed his pose, for in spite of her own discomfort she kept cheerful and laughed and joked with her husband in bantering fashion. Indeed, they sometimes exchanged quip and jest just as if they were "on the boards."

"Pa" Walker thought he was keeping her spirits up, and was happy; "Ma" Walker felt that she was reassuring him, so she was happy too.

BUT all the play-acting in the world, however well-intentioned, could not change the fact that the savings of better days were fast dwindling, and the likelihood of there being anything in the larder at Christmas was daily growing more remote.

Every morning "Pa" Walker would set off with feigned optimism to look for work.

"Something's sure to turn up to-day," he would say; and his wife would answer: "I'm sure it will."

But every evening he would return with a smile that was a little less bright and a well-thought-out account of his day's wanderings that presented the stark realities of his fruitless quest in softer colours.

"Just you wait till I've worked up a turn of my own, old girl," he would say with a wink. "I know I'm a duffer on the boards without you beside me; but I'll think of something yet."

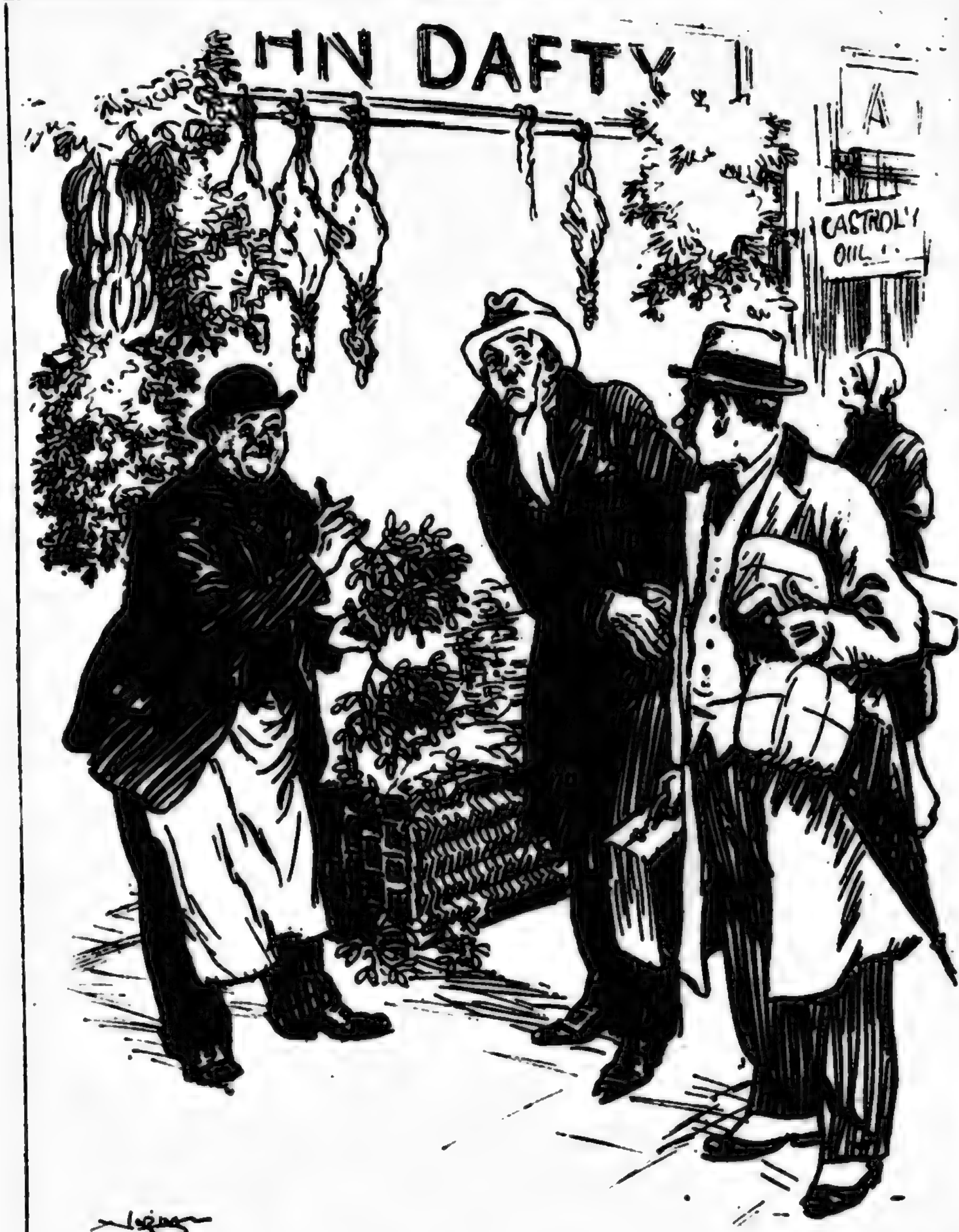
He dare not tell her the truth; that even if she had been well and they had both been in their old form, they would have stood small chance of securing an engagement.

"Pa" Walker had had this sorry truth thrust at him a dozen times. The agents were cruelly blunt upon the subject. They told him without attempting to sweeten the pill that thousands of talented artistes were finding their livelihood slipping away from them; that better men than he had ever been were starving.

Only his own dogged determination and the thought of his wife at home kept "Pa" Walker from accepting these truths.

HE sought out many managers of the old school who had given them temporary engagements out of charity in past seasons. Many of them were still sympathetically inclined, but were themselves faced with difficulties and could not afford to repeat past kindnesses.

Everywhere he went, "Pa" Walker was turned away with the same sad excuse:



Drawn by Norman Pett

BACHELOR : "Isn't mistletoe ridiculously expensive?"
BENEDICT : "Yes. I'm still paying for a bunch I stood under twenty years ago."

"It's no use! Variety's dead. The 'talkies' have killed it!"

"Pa" Walker came to hate the phrase, and would scowl balefully at every super-kinema he passed in his hopeless quest for work.

He did evolve a sort of act, of the knockabout, red-nosed type; but the only manager he persuaded to watch him cut him short after the first minute.

"You can't put that stuff over now," he was told unfeelingly. "The public wouldn't even stand for it in a film. They're too sophisticated these days!"

TOO sophisticated! And "Pa" Walker could remember the day when some of the brightest boys variety had ever known had put "that stuff" over twice nightly to rounds of thunderous applause. Why, at the dear old Tivoli and the Oxford . . . . Thought failed him—his eyes were misty with tears of vexation.

Yet the version he rendered that evening to "Ma" Walker was as follows:

"Saw old Joe Cotter to-day, and got him to let me try out my act. He was very nice, but he says I'll have to liven it up just a little. The public taste's always changing, you know. I've been thinking out some new gags on the way home. I reckon I'll put it over all right to-morrow."

But to-morrow, and the days that followed, found the position unchanged.

Then, three days before Christmas, Fate took a hand. "Pa" Walker was returning home at the end of another weary day, thrashing his brains to evolve some fresh story with which to maintain his wife's hopes, when fragments of an overheard conversation brought him inspiration.

Inspiration did not come at first; the beginning of the conversation struck him as rather foolish to be passing between two adults—and sophisticated adults at that.

"Pa" Walker had stepped into a Tube entry to shelter for a moment because sleet was falling heavily, and two men whose conversation was to change everything were sheltering also. Said one:

"I haven't laughed so much since I was a kid! It was a scream from start to finish."

"I know," replied the other. "It's wo derful when you think of it. I don't su pose there's anything else with su universal appeal."

It was at this juncture that "Pa Walker's interest was aroused; and did not stay to listen further. Unmindf now of the blinding sleet, he set off f home with new hopes surging up with him. It would be easy to act before h wife to-night; he was confident for th morrow himself.

BUT prudence, and perhaps a litt pride, kept him from mentioning h inspiration to "Ma" Walker; h new scheme might prove less promisin than he hoped. It would be better to t it out first and report afterwards.

So he merely hinted vaguely at som new project and reassured his wife tha everything would soon be all right

He lay awake for many hours that nigh groping in his memory for images an phrases that he had thought forgotte to his intense joy they returned far mor readily than he had expected them to do

He was astir early, busying himself i the little parlour of their two-room home. Every now and then he would fi an eager question at "Ma" Walker. Ha they got so-and-so? Did she know whe this or that item was kept? Was this ol thing wanted? Or could he have suc and such an article?

All that day he was busily employe upon some mysterious undertaking, but h remained adamant in the face of hi wife's questionings.

"I'm preparing my new act," was a he would say.

THAT night was also spent in wakefulness, for he was rehearsing dozen of gags in his mind; and he was u early again, his brain teeming with all th eagerness of youth.

His departure after breakfast necessitated considerable preparation.

"Got a lot of props for this act," h explained in response to "Ma" Walker enquiry. "You can count on good new to-night, certain."

And good news it was!

"Pa" Walker came in early that evening flushed with triumph, bearing man good things in his arms, and jinglin money in his pocket.

"What's it all mean?" asked "Ma Walker wonderingly.

"It means," replied her husband excitedly, "that the people who say tha old stuff can't be put over these days don know what they're talking about."

"But, darling," his wife reminded him "you used to say yourself that the amusements that were good enough for their grandparents wouldn't do for the risin generation."

"So I did," agreed "Pa" Walker smilingly; "but I'd forgotten something There's one thing the 'talkies' haven killed, and they never will kill it. It's the oldest 'talkie' in the world.

"THE props are simple—I made mine in a day with our old screen and some scraps from your rag-bag; but there's not a person living who won't stop to enjoy a laugh, however sophisticated they may be! And with all the shopping crowds about, I've done well.

"There are two old-timers we've got to thank this Christmastide—PUNCH AND JUDY!"

SYBIL THORNDIKE'S ADVICE.

Take Up Pelmanism—"The Open Sesame That Smooths Away All Difficulties."

SCIENTIFIC Mind-Training has received a great recommendation from Miss Sybil Thorndike the world-famous actress.

"I am happy to tell you," she writes, "what a really excellent course in mind-training we have received from your twelve 'little grey books.'

"I say 'we' because not only I, but other members of my family, have derived benefit from the scientific mind-training which is so ably and simply set forth by you. When mentally fatigued after strenuous rehearsing, a few of your mind exercises quickly bring concentration back to normal, and I find no difficulty in remembering the most difficult parts.

OPENING THE MAGIC DOOR.

"All through the ages we have been taught to train the body. We have been told that if our muscles were left in disuse they would gradually cease to function. And so it is with the mind. Indeed, even more quickly does this delicate part of our mechanism become atrophied. Pelmanism gives mind-exercise scientifically, and because the principles are scientifically based, it not only improves, but actually discovers qualities that would otherwise have remained dormant.

"We all wish for Success, to be uplifted from the mediocre, but many grope blindly and never find the key to open the magic door leading to the road. Pelmanism, I am convinced, is the 'Open Sesame' that smooths away all difficulties, giving a mental clarity and quality of alertness that sees opportunities and uses them rightly.

"One of its chief charms is its simplicity, and with minds rich in perception life becomes altogether more satisfying."

In thus recommending Pelmanism to every reader who wishes to get away from the dead level of mediocrity and to make the best use of the powers and qualities now lying latent or only semi-developed in his or her brain, Miss Sybil Thorndike is supported by the testimony of thousands of men and women who have taken the Pelman Course and write to say how much they have benefited by this splendid system of mental training. Here are a few examples :—

A Teacher writes: "I have more self-confidence and am not so subject to fits of Depression." (D.32263)

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A University Student writes: "Depression, from which I used to suffer when there was no apparent reason, has gone." (R.34334)

A Shorthand-Typist writes: "I am much happier, for I have found the pleasure which comes from self-confidence." (L.33090)

A Clerk writes: "The Course has greatly improved my memory, my powers of concentration, and, above all, my confidence in myself." (P.32004)

A Shop Manager writes: "This Course has been a great benefit to me: to have a happier and brighter prospect is something to be thankful for indeed." (S.32412)

An Engineer writes: "My manager has offered me the position of journeyman for the firm, which I think, is entirely due to the course bringing out my latent qualities." (32351)

A Clerk writes: "It has improved my Will-Power and powers of Concentration. It has given me Confidence in myself. My memory is now perfect, and my health is much better." (R.33490)

A Mine Surveyor writes: "Your Course is well worth the money spent, and although I am only half-way through I can honestly say my outlay has been multiplied by a big number." (G.34009)

A Storekeeper writes: "The Course has helped me in many ways. It has helped me to find an aim in life and increased my confidence. Memory is gradually becoming more proficient. It has made me realise the proper use of the library and of books in general." ([illegible])

Pollard Crowther

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE as "Saint Joan."

Miss Thorndike makes a striking appeal to readers to-day to take up Pelmanism. It is the "Open Sesame," she says, "that smooths away all difficulties." A book describing the method of mind training recommended by this great actress will be sent free to-day to every reader who uses the coupon printed below.

A Draughtsman writes: "I have improved in memory and observation, both professionally and generally. I have a more optimistic view on life. I have greater confidence in myself and stronger Will-Power." (F.34283)

A Clerk writes: "Since I started the Course my self-confidence has gradually increased, and now I can attend social gatherings, etc., and enjoy them, when formerly I used to keep away from them whenever possible." (K.33181)

A Naval Officer writes: "The chief benefit I have derived from the Course is the ability to know how to learn. I no longer waste my time, because it is properly organised. It has shown me my weaknesses and how to fight against them. It has taught me how to train my nerves, how to master the art of concentration, and how to keep cheerful in spite of everything." (S.34660)

A Farmer writes: "I should like to add to the benefit list the following: a cheerful outlook, a broad mind, a higher thought life, a new feeling of physical fitness, increased stamina and self-respect. I shall continue to work on the Pelman principles right throughout my life. Each lesson, each exercise, is so interesting as actually to make one wish to repeat it. The lessons are by far the best works I have ever read, so synthetic, so complete, so easily adapted. I assure you that I shall never part with these wonderful little grey books, each of which is, if correctly used, worth more than double the fee for the whole course." (G.36007)

SUCCESSFUL SELF-MANAGEMENT.

A course of Pelmanism brings out the mind's latent powers and develops them to the highest point of efficiency. It discloses to you the secret of successful self-management. It banishes such defects as :—

Depression	"The Inferiority Complex"
Timidity, Shyness	Indecision
Forgetfulness	Weakness of Will
The Worry Habit	Pessimism
Unnecessary Fears	Procrastination
Indefiniteness	Boredom
Mind-Wandering	

which interfere with the effective working power of the brain, and in their place it develops such qualities as :—

—Concentration	**—Organising Power**
—Optimism	**—Presence of Mind**
—Cheerfulness	**—Courage**
—Observation	**—Self-Confidence**
—Judgment	**—Self-Control**
—Initiative	**—Tact**
—Will-Power	**—Reliability**
—Decision	**—Driving Force**
—Originality	**—Salesmanship**
—Resourcefulness	**—Business Acumen**

and a Reliable Memory.

By developing these qualities you add to your Efficiency and consequently to your Earning Power. Promotion comes speedily to Pelmanists.

What is equally important (as a result of cultivating your senses, getting your mind in order and acquiring a healthy mental outlook), you also increase your happiness and develop a keener appreciation of the beauties of life.

In a sentence, Pelmanism enables you to live a fuller, happier, and more successful life.

If, therefore, you wish—

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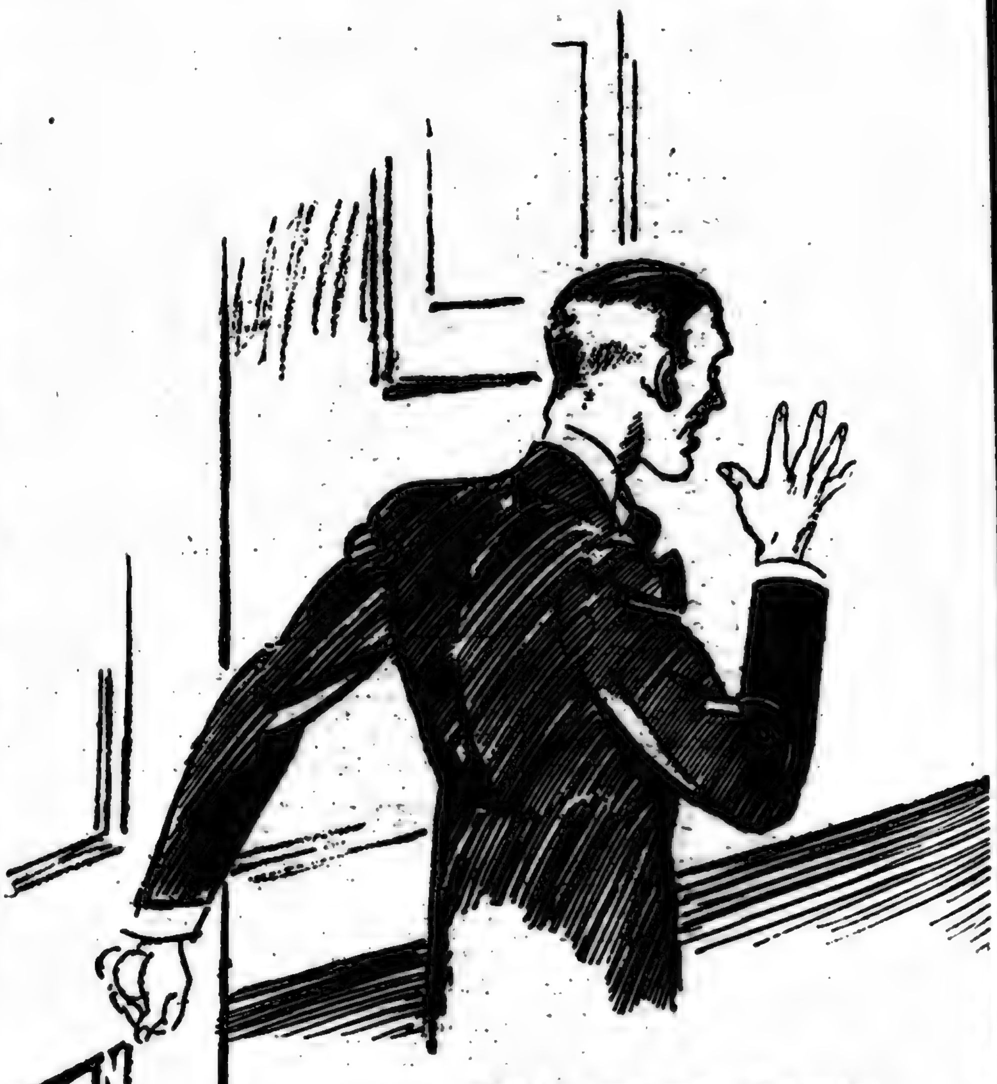
HOW TO KEEP YOUR HUSBAND



"Percy!" Agnes gasped. "You naughty, naughty boy. How dare you follow me and track me down?"

"THE matter with you, Agnes dear," observed Vera, looking into the tear-stained face of her companion, "is that you love your husband too much!"

Agnes gazed at her friend and confidante in surprise.

"Is it possible," she asked, between her sobs, "to love one's husband too much?"

"Of course it is!" Vera replied. "More marriages have been broken up, more homes ruined, more happiness wrecked by one of the parties loving the other too much than by any other cause. Now take your own case for example. . . . You're comfortably married to a nice man——"

"He's an angel!" Agnes broke in.

"Very well, then, to an angel," Vera agreed. "His business takes him from home quite a lot. . . . There is no question of your suspecting that 'business' is only an excuse to get away from you, is there?"

"Oh, I know there is nothing of that sort about Tom," Agnes answered.

"Very well, then," Vera went on. "What do you do? Either you insist upon going with him to all sorts of uninteresting places—just as if you *did* suspect him. . . ."

"I do so hate to have him out of my sight for a minute," Agnes broke in.

"Quite!" replied Vera. "Or on the occasions you *do* allow him to go alone—what happens? First of all there is a heart-rending farewell. Next, you sit at home and cry your eyes out until he returns; and when he does return, you cross-examine him like a prosecuting counsel. Now you ask my advice, don't you?"

"You know I do!" agreed Agnes.

"Well"—and Vera adopted that air of lofty superiority that people who give advice always assume—"it is this. Men, as well as women, are only human, and it is one of the characteristics of human nature to set more value upon the unattainable than upon the things one has already attained.

"Now, Agnes darling, every hour of the day, by every word and gesture, you show your husband so clearly that you are all his, that he, being only human, naturally gets rather fed up with it and you. I don't think you have any reason to suspect him. . . ."

"I'm sure I haven't!" Agnes answered.

"I daresay," Vera went on, "he occasionally meets a nice girl he takes a fancy to; perhaps he has a mild flirtation with her. . . ."

"O—h! No! No!" sobbed Agnes.

"But why shouldn't he?" Vera demanded. "You can't stop him and I don't see why you should want to. Now take my own case. . . . I am devoted to my husband and he is devoted to me! And I'll tell you *why* he is devoted to me! Because I am not for ever hanging round his neck and cross-examining him as to where he has been and who he has been talking to; and also, because I always keep him a *tiny* bit guessing."

"Guessing?" queried Agnes.

"Yes, guessing," Vera repeated. "When my husband is away, I don't know what he is up to, but, at the same time, he doesn't know what I'm doing; and when he returns, instead of asking him questions as you do, I throw out little hints about the boys I have met, and this, that and the other. He is much too discreet to ask me questions, but I see his great honest eyes looking at me—wondering.

"And as long as I know he *is* wondering—that he is not *quite* certain of me—I know I am certain of him. I'd trust him anywhere, and, between ourselves, he can trust me, but I'm careful not to let him feel too secure about me!"

"But your husband is a wonderful man," Agnes remarked.

"Bob is the straightest man in the world!" Vera replied. "And, honestly, I believe, if I thought he was flirting with any other woman I'd lose all faith in everything! But I'm careful not to let him know that. I always contrive to keep him—the tiniest little bit in the world—guessing; and that is what I advise you to do with your old man!"

The conversation recorded above took place in Vera English's charming little drawing-room, in her charming little house on the south coast, one late afternoon in early December, over a cup of tea, a toasted tea-cake, and a cosy fire.

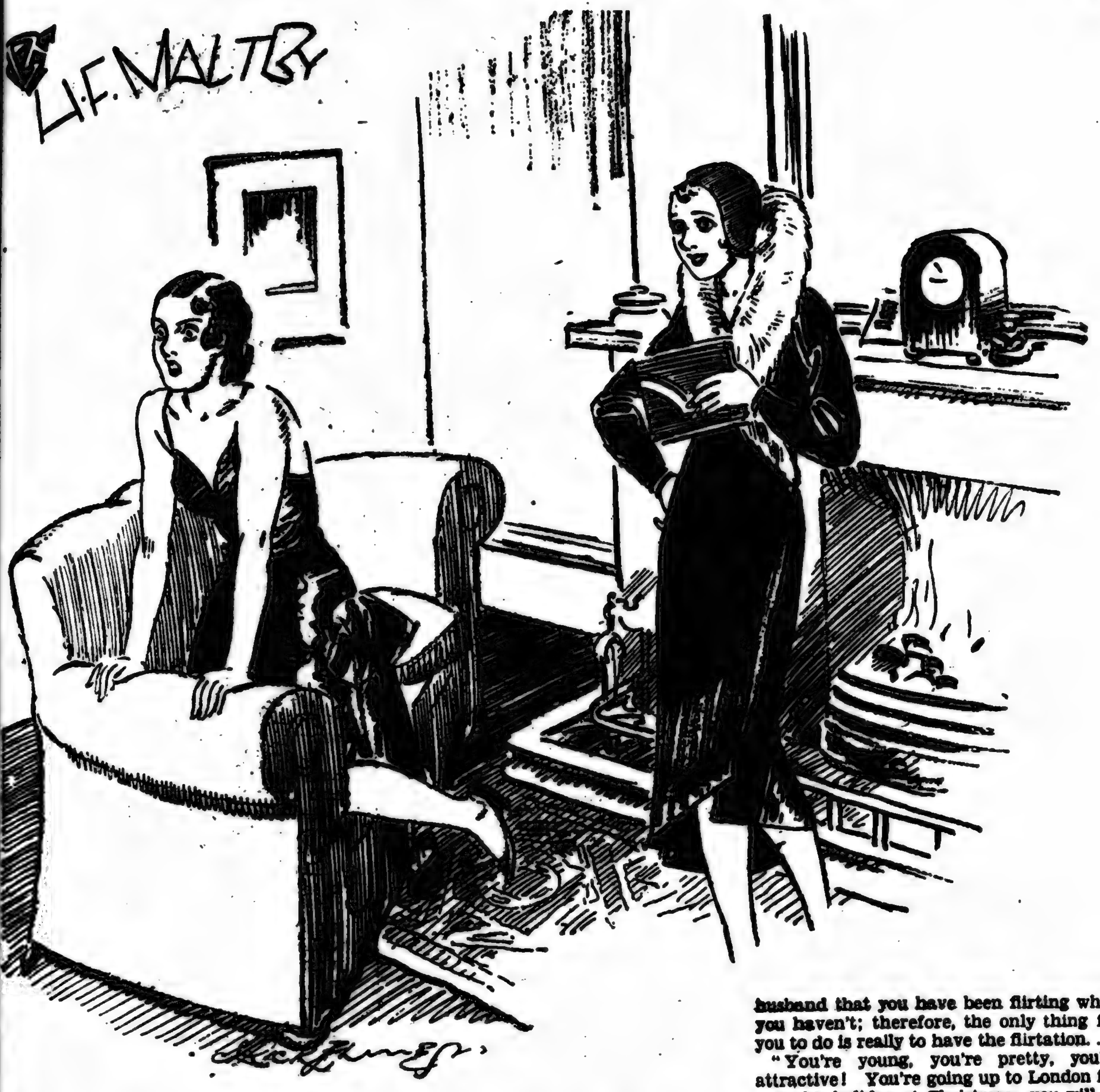
A mere man might be led to believe from the nature of the subject that Vera English and Agnes Carlisle were old friends of years and years standing. As a matter of fact, they were nothing of the sort; they were merely neighbours who had made each other's acquaintance a few weeks previously.

BUT men and women are very differently constituted, and whereas a man will only discuss his domestic troubles with his very closest friend, a woman, on the other hand, will unburden herself of all her secrets to the first female who has sufficient concentration to listen to them.

There was no doubt that Vera's advice was sound and good, and the more Agnes thought about it, the more she realised this.

In spite of all her assurances to the con-

BY L. F. MALTBY



ary, Tom had been very indifferent of late, and the sooner he was brought to book and put in his place, the better.

The two friends had many discussions as to the best means of doing so.

"Of course," Vera remarked one day, "where you are handicapped is that your husband is a very different type of man from mine. Your Tom is undoubtedly a splendid chap and all that, but he is a little bit flighty, don't you think—not serious-minded like my Bob?"

A FEW days before, Agnes would have been up in arms in defence of her husband, but now she was silenced for two reasons—the first being that she valued and respected Vera's opinion, and the second being that she had not yet met Vera's husband. So instead of sticking up for her Tom as she might have done, she merely replied:

"Well, of course, darling, you are in a better position to judge, aren't you?"

Whether Tom was more indifferent than they had thought, or whether Agnes's love for her husband was greater than her histrionic abilities, it is difficult to say, but the scheme—so good in theory—did not seem to come up to the scratch in practice.

EVERY time Tom went away on one of his business trips, Agnes found it impossible to check her tears; and every time he returned she found it impossible to check her tongue from asking questions that smacked of jealousy.

And the hints she tried to throw out about her flirtations with other men were so obviously made up that no child would have been deceived by them.

"You're killing the man's love for you, darling," Vera told her. "I have been worrying a lot about you of late, and I have come to the conclusion that only a really violent flirtation with someone else will save your married unhappiness."

"You mean that I am really to go wrong?" Agnes asked, tremblingly.

"Who said 'go wrong'?" snapped Vera with some asperity. "I said a flirtation. . . . You're too truthful to pretend to your husband that you have been flirting when you haven't; therefore, the only thing for you to do is really to have the flirtation. . . .

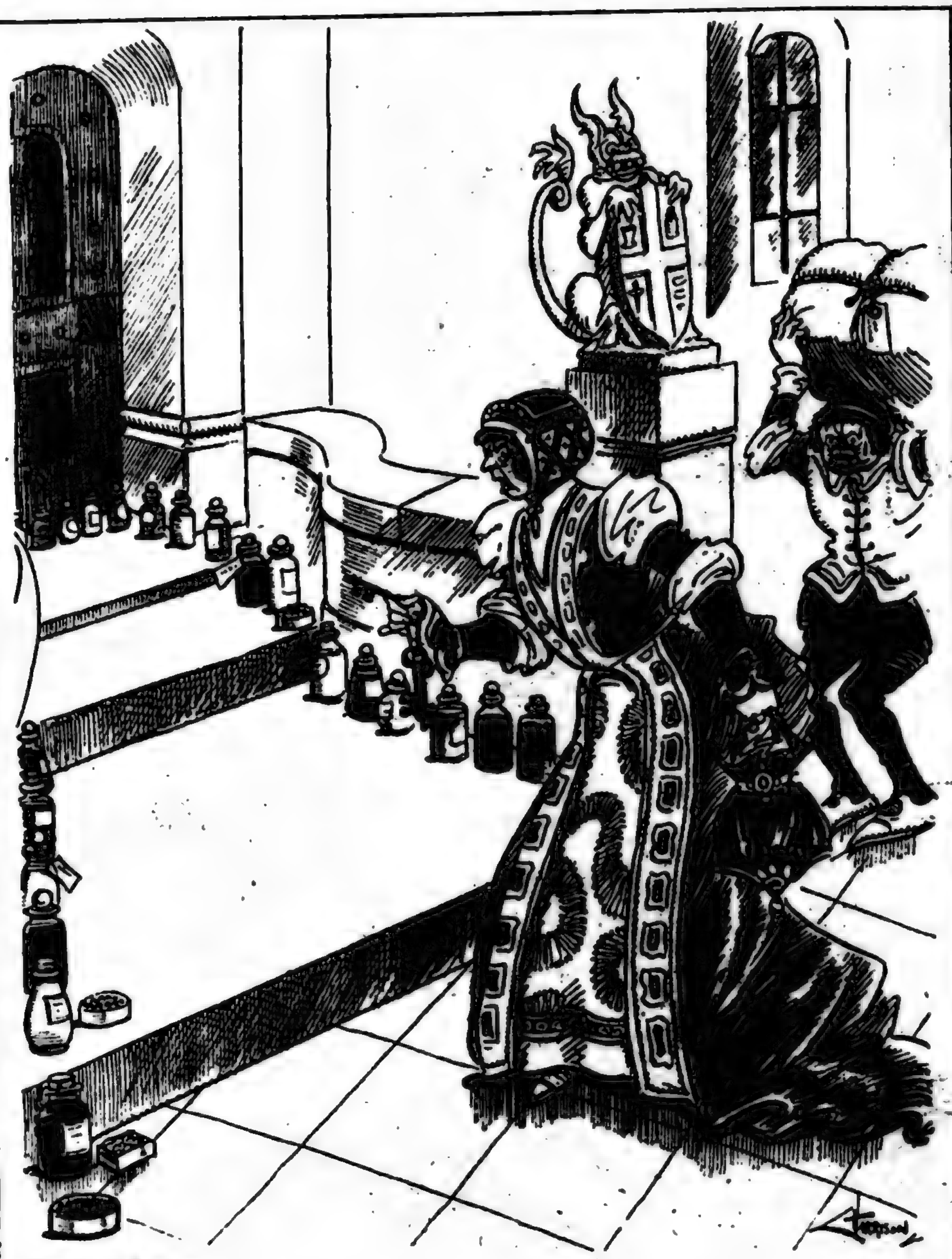
"You're young, you're pretty, you're attractive! You're going up to London for a week's holiday at Christmas—you will be staying with friends, and you are sure to meet some nice men. Get off with one of them, my dear, and have a good time, and then when you return home you won't have to act. You can just tell your old man little bits and pieces, and if you don't make him sit up and take notice my name is not Vera English."

VERA saw Agnes on the train for London, and Agnes promised to write, but one—two—three days passed, and not a line arrived from her. On the fourth day, however, a post-card was delivered:

"Am having a topping time," it ran. "Have taken your advice, and it is *lovely*. Will tell you all about it when we meet. . . .—Agnes."

Vera had barely read the foregoing when Tom Carlisle was shown in.

"Im sorry to trouble you, Mrs. English," he began, "but I'm getting rather anxious about my wife; she has been away for days and I haven't had a line! So unusual for her, too—she generally writes every day. Have you heard anything?"



Drawn by C. Harrison

Lucretia Borgia returns from her Christmas holiday to find she has forgotten to stop her poison supply

"Oh, yes!" replied Vera, delighted. "I had a p.c. to-day. I'm afraid I've torn it up now," she went on untruthfully, "but she's quite all right!"

"Oh. I'm very glad of that," observed Tom, "I was getting very uneasy about her."

A feeling of triumph came over Vera. Her recipe was working wonders already.

AGNES returned home on the following Monday, and the first person she went to see was her friend Vera.

"Oh, my darling!" she began, "I've had *the* most wonderful time of my life!"

"Yes?" ejaculated Vera, all agog with excitement.

"Yes," repeated Agnes, hardly able to contain herself.

"With a boy, of course?" Vera questioned.

"*Rather!*" replied her friend. "I told you I had taken your advice, and I did."

"Who was he?" asked Vera.

"My dear, he's lovely!" Agnes gurgled, "and I've positively lost my heart to him. And, darling," she went on, "I know you'll be shocked, but I was never even introduced to him. . . . I just met him by accident in a tea-room. He was at the next table, and he asked if he might have a look at my paper, and one thing led to another, and well—my dear, I have been with him nearly all the time."

"I hope you haven't overdone it," Vera observed anxiously.

"As if I would!" Agnes reassured her. "I didn't let him go too far—just far enough. I hope my friends didn't think me awfully rude deserting them as I did; my dear, I hardly saw anything of them. I was out with him all day. . . . And, darling, we're not going to lose touch with each other—we are going to write!"

"You seem to have been going it rather strong," remarked Vera, doubtfully. "I never meant any more than a flirtation; it is dangerous when you start writing, you know."

"Oh, but I simply can't let him go right out of my life," Agnes sighed. . . . "We're only going to write once a week."

"Then you've given him your address?" gasped Vera, incredulously.

"Not much!" her friend replied, artfully. "I've learnt more than that already. He is going to write to me at my friend's address, and they are going to forward his letters in another envelope to the G.P.O. here."

"DARLING, you *have* come on!" ejaculated Vera, not unpleased that her pupil had made such rapid strides. "And where are you going to write to him?"

"Oh, he's given me an address," Agnes answered breathlessly. "Here it is! . . . 'Percy Braithwaite . . . Barbarians' Club.' And, darling, you have never seen anything quite as jealous as Tom! He has been asking me all sorts of questions, and I've been warding them off! Darling, it *is* exciting, and look what he's given me!"

She held up a handsome leather bag.

"Who gave you that?" asked Vera. "Tom?"

"No, you stupid," replied Agnes, "that is from Percy."

"It must have cost pounds and pounds!" gasped Vera.

"My dear, it did!" agreed Agnes. "He asked me to choose it, and I chose *the* most expensive in the whole shop!"

"Then he must be really in love with you," Vera exclaimed.

"My darling, he *is*, and *I'm* in love with *him!* And oh, darling, you don't know *how* grateful I am to you!"

Just then the door opened and a man entered the room.

Agnes was the first to see him. . . . The expression of her face changed to one of mingled joy and fear.

"Percy!" she gasped, "you *naughty, naughty* boy! How dare you follow me and track me down?"

But the expression of Vera's face had changed also.

"Bob!" she fairly shouted, "*you!*"

Then, turning to her almost fainting friend:

"You wicked woman!" she cried, "so it's my husband that you have been flirting with—who you've been riding about in taxis with— you've been kissing and mauling about! Give me that bag, you traitress!"

SHE snatched it from her erstwhile friend's hand and hurled it straight into the face of the trembling man who stood before her. . . .

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" she screamed as she collapsed on the sofa.

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" wailed Agnes, as she hurried from the house.

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" groaned Bob English, alias Percy Braithwaite, as he sank into a chair in his dressing-room and contemplated his case of razors. . . .

• • •

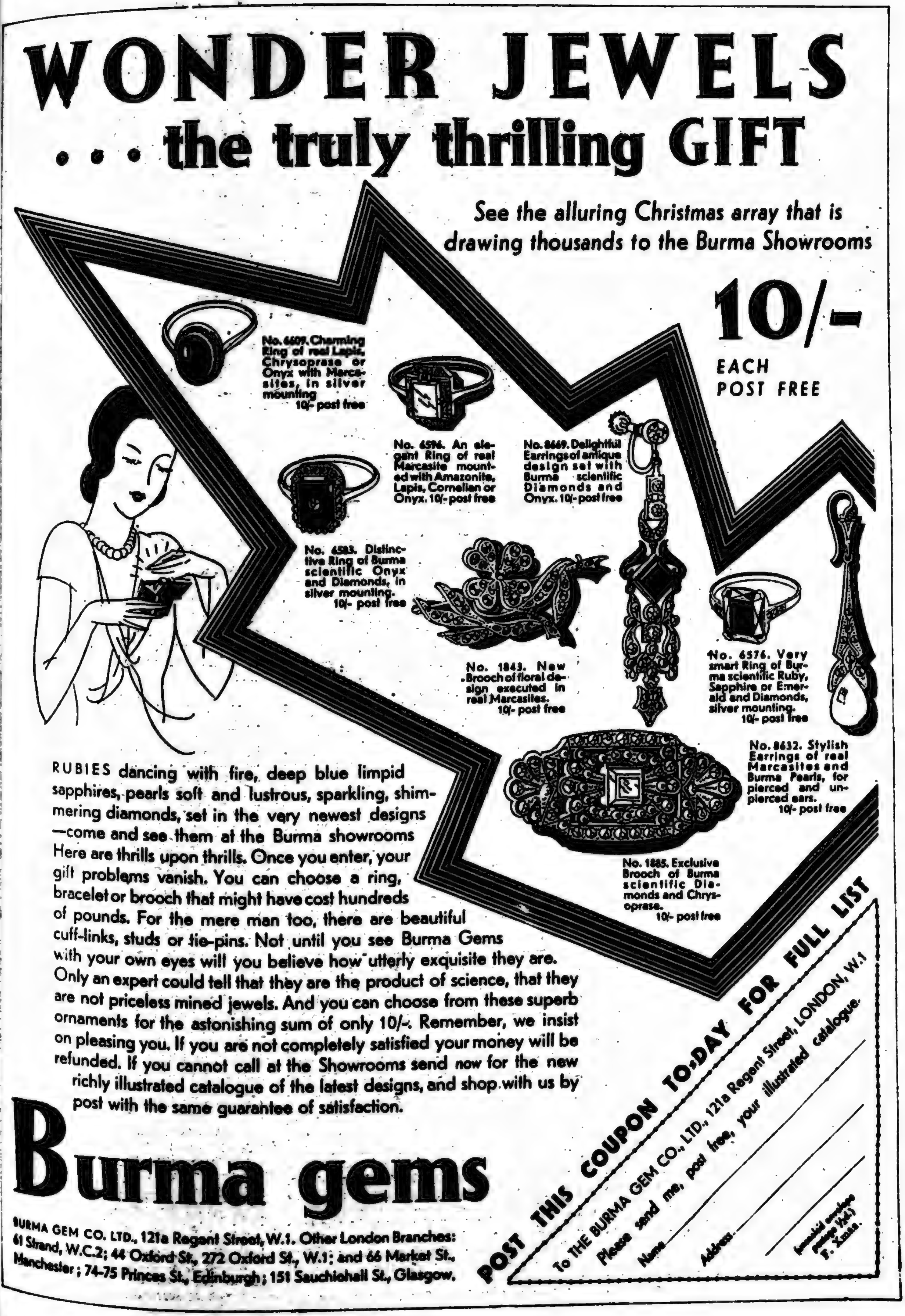
And that is why Vera English and Agnes Carlisle never speak now.

"John Bull's" Christmas Party

OVER 3,000 people are to enjoy themselves at JOHN BULL's Christmas Party this year, and you can be amongst them.

Any time up to November 29 you can claim a place amongst those who will rejoice over a Christmas Hamper, Turkey, Surrey Fowl or Christmas Cake on December 23.

A few well-chosen words entered on one of the "Bullets" coupons from the weekly issue of JOHN BULL may bring you news of a treat in store for Christmas, 1930.



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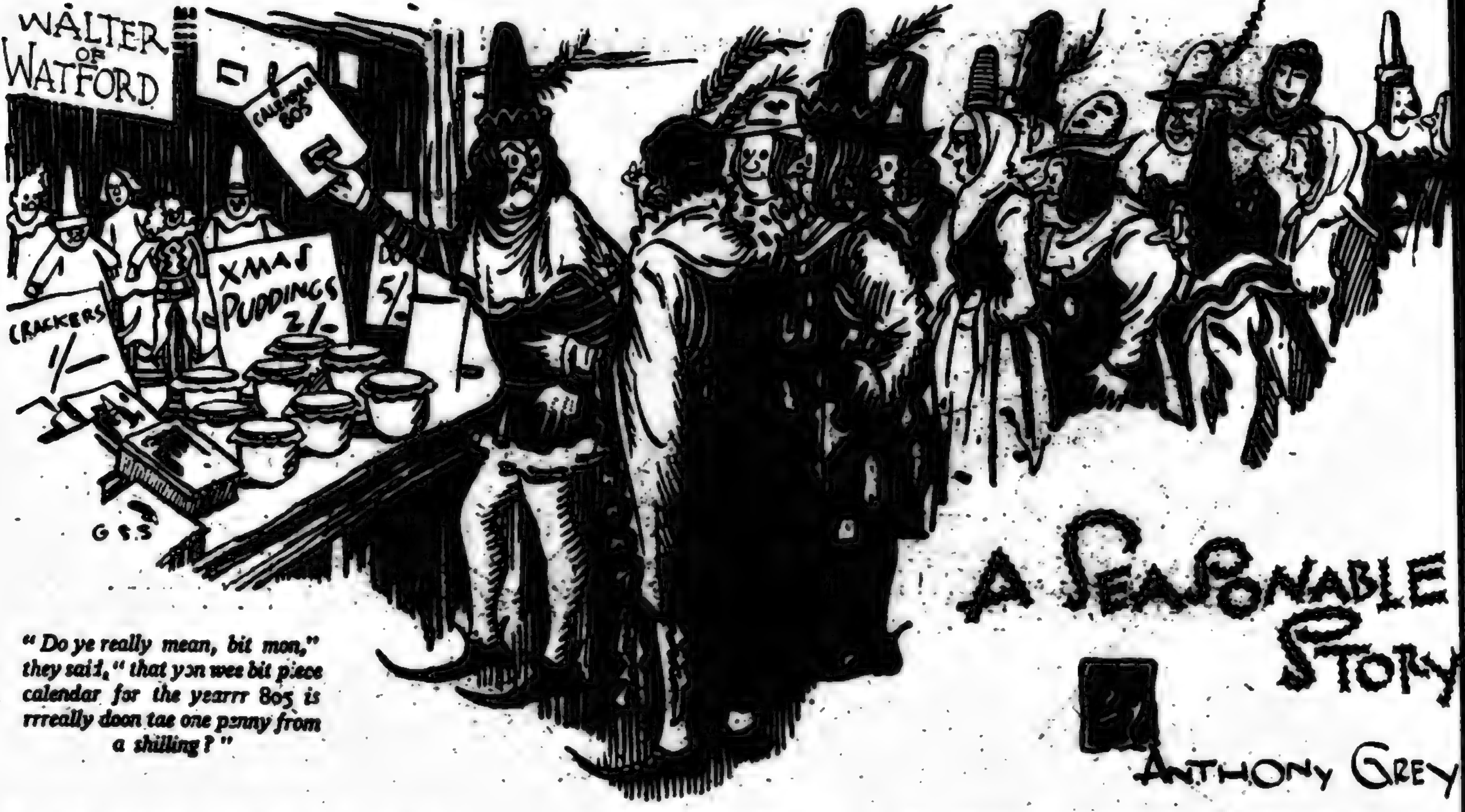


"Do ye really mean, bit mon," they said, "that yon wee bit piece calendar for the yearrr 805 is rrreally doon tae one penny from a shilling?"

A SEASONABLE STORY

By

ANTHONY GREY

When Walter of Watford travelled to the North he little realised what difficulties lay before him

GATHER round, children. Daddy's got a story for you.

Once upon a time, long, long years ago, there lived a man named Walter of Watford, and Walter of Watford was a great traveller.

Walter of Watford used to be seen here, there and all over the place, but never again in Watford. The police were great travellers, too, in those days; but they didn't travel quite as quickly as Walter.

Now, put Daddy's beer down, Phyllis darling, and don't fidget.

One day Walter travelled to Birmingham, and had to travel out of it mighty quickly. He reached Nottingham, and set out thence to York, stopping the night at Sheffield.

He stopped the night at Sheffield because it was on the way from Nottingham to York. That was the only reason why anybody stayed at Sheffield in those days. To-day, when fast expresses go right through, nobody gets off at Sheffield. Daddy doesn't blame them.

Ever pursued by unenterprising people with no imagination, Walter went norther and norther, selling here to the simple country folk a recipe for gout, and there to the sophisticated townsmen the same recipe for bald heads.

Walter had many enemies, but he persevered.

In those days, my little ones, the map of the world stopped somewhere round the wild lands of Newcastle. Beyond that point was a vague region understood to be partly land, partly water and mostly ice, leading up to the then undiscovered North Pole.

One or two places were known and roughly charted. There was Berwick, for instance, from which trappers sometimes came down to Newcastle, trapping the savings of the Newcastleovians; but on the whole the wild regions to the north of the Tyne were a land unknown.

Leave Daddy's bottle alone, you little pest!

One day Walter lit on Newcastle, with the cops hot for his hide. I'm sorry, my darlings. Daddy's enthusiasm for the story, that's all. Forgive Daddy. One day Walter reached the City of Newcastle, with the officers of the law in hot pursuit.

Walter was one day ahead, and had breathing space at least, though not time to turn back. He went into a cheap tavern and tried to get his bearings.

"What lieth yonder?" he asked, waving a hand towards the north.

"Some sayeth the North Pole, others but an undiscovered sea," answered the tavern-keeper; "whilst yet a third school opines that a hitherto undiscovered land, peopled by a strange race, lies in the mists to the north."

"Is this indeed the truth that you tell me?" said Walter of Watford.

"Not 'arf," said the tavern-keeper.

"Blimey!" said Walter of Watford.

But whatever lay ahead, northwards Walter had to go, for from the south the police were already pouring into Newcastle.

ON the second day of December, therefore, Walter beat it, and towards the middle of the month he came to the lone trappers' settlement of Berwick.

Here he tarried a day or two, but on learning that indeed there was a strange land and a stranger people to the north, on again he went. A week before Christmas he was well into Scotland. He was the first Englishman to reach that land. He was the discoverer of Scotland. For which he was afterwards hanged at Tyburn. But that, angels, is another story.

Take your paws away from that blinking bottle, you little stiffs!

Well, as it was nearly Christmas-time, Walter thought he might as well set in to do a trade.

Wherefore he opened a store in the Rue Princes, in a little village named Edinburgh, carefully explaining to the peculiar natives the meaning of the festival of Christmas.

"In my own land far away across the hills this is the season of much spending and indigestion," he said. "Everybody buys something for somebody else. Everybody eats too much. Everybody buys calendars for next year, and Christmas crackers and things. It's a great lark. Roll up!"

IN his store Walter had all the very latest—Christmas puddings at five shillings, Christmas crackers at three shillings the box, dolls at ten shillings, calendars for the year 805 at one shilling, and so on.

In the whole of Scotland since Scotland was, there had never gathered such crowds as the crowds that gathered round the store of Walter of Watford in the Rue Princes of the little village of Edinburgh.

Phyllis, you little stiff, I believe you were drinking it! Put it back on the table at once! Touch it again and you won't sit down for a week!

Now, where was Daddy, darlings? Oh, yes . . .

But though the crowds gathered round the store of Walter of Watford in such great numbers, not one of them would spend a bean.

All they did was stare.

"Walk up! Roll up!" bawled Walter.

But he couldn't sell a thing, believe Daddy, and he began to wonder what sort of a hole he'd struck.

The 20th of December came, and Walter stressed the importance of immediate purchase unless they would miss the post to distant parts. They nodded and said "Aye!" but they didn't cough up.

"Five more days to go!" yelled Walter.

"Aye!" said the natives, but still they only stared.

"A few days more and it will be too late!" shrieked Walter.

"Aye!" said the savages, without moving.

Walter had never known anything like it. It was the toughest proposition he had

(Continued on page 36.)

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking"

. . . They all pull that one . . . and then talk so long you'd think they were born with a dictionary in their mouths.

Well, watch me get through in less than a gross of words. Gentlemen, Afrikander has been called the joy-smoke of the age. Its sale is colossal, and every day more and more men become regular Afrikander smokers.

Now you can get
AFRIKANDER BAR
8^D an ounce

What do *you* ask in a tobacco? Afrikander is as cool as a char-a-banc ride round Alaska. It's as fragrant as a pine wood on a September morn. Afrikander is neither too mild nor too strong. It never parches your throat nor burns your tongue. Every puff you take *satisfies* you. Every puff is a whole world of reasons why you should never smoke anything else—or ever want to.

You can depend upon Afrikander to be good always; there's never a duff packet from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.

Try it, that's all. One ounce—7½d.—will convince you.

Afrikander

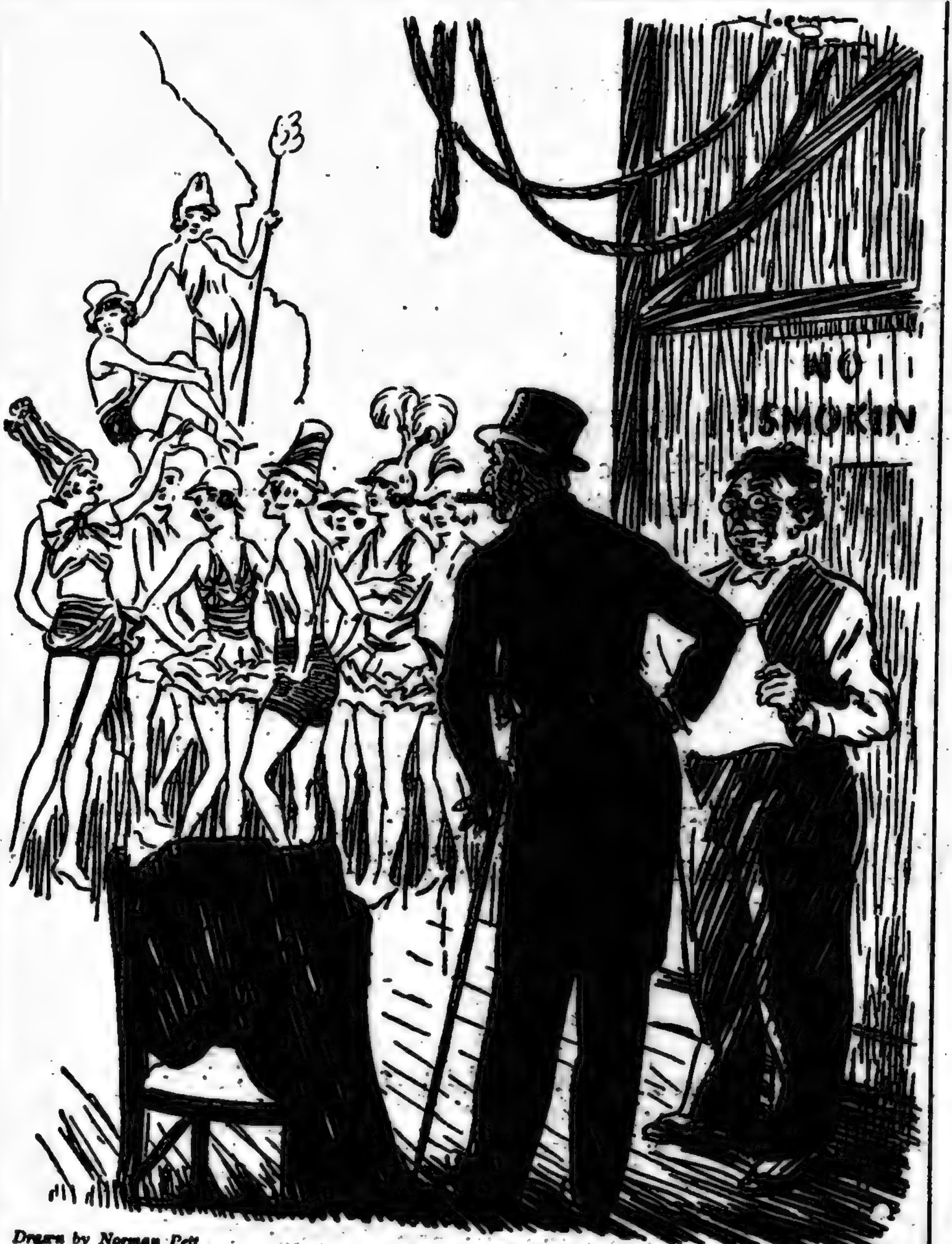
7½d AN OZ.

MIXTURE

Flake or Shag

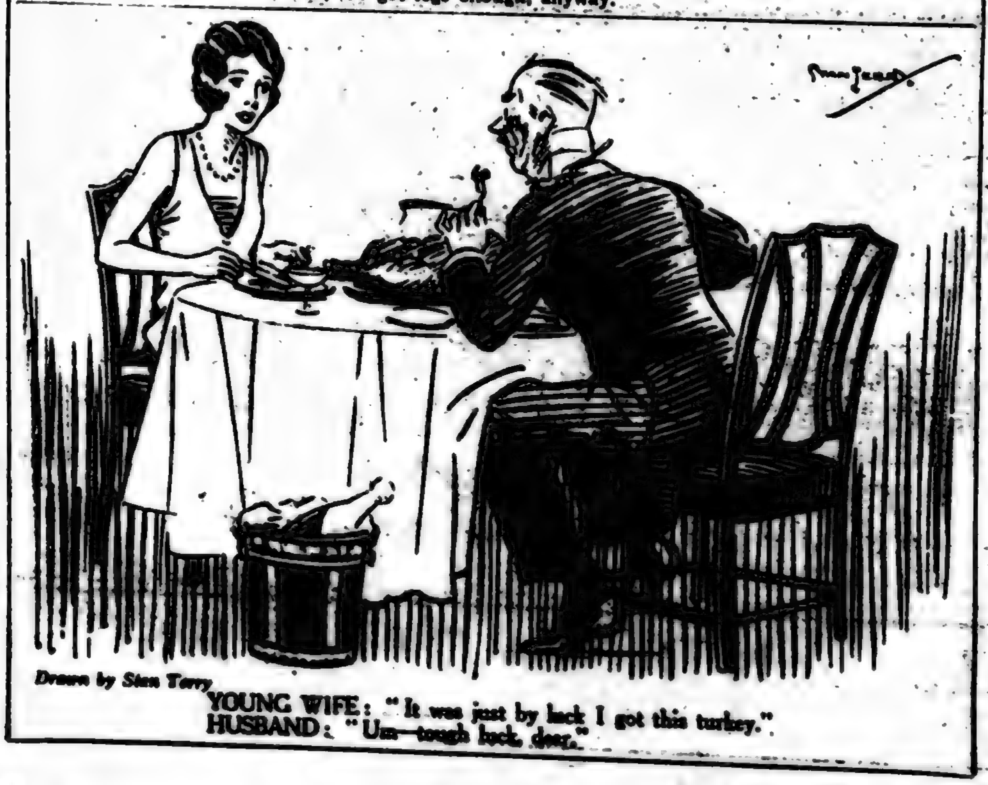
"IT SAVES AND SATISFIES"

Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co., Ltd.



Drawn by Norman Pett

PRODUCER: "This show ought to have a long run, don't you think?"
BACKER: "Well, it's got legs enough, anyway."



Drawn by Stan Terry

YOUNG WIFE: "It was just by luck I got this turkey."
HUSBAND: "Um—tough luck, dear."

A SEASONABLE STORY

(*Continued from page* 34)

ever struck. The 21st came, but no trade. And the 22nd and the 23rd. But still all he could get from the barbarians was "Aye, mon!"

On the night of Christmas Eve Walter was almost beside himself. Not a thing had he sold, not a solitary thing of all his stock. And so unnerved was he at the catastrophe that had overtaken him that he fell into a state of fever and had to be nursed through the festive season by the savage tribes. When he came round it was the last day of the old year, and he dashed down to his store in the Rue Princes to see what had happened.

Nothing had happened!

Everything was there, just as he had left it.

IN despair, Walter arose early on the morning of the first of January, 805, and started the first bargain sale that was ever held north of the Tweed.

"The festive season being now over," he announced, "I'll sell off this muck for as much as I can get—and I hope your haggi burst, the whole durn lot of you!"

Whereupon he proceeded to mark down everything in his store. Christmas puddings fell to two shillings, Christmas crackers to a shilling, dolls to five shillings, while shilling calendars for the year 805 came down to a penny a go.

The savages were astounded. They crowded the place.

"Do ye really mean, bit mon," they said, "that yon wee bit piece calendar for the yearrr 805 is rrreally doon tae one penny from a shilling?"

"Sure," said Walter.

"And all the otherr things are doon to half price an' mebbe a quarrrterrr?"

"You betcher!" said Walter.

SO the savages rolled up in their thousands and bought, bought, bought. They ate the puddings, pulled the crackers and had the highest old time that had ever been known in those uncivilised regions. They bought Walter right out. At an average reduction of eighty per cent.

"Mon," they shouted, "what is it the name ye give to this bit festival?"

"It is now the New Year," said Walter.

"A grrrand idea, mon," said the savages. "We've neverr haird of before, but we'll keep it up noo, mon, for everrrry year tae come! Hoots!"

And that is how, and why, the savages of that uncivilised region give Christmas the go-by and celebrate the New Year even to this day.

Bed-time now, duckies.

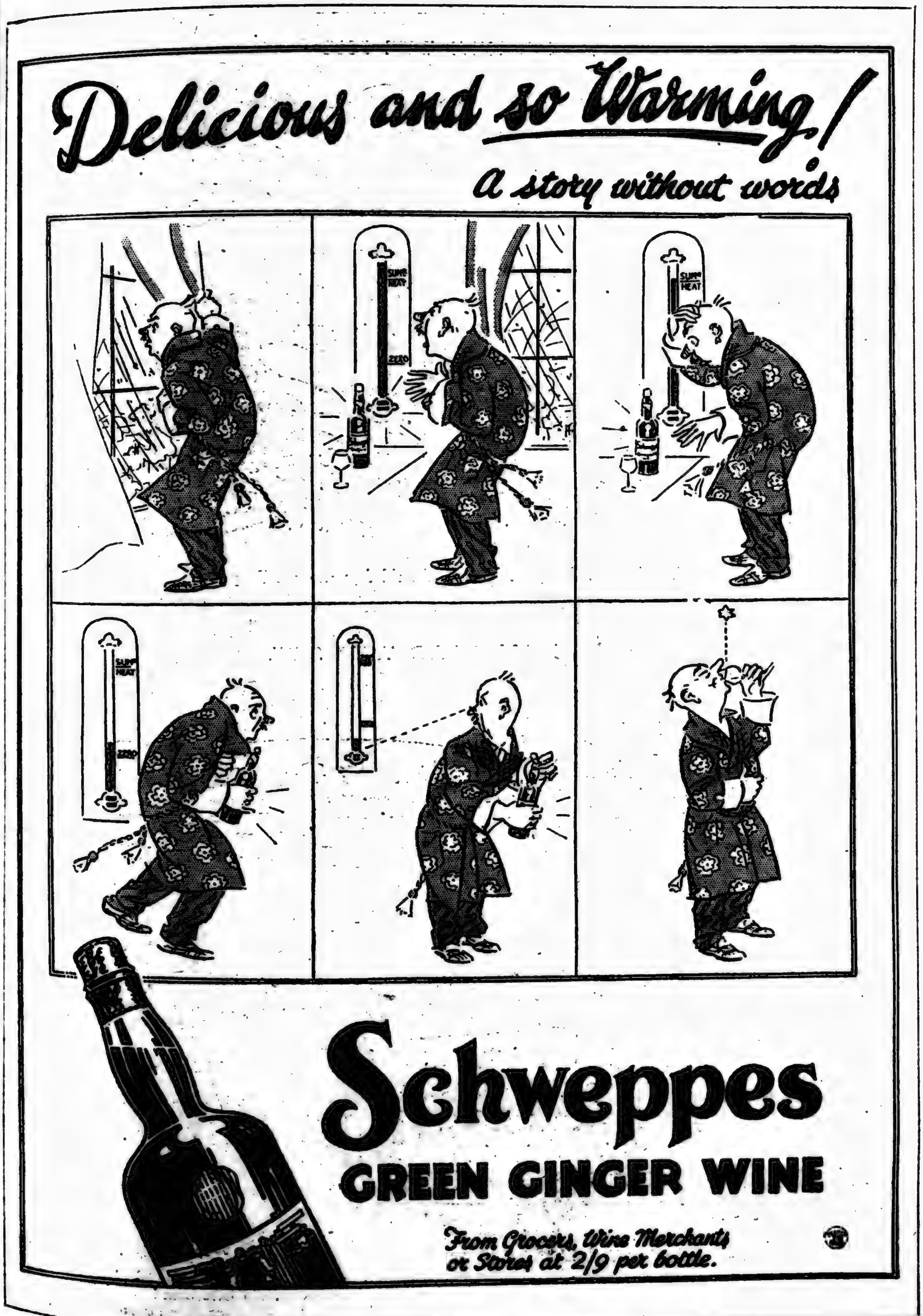
Here! Who's had my beer?

A Profitable Pastime

IN the merriest Christmas party there comes a time when the question is asked, "What shall we do next?" Why not try a game with money in it—JOHN BULL'S Crosswords, published in each weekly issue?

Read out the clues one by one, and get your guests to put their heads together for a jolly half-hour on working out the brightest, fairest and easiest of "Crosswords."

What a wonderful surprise for you if one of those weekly cheques for £600 comes as a result of this novel Christmas game! Several heads are better than one at "Crosswords," so get your JOHN BULL, try a little "community solving," and see what you can win!



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